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Sea-Green

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

THE first night, I remember, was not so bad. One braces oneself, I suppose, for a first encounter with people who have power over one. I was a free man, according to any legal fiction that may prevail; but I was young, and poor, and ambitious. Youth, poverty, and ambition put you in the clutch of the older, richer, and devilishly detached people who dally with the notion of giving you a living wage in return for services rendered. If I had refused to be in the Fenbys' power, I should presently have been in the clutch of a bony allegorical figure you might call Destitution. So I use the phrase advisedly. Poor Ralph had taken my last cent—my last ten-dollar bill, anyhow—so that it was important for me to get on with these Fenbys. Old Crowninshield had recommended me to them as tutor for their grandson. It was the first and last thing old Crowninshield ever did for me; and I have never known whether to be grateful or not.

My drive from the station was accomplished in the leisurely twilight of late May; but there was afterglow enough to show me that the region had neither physical charms nor social resources. The mansion seemed to have been left high and dry by the retreating human wave. We passed one darkened factory and a bunch of gaunt wooden tenements—stuck in the fields a mile beyond the station, with the casual gesture industry sometimes makes in our older Eastern States. There was not a hill, not a lake, not a brook, even, for all it was such open country. The man who drove me had a kind of taciturn humor. I placed him at once: an old Irish dependent who had by this time forgotten all about Ireland. His type was so familiar to me (I had been brought up in the next State) that I could almost foretell the drawing-room furniture. It would not, of course, be called the "drawing-room." The carriage was comfortable and had once had style. After three-quarters of an hour I alighted at the steps of an ugly stone house, built evidently in the fifties. The figure on the threshold was obviously my employer. A lantern swinging from the porch roof enabled me to decide that at once. He leaned on a gold-headed stick—of course. Any man to whom old Crowninshield confidently recommended you would lean on a gold-headed stick.

Mr. and Mrs. Fenby had waited supper for me; and I came down from my neat, faded, comfortable room, as soon as possible, to sit down with them. The little boy had gone to bed, I was told. A gaunt maid served us with excellent food—things that, belonging peculiarly to supper, make you wonder why we are ever such fools as to dine at night. I can scarcely say that our talk was lively, but I had a vivid sense that they meant it to be so. Whether they were bent on proving that they were not out of the

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current, or merely anxious to set me at my ease, I could not tell. Old Mr. Fenby was both pompous and nervous; evidently accustomed to be deferred to, yet suspicious of the world's having gone beyond him. His wife seemed—but of course I knew my imagination might be playing me tricks—to be secretly deriding, in some polished corner of her mind, both his pretensions and his fears. She was a small woman, white-haired and very wrinkled, and her mouth twisted a little to one side. She scarcely spoke, except to ask me a question or to agree very positively with her husband. Probably it was the unnatural twist of her lips that gave at once a sardonic effect to her stilted, harmless talk. The first night, as I said, was not so bad. The Fenbys seemed, if not precisely eager to please me, at least unwilling that I should think ill of them. Old Mr. Fenby, I remember, mentioned explicitly various privileges that would be mine—the run of his library for my own purposes, complete control over Carol's mind and morals, a horse to ride if I cared for one, and (this from him surprised me exceedingly) breakfast in my own room. Of course, nothing of any sort could be settled offhand; I should have to grow into the house and its ways. I merely expressed myself politely with reference to his kind suggestions. As the clock struck, I saw by certain mechanical gestures, some little involuntary stir on their part, that something usually happened at that hour.

"We retire very early," began Mr. Fenby.

"And always have prayers at nine," his wife concluded for him.

Four women entered the room. My coachman was evidently exempt. Three of them—the maid who had served us and two others—might have been (forgive the undignified word) triplets. I had not noticed the waitress particularly; but their joint effect was very grim. They were like the Græ. The fourth was younger and of a different mould and race. The three who had not yet seen me—the young one and two of the Græ—gave me one respectful, curious stare. I was puzzled by the respectfulness of the youngest one. She did not have the air, as she came in, of respecting any one in the room except me. Prayers over, Mrs. Fenby mentioned to me the names of the maids, as they filed out: "Hannah" (the waitress) "you know; Martha—the cook; Rachel—the chambermaid."

"And—?" I pointed to the back of the younger woman.

Mrs. Fenby looked at her husband and busied herself with extinguishing one of the lamps.

"Miss Susan." Mr. Fenby answered me. "She would prefer to be called Miss Susan. She is accustomed to it. Her position is a little anomalous, perhaps, but we are used to her. She has no employment, yet we keep her busy. She sews for my wife, puts up preserves, orders the meals. She"—he smiled a little—"she does not consider herself precisely a servant. Nor do we. She has been with us a great many years."

"I see," and I was turning away.

"No, perhaps you do not see. We have spoiled her, I admit, but she is not of the servant class. We treat her more or less as one of the family. She is a dependent, but of good birth. I only mention all this to explain to you why perhaps it would be better for you not to ask any service of her. She makes herself indispensable to us, but she has never lived with any one in a menial capacity. Indeed, she has never lived in any house but this."

"Except, of course, her parents'." Again Mrs. Fenby concluded her husband's sentence for him.

"Of course, except her parents'. Mr. Sladen understood me. I meant 'lived' as one says it of servants. I really need not have gone into it so extensively, but I wished to warn Mr. Sladen not to treat her like the others. Miss Susan is so quiet that her own manner might not have made it clear."

"Quite so. Good night, Mr. Sladen." Mrs. Fenby offered me an exquisite claw. "You will not see much of Miss Susan, in any case. She sits with me a good deal; and Carol is not fond of her. He is delighted that you have come. I could hardly get him to go to sleep tonight. Hannah will leave a tray outside your door at eight."

Mr. Fenby saw me to my room.

It did not take me long to get ac-

quainted with my pupil. He did indeed seem glad to see me; and who could blame him? The Fenbys were obviously respectable and rich; and I gathered vaguely that they intended to send Carol to a good preparatory school (if I could get him ready) and then to the oldest college in the country. Their moral attitude seemed to have been transmitted to them intact from worthy ancestors. But they were not cheerful people for a child to consort with, especially as all future benefits to Carol were explicitly contingent on his good behavior. I did not believe for a moment that his grandparents, if he turned out badly at school, would send him to work in the gaunt factory beyond their gates, but if Carol had said that he believed it, I should not necessarily have thought him stupid. The Fifth Commandment was all over the place, and there was, besides, a tang of Isaac Watts in the air. The old people seemed fond of the boy, yet anxious to conceal their fondness both from him and from all the other inmates of the household. That twist of attitude I had seen before: they were simply marching with their own generation, in the rut of their racial tradition.

I grew fond of him, of course. He was an attractive child, with something mutinous and elfin in him that occasionally gave me pause. He would grow up into either a charmer or a beast, was my conclusion at the end of a few weeks. He had good parts, but loathed coercion; was willing to learn like lightning at certain hours, or to have adorable manners when he happened to be in a ruffled and powdered mood. He was very fond of me, I may say, so far as I could tell; and I kept him with me as much as possible. After all, it didn't matter what he said before me; and I jealously didn't want him making temperamental breaks before his grandparents, who might not like them. We worked in the morning, and walked or did other outdoor things in the afternoon. After supper Carol went to bed; and the big library—really a fine collection in a rather magnificent old room—stood open to me during the evening hours. Mr. Fenby always sat with his wife after supper; and they went to bed after nine-o'clock prayers. Many enchanted midnights found me beneath a mild old lamp in the Fenbys' library. That was real freedom; they asked of me only to remain in the room five minutes after extinguishing the lamp, and to go up-stairs without a candle. Old Mrs. Fenby was mortally afraid of fire; as well she may have been, for no help could have come to us except from the coachman and gardener. By the time anything arrived from the town the place would have been in ruins.

It was a curious household—so much bodily comfort and so little amenity. The Gray Sisters cooked, cleaned, and waited with a grim and noiseless perfection; but I never saw one of them smile, even at Carol. They were, of course, not really sisters—could not have been, I mean; for I never knew the facts. Nature does not provide three such in one hour of labor. But they might easily have been kin in the spiritual sense—lay sisters of some harsh and secret order, fruit of some strange Protestant aberration. Their silent co-operation seemed more than habit: they seemed to be bound by a like vow; their minds, like their faces, were all in one mould. I inwardly congratulated Mrs. Fenby; no triumph of perfectly matched footmen could equal the psychologic indistinguishability of Hannah, Martha, and Rachel. Miss Susan was another matter. Perhaps, I thought, you have to pay for three such maids with a discord like Miss Susan. She was as quiet as Mrs. Fenby had said; and I hardly ever had occasion to speak to her. I gathered from Carol that she sometimes came to meals with them when they were alone; but she never did while I was there. "Doesn't want to, I suppose," he suggested in his charming treble. "Does what she pleases, I guess. I don't like her." I could not discover the ground of his dislike. Certainly she never, so far as I could see, interfered with him in any way. I didn't like to probe Carol; but I wondered whether he, with his sensitive precocity, had noticed, as I had, the strange barometric effect of her changing expression. There were times when, scarce seen, she lowered over the house like a dull and thunderous sky; and once, coming upon her at the turn of a winding corridor, I seemed to be face to face with a wandering flame.

For the most part, however, she effaced herself into oblivion; and it has often happened to me to be startled, on passing Mrs. Fenby's open door, to see Miss Susan sitting beside the old lady's couch. I did not mean, a moment since, to hint that Miss Susan was beautiful. Usually you passed her by without looking or wishing to look. She wore habitually a black frock with a white apron; her eyes were always lowered; her thick chestnut hair was done precisely like Hannah's or Rachel's. She spoke, if at all, so briefly that one scarcely knew if her voice or her diction were good. Carol's remarks surprised me. I should have said that she was terribly afraid of both her employers; afraid, in true servile fashion, of endangering her position, losing her asylum. I did not hear her subjected to verbal harshness, but Mrs. Fenby had a way of watching her that was scarce short of insult.

I am recording all this because I feel that it is important: it clears up a little for me that turbid interlude to recall, back to the very beginning, any detail I can of the Fenby household. These scattered notes of memory may be insignificant, considering the shape events presently took, yet I like to clarify my recollections to that extent.

One night in early July I was sitting late in the library. The day had been hot; the evening was blessedly cool. With a kind of wonder I had heard the family and servants depart to their rooms. How could one refuse to await nature's apology for the heat of noon? A west wind wandered in through the screened windows, carrying with it the close-blended sweetness of flowering shrubs outside on the lawn. Even the oil-lamp beside me did not oppress. I found no end of things, first and last, in old Mr. Fenby's library—books that I had always meant to read and never had read. There was time in those peaceful evening periods for works in many volumes. There was nothing to hurry me: it would take me a year at least to get Carol ready for any school.

I was turning a page of *Sir Charles Grandison*, somewhere midway of the work, where he is practising his steps among Clementina's relatives. You can imagine that, if I had time for eight volumes of punctilio and smelling-salts, I was wrapped thick in leisure. It must have been near midnight; and that I was not weary of Harriet Byron shows, I think, that I was not sleepy.

It was not a noise that reft me from Harriet Byron; it was a vague visual sense of a companion in the room. Slowly I looked up, wondering; for it was three hours since every one else in the house had gone to bed. It is difficult to trace the history of a sense-impression on its path to the brain, but I must have thought that it was Mrs. Fenby, for I remember rising, alarmed that such a frail old creature should be wandering about at night without a candle. The woman shut the door, very slowly and softly—as slowly and softly as she must have opened it—and I saw, completely at a loss to know why, that it was Miss Susan.

She glided—only thus can I express her noiseless progress—across to the window, and closed that, with infinite precaution, and still without speaking. We were now shut into the library together. Apparently then she felt safe, though she breathed heavily and her hand went to her heart in the typical feminine gesture. She came and stood very close to me before she spoke. Her chestnut hair was loosened about her face, and was drawn forward over her shoulders in two magnificent braids. Her face was very white, with two beautiful feverish spots of color on the cheek-bones. She was swathed from neck to foot in some sort of dressing-gown—a wadded, brocaded, sea-green garment, shapeless and rich and ancient like a cere-cloth; something, I judged automatically, that Mrs. Fenby must have pulled out of a cedar chest and given to her in a fit of irony. It became her well; which is simply to say, I suppose, that, clad in a rich stuff, the whole texture of her seemed immediately to have changed. Her skin, I saw, was fine; one imagined a supple sleekness of body beneath those sea-green folds. I remembered Cinderella and the ball.

I had time for this impression before she spoke—bending very close to me and almost whispering the first words:

"May I ask you a question? Will you excuse my intruding?"

Drawn by N. C. Wyeth

MR. PENBY ALWAYS SAT WITH HIS WIFE AFTER SUPPER

The tone and words did not go with the vision. She spoke as humbly as if Mrs. Fenby had sent her.

"Surely, surely—" I stammered out. "Won't you sit down?"

She shook her head, and we remained standing.

"It is only that— I don't quite know how to explain." Miss Susan twisted one lustrous braid of hair in her hand nervously.

"Why not?" I smiled a little to put her at her ease.

"It is only this." She tossed her head, shaking her braids back. Her voice grew stronger. She was now speaking in almost a normal tone. "I am very ignorant. I have never had the chance to learn as much as I wanted. Could you sometimes let me have one of Carol's old lesson-books? History, geography, arithmetic, Latin—anything. I have a good deal of time to myself."

"Do you, indeed, Miss Susan? I should not have thought it."

"Oh yes." Her affirmation had a sharp edge—whether of bitterness or boredom I could not say; but certainly of some very un-Cinderella-like emotion. "Evenings, for example. I go to sleep very late, and I really am anxious to learn. Of course I want only the books that Carol has finished with."

"You don't use the library, then?"

"Mr. Fenby would not like that. But how could he object to my using old school-books? And I thought you would know which ones Carol did not need."

"He needs very few."

"Is he clever?" Again there was an edge—was it of hostility?—in her tone.

"Rather!"

"Then he will be through with his books all the sooner. May I have them?"

"Of course, there is no conceivable objection on my part," I began. "They aren't my books, even, you know."

"No, they're theirs. Or Carol's, perhaps. I don't know about those things." She paused a moment, then looked up at me sharply from under the thick brown ridge of her eyebrows. "Are you afraid to give them to me for fear Mr. and Mrs. Fenby will mind?"

"No. Why should I be? I suppose I thought it odd that you didn't speak to them instead of to me." My honest thought came out thus. Then I wondered. . . . "If there is anything in the world that I can do, I shall be glad to—if you really want to begin Latin, for example. I am just starting Carol."

She appeared to consider. "But he would be using the book himself, wouldn't he?"

"Not at any hour when you would be using it." I laughed. "Especially not in the evening."

"I wouldn't ask you many questions, and I could always return the books here in the early morning."

"Done, then. What do you most want? I will get them for you to-morrow."

"Oh, almost anything. What Carol has had will do for me to begin on." She smiled gratefully, but not at me. She looked away as she smiled. Apparently her errand was quite finished, for she moved toward the door.

"Miss Susan!" I could not help it. I felt I must ask her. "Why should the Fenbys mind your teaching yourself out of the boy's books? Why do you think they would? Do you fancy they would be afraid—"

"That I might better myself if I had more education?" She took the words out of my mouth—though I may say I shouldn't have uttered just those. "Yes, I think they would be afraid of that. That's why I don't like to ask them."

"But why haven't you bought text-books long since?"

"Oh, if I had had money to buy text-books with—" She shrugged her shoulders and turned her back on me, moving again toward the door. But I had seen the sudden crimson in her cheeks before she turned; and I did not pursue her with more words. She opened the library door and shut it again behind her, as quietly as she had done it before.

In a few moments I blew out the lamp; and I sat loyally in the dark for five minutes, keeping my promise to Mrs. Fenby. The elegant Harriet Byron no longer intrigued me, whereas poor Miss Susan did. I was forced to infer that she served my employers for food and shelter rather than for wages. It

seemed rather niggardly of them, for there was evidently plenty of money. I wondered a little why she had never married. For under the lamplight the truth had come out—Miss Susan, give her half a chance, was handsome. Not only that: she was handsome in no forbidding way. There was, in her presence, a potential—mind, I don't say actual—invitation to woo. She wasn't a bit like the Grææ. There was enough reticence there to banish the thought of intrigue; but that she shouldn't have married in her lustrous youth seemed odd—a pretty little problem in fatalities. After all, though (it came to me as I mounted the dark stairs), any suitor would have had to walk many miles to reach her in that mansion; and an anomalous position like hers is not the predestined setting for a bride. She had ambition, evidently, still; but a worn and warped ambition that asked only for Carol's old school-books. Hang the Fenbys! She should have them. I would teach her the Greek verb at midnight if she thought it would please her. Her hair had been magnificent against that sea-green stuff.

The encounter which I have just related was the first of three. I saw Miss Susan daily, as I saw the Gray Sisters; but my casual meetings with her about the house—when, as of old, she slipped by me, eyes lowered, in her black dress—were empty of personal savor. I did not even, for many days, have a chance to hand over the school-books I had sifted out for her. Mrs. Fenby's régime for her was iron. Sometimes I even wondered if Miss Susan had really visited me—if, rather, she had done anything save "appear" as a ghost does. Was it perhaps some eidolon of her, some unconscious projection of a stifled desire, that had met me face to face in the library? Had she walked in her sleep? Or, more precisely, had some aspect, some fragment of her personality visited me while the familiar part of her lay sleeping? In such reflections—when Carol left me time for reflection—I spent the next ten days. Most of all in the library at night, alone with my eighteenth-century books, did I wonder; and more than once I lifted my eyes to see if the door would open on a sea-green shape.

They were to be three, my genuine encounters with Miss Susan under that roof—each one violently and strangely different from the others. They deepened—those three scenes—to the climax, as cunningly as if they had been staged. I do not think she ever knew that, or thought for one instant what must be the dramatic history of my attitude to her. The first *chute de rideau* she might have planned; the others, in essence, she was innocent of. I do not believe she ever once calculated her effect on me.

Ten days after her request for school-books—a request that, as I explained, she had never given me the chance to fulfil (for, after all, she had to seek me out; I could not mount to her attic), I sat again late in the library. July was heavy upon us, and there was no cool west wind. For very heat, I could not go to bed, and I marveled that others could. Mrs. Fenby had the immunity to heat of her fragility. She was one of those thin old creatures who wear a shawl in the hottest weather, as if their veins stored ice that was in perpetual need of thawing. Her husband, however, was of a sanguine constitution, full-fleshed and flushing easily. I should have expected him to share my vigils, though I was always grateful to hear his heavy footsteps following his wife's upstairs. Night by night they ascended together, like an aging mastiff and a decrepit parrot. Hannah, Martha, and Rachel would follow presently, dogging each other closely, the three making a single indistinguishable smudge on the twilit staircase. Miss Susan usually preceded them all.

The night was hotter than any other even in that hot July. I could not read with comfort, and while I got over a good many pages, it was by dint of changing my position constantly and drinking ice-water in great gulps. Some time after eleven I went out through the French window to the porch. The covered porch was as hot as the room; I stepped down on the lawn. At least the ceiling of the lawn was high! I strolled up and down, wondering if I shouldn't simply fling myself down on cool turf to spend the night under the stars. Of course, though, if I did, I should have to go in

first and put out that wretched lamp. Instinctively, with the thought, I looked toward the house. Framed in the French window of the library was a sea-green figure.

"Oh!" That ejaculation was wrenched from me. Why, on such a hot night? Well, I would give her the books and then come out and fling myself on the turf. I walked across to the long window. She stepped aside for me to enter.

I found the books for her and handed them over with a few curt words. It was, for some reason, annoying to have waited vainly all those days, and now, at this torrid moment, to be called to account. My enthusiasm for this spinster's schooling had ebbed. Yet, as she stood beside me, asking eager questions, the second self of Miss Susan—call it what you will—wrought upon me again. My second impression was more vivid than my first had been, probably because it had the first, for past, to go upon. Suspicions resolved themselves into certainties; vague wonderments into conclusions. I did not need to note again details I had already noted. The whiteness of her skin, the sheen of her hair, the suppleness of her form beneath its rich shroud, I took for granted now; and proceeded to take in other details: a vague scent about her sea-green draperies, a small foot pushed out in its slipper beneath the swirling hem of her gown, the excellent shape of her slightly roughened hands. But most of all, as we faced each other across the marble chimney-piece (having withdrawn by common impulse from the tropic radius of the lamp-ray), were her eyes revealed to me. I met them, glowing in the dimness, with a kind of shock. In point of fact, as I realized, I had never seen Miss Susan's eyes before. She seemed quite unconscious of the kind of figure she cut: I dare say she was. No intention was revealed to me, at all events; only an unsuspected capacity—for what? Well, for being like other women; that was all. Imagine how little like other women she must have seemed, day by day, going about the Fenbys' business! And a sea-green gown, of no fashion and unquestioned age, had done it. The only malice you could record against Miss Susan was her wearing it at all—her thinking it worth while, for the sake of some starved sense in her, to masquerade to herself in a bit of cast-off finery. I did not even then believe that she had "dressed up" for me. If it had occurred to me, I could have felt only pity for an instinct that had to satisfy itself with a dressing-gown of Mrs. Fenby's grandmother.

So we stood, exchanging a few words about the Latin grammar. "You are very kind," was the most personal thing said between us, and she said it as humbly as if I had tipped her.

"If you have any questions, I should be glad to answer them. And surely you don't need to sit up to all hours to ask them. Almost any time in the day when I see you—"

"I don't dare in the daytime. Really, it is better not." Her acknowledged fear sat oddly on her magnificence. So, too, did her desire for book-learning. You could have imagined her—in sea-green—wanting a personal success; I couldn't readily imagine her—in sea-green—caring to spell correctly. That creature ought to have despised the technique of respectability—though she looked, too, as innocent as gunpowder that has never heard of a gun. I felt all this a little thickly and incoherently. I can't give you her effect so logically as I should like. I was very young when I encountered Miss Susan.

She was starting to go away, I think—at all events, she had removed her vague, burning glance from me—when I heard a voice in the hall. Immediately the door was thrown open—quietly; but no other human being could quite achieve the soundlessness of Miss Susan's performance.

Mr. Fenby, candle in hand, confronted us. The books—she was just taking them from my hand—dropped to the floor with a little crash. The noise woke me to a daylight reality. I almost expected the sea-green wrapper to change in a twinkling to black stuff, and the braids of hair to arrange themselves in compact Cinderella fashion on Miss Susan's head. But she did not change in any respect. She was evidently too much surprised to adventure even into another manner all at once.

"What is this?" He stormed impartially at us both.

"Miss Susan asked me for some text-books. I found them and gave them to her. She was just taking them upstairs."

"Carol's text-books?"

"Yes," I answered, "Carol's text-books. He is quite through with them. Have you any objection, Mr. Fenby?"

Miss Susan had not crumpled yet. She was quite self-possessed.

"Of course I have." Mr. Fenby didn't precisely shout, but his voice sounded to my nervous ear like summer thunder. "What right have you to Carol's books? They belong to my dead son's boy. Pick them up."

I stooped and gathered up the books. I was not going to see any woman obeying orders issued in that tone.

"Your dead son's boy." She spoke musingly. "No, I never did care for your dead son."

"And you come here, at night, in that costume"—he pointed a scornful finger at her—"to get up an intrigue with this young man!"

"Nothing of the sort, Mr. Fenby," I said, roundly. "I don't know why Miss Susan wants text-books, but neither could I be supposed to see why she shouldn't have them. She has been here only five minutes, and I have been explaining to her how she had better begin. We have had no conversation whatever on any other subject, so you will kindly reverse your opinion."

"I'm not accusing you of anything, young man. I don't suppose you'd look at her. But you"—he turned to Miss Susan—"traipsing around my house at midnight—not even in a decent dress—your hair down— It's disreputable, you—"

I won't repeat the word he used. It's sufficiently well known to be guessed.

Before I could reply, either for myself or for Miss Susan, a tottering figure stood in the doorway. Mrs. Fenby had crept down after her husband, and was now making her way to his side. She stood there, hunched and rounded and frail in dressing-gown and shawl, facing her husband and the other woman.

"That is no word for *you* to use to Susan, Horace." Her voice was very thin and piping, but she got an effective emphasis all the same.

He did not answer at once, but his rage against Miss Susan appeared to abate. Or, at least, rage seemed to pass out of him, like air from a deflated balloon. His wife's eyes and his fixed each other during this shrinking process; to my imagination, dark accusations passed silently between them. When those few instants had passed, Mrs. Fenby turned to Miss Susan. Her words came shrill and sudden.

"Go, woman! My husband is right. I have no doubt of your intentions. But it shall not happen again. What deceptions you have practised on this misguided young man it is not for me to say or to know. But they shall not be practised any further. My household is safe from you. Do you understand? Safe! I will see to that. Carol's tutor should have been sacred even to you."

"Mrs. Fenby!" I, in my turn, almost shouted. "I have already told your husband that Miss Susan came to me with a request for some paltry school-books. She said she wished to study by herself. I gave them to her. I don't know the meaning of all your abominable talk, but it has nothing to do with any facts I know anything about. If you choose to insult her privately, I can't control it, I suppose; but you shall not insult her in my presence with lies. I did not see at first why she had to conceal so innocent a request from you and Mr. Fenby, but I do see now, and I shouldn't have believed it possible!"

Miss Susan came forward and offered her hand to me. "Thank you," she said. "I didn't know men ever spoke the truth. Apparently they do. You're good for that, whether you are good for anything else or not." She smiled straight into my face, maliciously—as if she had, after all, in many ways found me wanting. Then she turned to Mr. and Mrs. Fenby. "As for you two"—some word seemed to stick in her throat—"I apologize. It shall not happen again. Your grandson's books shall be sacred."

And, lifting the little pile from the chimney-piece, she flung them on the floor. Apparently the gesture relieved her pent emotion, for with it all passion—and likewise all luster—seemed to ebb from her. In spite of her costume, she looked

like her daily self once more. "I apologize," she repeated. "I wouldn't have done it if I had known."

The words were spoken to Mrs. Fenby alone. She turned her back on the husband.

Miss Susan's movements had brought her very near the mistress of the house; and at this point Mrs. Fenby, with a myopic start, caught at the sea-green sleeve and held it to her eyes. "Wretched girl!" she piped. "You wore this—down here—at midnight!"

"Yes, I did. But I never will again," and the sea-green figure passed out into the hall.

"I am cold, Horace—cold!" All Mrs. Fenby's shrillness had gone. She cowered against her husband in a shivering revulsion. Apparently she was crying.

"Of course you are cold. You must go back to bed," he said, vaguely, while with one hand he mopped the sweat from his own brow. "Take my arm. Or—if Mr. Sladen will go up-stairs ahead of us, I will give you my dressing-gown to put round you."

Mrs. Fenby's teeth were chattering. There was nothing for it but to put out the lamp and precede them, letting Mr. Fenby give his wife that extra covering. This I did. After all, I wanted an interval of solitude before the inevitable explanations came.

But the inevitable explanations, paradoxically, did not come. Mr. Fenby, in his wife's presence the next day, apologized to me for anything that might incidentally have offended me the evening before. His words were as vague and inclusive as that. There was nothing for me to take up, I saw by daylight, unless Miss Susan chose to appeal to me. Whatever dark stuff of hatred they had woven between them was not for me to lift unchallenged. Miss Susan was not visible to me for some days; but by the end of the week she appeared again about the house. She seemed to take pride in not altering her accustomed demeanor—in neither lifting her eyes to mine nor quickening her pace when she had occasion to pass me. I gave her chances; for, though I did not like her, I thought her oppressed. She took none of them; and as I had now no reason to think her either stupid or simple, I ceased to occupy myself with her.

That last statement is of course not quite true. I ceased to put myself, however unobtrusively, in her way; but my hours of solitude were full of wild surmises. I tried to keep away from the subject; for some evenings I went to my own room after prayers, eschewing the library. These people were my employers; I needed their money; I was fond of Carol; I almost respected them for not explaining to me things that most people—if they did not turn me out of the house at once—would have bitten their tongues in their haste to explain. Their power over Miss Susan was certainly a moral power; for she had had chances to give me a sign, and did not take them. The decent thing to do—since I wasn't prepared to chuck my position—was to forget. And yet, how could I?

There is scarcely a thinkable solution that my brain did not work out to its passionate, illogical end. I sailed with the wind straight into Sophoclean tragedy; I tacked—into Dumas *fils*. What had there been between Miss Susan and Horace Fenby that stirred the crackling ire of his wife? Or, had she embittered the son's brief marriage? Carol's mother had died in childbirth, I had learned; his father, of typhoid, not long after her. Or did it all go further back, and was Miss Susan herself a result, not a cause, of scandal? Above all, had there been any reason, any precedent, for their implication that she had sought me out with no holy emotion? I could not think it; though I remembered the malice of her final glance at me. What hold had she on people who hated her so? Why did she stay with people she so detested? What strange situation kept the balance between them—a claim they acknowledged so meanly; a hatred that she could not keep from being humble? I made nothing of it; and, as I say, I was not sure that I had the right to wonder too cleverly, had I been able. They were paying for the full bloom of my mental powers. I could not cheat Carol of that.

Yet, even so, my curious fever would not abate at once. It waxed with the waxing heat of July. By August the

heat was even greater, and other symptoms began to possess me. A strange inward coolness took the place of my brief delirium; my chill mind seemed to react against the physical torridity and save me. I longed only for autumn to reconcile once more the temperatures of body and brain. Perhaps the massive fixity of the household hypnotized me. I took to sitting in the library again at night; and after the first few evenings I ceased to expect a sea-green shape to rise upon the threshold. Perhaps we had all been mad together; crazed by the highest temperature in years.

In any case, it was upon a state of mind from which all expectancy had been wrung that my third encounter with Miss Susan fell. I had gone back to Richardson — not to *Sir Charles Grandison*, which indeed I have never finished; but to *Pamela*. I was wondering idly what it would feel like to be "Mr. B."; I was even wondering, with equal idleness, what "Mr. B." would have made of the Fenby household. My brain was scarce working, as you can see, and it took me some moments to authenticate the smell of smoke in my own nostrils. I was slow about investigating; it was a nuisance to get up, and probably the kerosene-lamp beside me was guilty. But the odor was too strong and significant. I suddenly realized that, and my limbs as suddenly ceased to be lazy. I walked quickly across the library and opened the door. A great acrid gust choked me, and I dashed up-stairs, where, in the darkness, I already heard a mild commotion. The Gray Sisters rushed by me in weird nightgear. Two of them went to Mrs. Fenby's room, where I heard Mr. Fenby shouting encouragement to her. The other fled before me down the corridor that led to Carol's room in the wing. That was the path I took instinctively, myself; and I called through the smoke to the maid—Martha, the cook—to go to the stables and wake the coachman and gardener. She turned and shuffled away through the smoke.

That moment was such a chaos of sensations that even memory cannot straighten it out. I know that I had a purpose at the back of my mind—to get every living creature out of the house, and then, with the other men, to see what could be done. The Fenbys and the servants were awake and aware; but no sound had come from Carol. I intended, I know, to carry the child outside, myself, in my own arms, before that terrible air grew hotter. I could not yet see flames anywhere, but I heard cracklings and rumblings. Mrs. Fenby's terror had realized itself. I heard her excited moaning somewhere behind me as I rushed down to Carol's room; I heard the others pleading with her; but I did not stop. The smoke grew greasier, hotter, thicker, with each step I took toward Carol. I judged it—as far as in that dash I could judge anything—to have started in the floor or walls above that wing; I hoped, beyond Carol's own room.

The child was sleeping, but woke, choking and spluttering, as I felt for him roughly in the dark. He was frightened, but surrendered himself to me without too much kicking. Common sense came to my rescue in a single flash. I flung a blanket round him, picked up his slippers and put them on his feet. His weight was more than I had bargained for, though. I could not be sure of stumbling ahead fast enough with him in my arms. I felt for the washstand, dipped a towel in the pitcher against emergencies, and bade him walk quickly by my side, holding my hand. The sleep was jolted out of him by this time, and he obeyed, whispering and asking absurd questions. It seemed an age before I got him down the hall to the main staircase; but the flames did not reach us, though they were creeping stealthily down toward us now from the end of the wing.

Mrs. Fenby was calling in her piping shriek for Carol. I shouted that I had him safe, and I heard them bumping down the stairs. Evidently they had to carry her, among them. I told them we were following close behind, and by this time they could hear Carol's own voice still asking angry questions. Their rickety progress was resumed. Martha had not yet brought the men back from the stables. The whole group got, finally, into the outer air, and Mr. Fenby and I rushed back for wraps. There could be no question of trying to save anything

on the upper floors. Just as we came out of Mrs. Fenby's room, staggering laden through the smoke, feeling for the hand-rail of the staircase, something turned me sick and nearly knocked me over. Not one of us had thought of Miss Susan! I flung my load over the banisters into the hall below and turned to the third-story staircase. Old Mr. Fenby started down, and I let him go without speaking to him. It was too hideous to mention, that we should not have thought of her. There was light now—the awful apocalyptic light of flame where flame should not be. And as I approached the attic stairs—no speech is quick enough to tell all this, nor yet confused enough—a sea-green figure came half falling, half running down them. I tried to stop Miss Susan, but could not. Her face and hair were singed, and one blackened hand was bleeding. She tore past me to the wing, straight into the beginning conflagration. "Carol! Carol!" I heard her cry, as she dashed past me through the smoke.

"He is safe! He's outdoors!" I shouted to her, but she did not hear me. She tore her way into the fire, beating a passage through the smoke with her wounded hand.

"Carol! Carol! I'm coming!"

"Miss Susan!" I screamed it in her ear. "I took him down. He's safe. Every one is safe."

She heard me then and gripped my arm. "You swear it?"

"I swear it. I went for the boy first of all, of course. For God's sake, come! The ceiling is falling in."

She turned. "It started in the attic next my room, I think. My door got jammed. I had to fight my way out. It's all burning up there. The windows are all open. Where is he? Where is he?"

I led her down, almost at a run, my arm round her waist; for the second floor was already doomed.

"Carol!" she called in the hall below. But there was no answer. The family had gone, I realized afterward, to the far end of the lawn. "Carol!" she called again in the doorway. And when no answer came, she struck at me and ran back to the staircase. I clutched her, willing to be brutal if necessary, for she was far gone in hysteria. By God's providence, at that moment Carol's own cry came authentically from outside. He ran across the lawn, wrapped in his blanket, elfin and comic in the lurid glow.

"My son! my son! my own little son!" Neither Hannah nor Rachel could get him, for a moment, out of Miss Susan's clutch, though the boy, frightened, no doubt, writhed to get free from her blackened face and arms. At last, for sheer physical weakness, she let him go. But I had heard the cry, and so had the maids and Mr. Fenby, who now stood beside them.

"Take the boy to his grandmother," he commanded. "You have frightened him sick, Susan."

He ran to meet the two men who had just reached the house, and tried to pull me along with him. I half gave to his pull, but before I actually moved from the spot I spoke to Miss Susan. "They have taken chairs off the porch. Go over there and rest. You can't do anything now. We must try to save some of the books."

"Rest?" She looked about her wildly. "Where should I rest? With my mother over there who has taken my boy away from me? I'll stay here."

And, wrapping her green garment about her, she flung herself face downward on the turf.

"Get a blanket, Martha!" I called. Even in that instant I remembered it was Martha who had tried first to save Carol. I managed finally to get Miss Susan up from the ground and lead her to a wicker couch under a tree. We had got wraps from the lower floor, and the women, at the far end of the lawn, were protected from chill. Miss Susan would not have her couch placed near the others when she saw that Carol's sleepy head was on his grandmother's lap. Mrs. Fenby called to her peevishly, but Miss Susan gave her only a curt reply as she passed.

"God has cursed me in my daughter, and now he has taken my home. Blessed be the name of the Lord." That solemn whimper of Mrs. Fenby's in sight of her blazing house haunts me still.

Then Susan Fenby turned on her. "You have frightened me with God long

enough, mother. You will never do it again. I see now that you are only a fool."

"Grace is not in you, Susan." It was hardly more than a whisper, for all its shrillness. The old woman's chin dropped wearily on her breast, and she was silent in her coil of wrappings. Miss Susan flung herself upon her couch and gazed, unwinking and speechless, at the burning house.

After this bitter little interlude I ran back to help Mr. Fenby and the men with the books. The silver, carefully carried up-stairs every night to Mrs. Fenby's room, we could not go for. We saved a few volumes—more or less at random, I am afraid, for it was impossible either to turn Mr. Fenby out or to disobey him, and he had completely lost his head. The house was doomed from the start, and when, an hour later, the engines came from the town, there was little they could do save to fling some water on what seemed the very spirit of fire.

The morrows of such nights are strange. By dawn we persuaded the women to go down to the stables. Before dawn not one of them would stir. It was eight o'clock before I went down myself; and when I got there I found that Mr. Fenby, Carol, and all the women had been driven to the hotel in the town. The gardener's wife gave me breakfast, and I ate it hungrily. The morning I spent in groping about among the ruins, estimating the usefulness of the walls that were left, picking up charred objects from the debris, waiting for Mr. Fenby's return. I could hardly divine what my next move would be until I had seen him.

It must have been noon when I was suddenly confronted, in the middle of what had been the library, by a strange figure. Susan Fenby, in cheap gingham, stood before me under the August sun.

"I walked back," she said, simply. "They are all sleeping except Mr. Fenby, who is seeing the insurance people. He will be here pretty soon. I sha'n't see you again."

"Do you know what they are going to do?"

"No." She shook her head. "Go somewhere, probably, until the house can be rebuilt."

"How is Mrs. Fenby?" I dared not be the first to mention Carol.

"Asleep, I told you."

"And you think they won't need my services any more?"

"They'll never keep you on." She shook her head. "They will have to keep me. That will be bad enough—after last night. They'll be very nice to you; you won't suffer. But you can be sure they will never want to see you again."

"Probably not," I mused. "And you will still stay on—after last night?" I was deeply embarrassed. But, leaning against the cracked marble of the fireplace, in that roofless room, under the crude August sun, it seemed to me that nothing was too strange to be said.

"I shall stay. It's in the bargain. I have done everything they made me—standing up, sitting down, and on my knees—for the sake of being near Carol. If you are out of the way it will all go on as before. If it hadn't been for the fire, I should never have broken out again. And I sha'n't now, as long as Carol is still at home. I'm not afraid of God any more, as I used to be—nor of them. But I have learned how to hold my tongue. Only, of course, you'll have to go. They couldn't stand it with any one who *knew*—except the maids, and they have always known. They've been with us since I was born."

"But what about Carol?"

"They're already hoping he's forgotten, in the excitement. I dare say he has." She passed her handkerchief nervously over her lips with her bandaged hand, then broke out, passionately: "I *did* keep my word. I should never have told him if I hadn't been mad with fear for him."

She closed her eyes convulsively. Her whole face twitched.

"What I really came for," she said, dully, "was to advise you to ask your own price. I mean, for going away like a gentleman and holding your tongue. Probably you would do it, anyhow, but they might as well pay."

"Miss Susan!" I exclaimed. "What do you take me for?"

"I don't know anything about you,

Drawn by N. C. Wyeth

"AND YOU WILL STAY ON—AFTER LAST NIGHT?"

but if any one can get anything out of them, it's all to the good."

"Besides," I went on—for she laid no leash on curiosity—"what is there for me to tell?"

"I should think that it was clear enough," she said, indifferently. "My name is Susan Fenby, and Carol is my son. That is more than enough for them, anyhow. I was their only child, remember."

"How they have had to lie!" I murmured.

"Of course they've had to. And they don't like it, either; so that shows you how they feel about it—if they can lie like that when they think it's a sin to lie. They had to come here to this God-forsaken place to live, too. I'm not defending myself, you understand. I used to think I was as bad as my mother said I was. I never took much stock in what my father said. He was no saint himself, I guess, in the beginning. I don't think anything much, now—and I guess it's 'pull Dick, pull devil,' between us. He has a temper, and she is as cold as ice. I'm like both of them. That's all." She began to pick her way out of the debris. "I only came to tell you to ask, in reason, what you like. They'll give it to you. They can afford to. I must go now, or he'll find me when he comes."

"Miss Susan—" I stopped her—"why do you give me this advice?"

"Because you were kind about the school-books. I did want to keep up with Carol. And I liked having his books in my hands. But—" Suddenly she turned wholly round to me, her deep blush making her almost handsome again. In that most unbecoming scene and light she had been like the Miss Susan I used to see slip through the corridors slavishly intent on Mrs. Fenby's business. "They were quite wrong, that night. It was only the school-books. Though"—she raised her eyes to mine with one desperate grip on honesty—"I don't blame them. They had no reason to trust me. Good-by!" She would not take my hand; would not even let me help her, in spite of her crippled arm; and I watched her pick her way out of the ruined house. Five minutes later Mr. Fenby had returned.

It is needless to say that I did not follow up Miss Susan's suggestion of putting a price on my silence. But I fell in with Mr. Fenby's idea of an immediate departure, and I accepted his own offer of paying me six months' salary the more readily because I knew how grateful he was for the chance to give it. I agreed with him very gravely that we had all gone off our heads the night before. He trusted me to the point of letting me spend one long morning alone with Carol. Carol talked to me, as freely as a running brook, of all that had happened; but he mentioned Miss Susan only casually. I honestly believe that, in the drugged sleep which followed close on such excitement, he *had* forgotten.

Renunciation

BY AMEEN RIHANI

AT eventide the Pilgrim came
And knocked at the Belovèd's door.
"Who's there?" a voice within, "thy name?"
"'Tis I," he said.—"Then knock no more.
As well ask thou a lodging of the sea,—
There is no room herein for thee and me."

The Pilgrim went again his way
And dwelt with Love upon the shore
Of self-oblivion; and one day
He knocked again at the Belovèd's door.
"Who's there?" "It is thyself," he now replied,
And suddenly the door was open wide.

A Day at Douarnenez

BY HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

THERE they were before me, two little fish, the white of their scales making more yellow than green the Lucca oil in which they had been canned. Beside them, on the edge of the plate, was the wee finger of butter that is served out to you in the Paris restaurant where the *hors d'œuvre* are all *vingt* and *trente centimes*. I looked at them with amazement at first, and was on the point of hitting my glass with my fork to call back the waiter. What absent-mindedness had induced me to order sardines? Or had I really ordered sardines? Perhaps it was the waiter's fault. But my hand stopped with the fork suspended. The sardines did look good. I discovered that I really wanted to eat them. So the fork fell on the fish. And I did eat them out there on the terrace of the café opposite the fountain of Marie de Médicis.

Camelots came running down the street from the Panthéon gate of the Luxembourg, crying a noon extra. But, in spite of the fact that the Germans were supposed to be so near Paris, I did not buy a paper. I was still marveling over the fact that I had unconsciously ordered sardines, and that, having ordered them, I was eating them. Only a month ago sardines and I had parted company for ever.

Strange resolution, not to eat sardines, especially for a man to whom sardines had been a dish fit for the gods in a Rocky Mountain mining-camp, in foodless Albania, in a Taurus Mountain *khan*, in the valley of the Jordan, and on Russian railways.

It had come about in this way. I got off the train at Quimper one afternoon last summer, and faced the problem of where to go. For no sane man would stay in Quimper with all Finistère to choose from.

There was the sign pointing to Rosporden, and that would take me to Concarneau or to Carhaix. There was the automobile *char-à-banc* labeled Beg-Neil. Then I saw Douarnenez. I had never been to Douarnenez. That would have been in its favor ten years ago, when the single article in my travel creed was, "I believe in the places I have not seen." But now doubts are beginning to arise as to the advantages of the unknown over the known. The hotels may not be good, and the places that your friends extol, and tell you that "you really ought not to miss, don't you know," generally turn out to be places that you really would not have missed missing. I was actually crossing over to the Rosporden-Concarneau *quai*, with a ticket in my pocket, when I suddenly remembered that the Artist might be at Douarnenez. "Might be" is enough for one who knows the Artist. *Soit!* In ten minutes I was speeding in the opposite direction from Rosporden, and wondering how many hotels I would drive to before I ran the Artist to the ground, or if I should find that he had gone on to Pont-Croix.

The little branch railway from Quimper to Douarnenez runs along the crest of a promontory—at least it seems like a promontory when one catches glimpses of the ocean from both car windows at the same time. I was pleased with my decision, Artist or no Artist, before I reached my goal.

But it was the right *tuyau*. For I had no sooner gotten safely through the row of hungry hotel-runners, and started across the long bridge that binds the old town with the railway side of the estuary, than I saw ahead of me a husky figure in English homespun, surmounted by a straw hat *comme il faut* of the season. He was leaning over the rail. At right angles to his body a slender bamboo cane that would not have supported the weight of a child of

ten years stuck out, to the provocation of passers-by. There could be no mistake. This unique combination of Piccadilly and Boulevard du Montparnasse was the Artist.

I came up slowly behind him, and told the boy who was carrying my bag to go on ahead to the end of the bridge and wait at the *octroi* station. I gently took hold of the end of the cane. There was an unconscious struggle of arm and hand for a moment, and then he turned round.

"Why, hello!" he said. "I thought St.-Jean-du-Doigt would prove too slow for you. You see how those pines go up, climbing over the rocks, from that point out there. When the tide is high it reminds me of the Maine coast, Prout's Neck or Winter Harbor."

"What are those men unloading down there in barrels from that Norwegian schooner?" I asked. "The barrels are all marked 'Bergen.' What in the name of Heaven do these people want with anything that comes from Norway?"

"Oh, that's cod roe. They put it in the nets to attract the sardines."

"So they fish for sardines here?" I asked.

"Do they? I'll take you along the quay after dinner to-night. If your eyes fail you, your nose won't. Douarnenez is the home of the sardine."

We walked toward the old town. I wanted to ask more about sardines, but the Artist was telling me how the coppery sails of the fishing-smacks blended with sea and sky at sunset. We sent the boy on to the hotel with my bag, and turned back to climb to a vantage-point by the church in the new town.

There was just time. Sky, sea, sails, and sun were disappearing together.

We got to arguing about the Caillaux trial at dinner last night. Ten diners at the long table had ten different opinions, and it was ten o'clock before they were all aired. So we did not have our stroll along the quay.

A glorious summer day, after a long

THE SARDINE FLEET AT ANCHOR IN THE BAY

night's rest from a long day's train journey, and with a holiday before you, a new place to explore, the sea air in your nostrils, and the Artist beside you without his paint-box and tripod folding-stool—this is a combination that does not often come within my experience. Every time I get out on a trip like this I say to myself that the city is stupid, that asphalt streets and stone sidewalks are like a prison yard, and that the multiple sounds and smells of a great city take years from the life of the man in a treadmill. And yet I know perfectly well that within a week I shall be glad to get back to Paris. City people are prisoners and slaves, but willing slaves, for all that.

AN OLD NET-MENDER

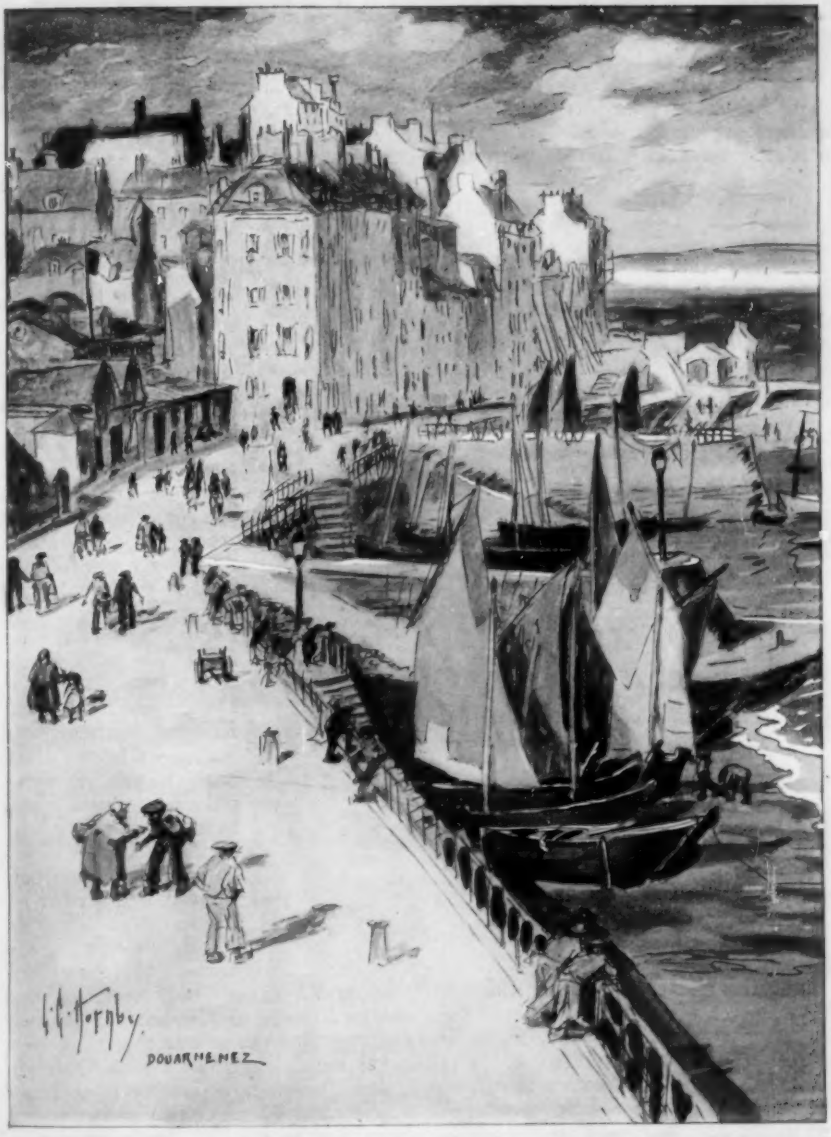
We were walking through the town by the high-road on top of the hill. The Artist explained that he wanted me to see first the Point, and come back by way of the quays and the sardines, and not to begin Douarnenez with the quays and the sardines. "I want your first view of this wonderful bay to be fishless," he said, simply.

We passed several canning-factories, but only the chimneys were visible. The sardines were hid from view by the high walls that the Frenchman delights to put up, holding to privacy even in his business. We came down to the water's edge through a deserted street of steps, and before us opened the panorama of the bay, white-capped and sail-studded as far as the eye could see.

The shore-line was different from that to which the northern coast of Brittany had accustomed me. Its beauty struck me more forcibly by the very fact that it was unexpected. Instead of the long, bare *landes* of the Côtes du Nord, grudgingly covered here and there with monotonous *plantagenista*, and broken only by boulders and birds of similar color, there was just a border of rock at the water's edge above which rose real trees, foliage-crowned up to the sky-line, and relieved occasionally by a patch of cleared land where, in the rich green grass, horses and cattle were grazing.

The bay opened into the sea almost on the horizon — far enough away to be indistinguishable. Were it not for the specks of sail, appearing on the sky-line and growing larger after every dip, one would not have taken the bay of Douarnenez for a lake. The point of land at the left of the bay's mouth was a jumble of rock — not cliffs, but enormous boulders falling every which way, and piled higher than the wooded hill from which they seemed to emerge. This was the Cap de Raz, westernmost point of France. From the top of the hills on the right, forming the northern side of the bay, the Artist told me one could see Brest.

In front of us were two islets. The nearer one was rock and seaweed, surmounted by a stone building in ruins, beside which lay two or three barrels and an abandoned dory. But the farther one, a cone of trees, was perfectly mirrored by the sun in the protected waters of the channel between it and the mainland. An unpretentious country house stood by the water's edge.



ALONG THE QUAYS

As the tide was low, on the side toward us it was possible to reach the islets without a boat. We crossed to the first one, crunching mussel-shells at every step, and on our guard against the seaweed menacing our ankles. Like a pair of children, we stopped occasionally to tease a horseshoe-crab with the Artist's cane.

I had it in my mind to go on to the

second islet and make for a tree at the top of the cone. We could rely on hailing a fisherman's boat to get us back to the mainland. But the Artist explained that this islet was the property of the poet Jean Richepin. "We cannot intrude," he said, "unless you want to interview the eminent Academician. Jean Richepin bought up that island for inspiration's sake, I suppose, for it is the scene of Tristan and Isolde. The King of Cornwall had his castle there. But we have a better—and sunnier—view of the bay here than the poet has. And that is more to the point on a day like this." I thought so, too.

SARDINE-BOATS

We sat on the rocks, with our backs against an abandoned dory, and tried to reconstruct the story of Tristan and Isolde. The Artist had once lunched with a prima donna who sang Isolde, and I had "suped" one memorable evening in sophomore days in Wagner's opera. But neither of us could call back any more of the story than that Tristan and Isolde loved each other, and one took poison because the other had died prematurely. I was sure of the poison, for I had long kept among my treasures the piece of wood that had served for the bottle from which the fatal draught was quaffed, and which had hit my knee in the wings as Isolde threw it from her with an air of abandon when she fell over the body of her knight. There we have it! Isolde it was who took the poison.

I had always associated the name of Cornwall with England. But the Artist was sure that we were in Cornwall. An elderly spinster had read it to him out of her guide-book at the hotel a few days before. We were in the real Cornwall, here in Douarnenez. The Knights of the Round Table—was not Tristan one of them?—must have sailed in this beautiful bay. The King of Cornwall lived on this island, and here Tristan had wooed his Isolde.

Tennyson, Swinburne, Matthew Arnold, and Wagner—they have all used the local color of Douarnenez in their poetry. But ten to one that they were never here! Longfellow wrote "Evangeline" without having visited Nova Scotia, and Montesquieu never met a Persian in his life.

I have read the Odes of Horace at Tivoli with my feet dangling over the high wall of the Villa d'Este. But as I looked out across the Campagna it was not the Sabine farm, but distant Rome and the dome of St. Peter's, that held me. Try as hard as I could that day, my thoughts would not go further back than Garibaldi and Mazzini, and I

translated Horace's *ridens Lalage* into an Italian peasant girl picking up firewood along the Avezzano road. So here, at Douarnenez, it was useless to wish for Swinburne out on these rocks.

Why should I be ashamed to confess that in these romantic surroundings we soon got back to the topics of the day—the love-affairs of Madame Caillaux instead of those of Isolde, and the death of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand instead of that of Tristan? *Nihil humani alienum mihi puto* is perfectly true. But the human interests of a man are those of his *milieu*. If we are able to become absorbed—really absorbed—in anything except that with which we are in immediate and vital touch, it is a sign of an abnormal mentality. One thinks of the past and the future only when the present is uninteresting, and when the present is not interesting something is the matter with you. Better see a doctor, or, better still, get out in the open air and take exercise.

MARKET-DAY

We were in the open air—jolly good sea air to boot, and we had been taking exercise. So we abandoned Tristan and Isolde and the legendary king of the island before us.

But I have been speaking only of the human appeal as imagined and recorded by the human mind. Nature is a totally different thing. The appeal of creation is compelling. One tires of his own thoughts. But one never tires of God's thoughts, whether the form of revelation be inanimate or animate. Keats did not originate the idea that "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever." He repeated an axiom. For the beautiful has only one test, the appeal to the senses. To appreciate nature you do not have to think; you have only to feel. The moment you begin to think, there is a fly in the ointment—a fly that you yourself have put there.

So the Artist and I enjoyed the Bay of Douarnenez most when we stopped trying to associate it with what had happened there. It filled our souls because it was a bay with sky and sea and sails, and with a bold, yet delicate, coastline. That this was the scene of the love-affairs of Tristan and Isolde did not enhance its beauty a bit.

All the world over, we are talking to-day of boycotting things German. For Heaven's sake let us begin with Baedeker! When tourists learn to travel

IN THE RUE ST. JEAN

without guide-books, and to enjoy what God and man have made by letting the beautiful appeal to their senses and by observing the life of people as human beings living together in society, travel will become the great educator.

A woman from Kansas said to me once on a steamer in the Gulf of Corinth: "It takes me back two thousand years to be here in Athens. I just live over the days of Pericles; and in these Greeks, everywhere I go, I see their noble ancestors." "What a rotten time you must be having!" I answered. I think she thought I was rude—and certainly not a Harvard man!

With our backs against the old dory, the Artist and I had the best sort of a time. Tobacco has one virtue. It makes you forget to talk.

Habit is strong. One may get out of the rut for an hour or two, but he does not stay out. After watching the sails idly during several pipe-bowls, I began to conjecture why the ships were coming in, and what they were carrying. A desire began to possess me. I wanted to inspect the sardine industry. Here I was, wasting my precious holiday. I looked around at the Artist, afraid to incur his scorn by broaching to him

what was in my mind. He, too! I chuckled. For he had slit open an envelope, placed it on his knee, and was making one of his inimitable sketches. Even had I seen only his face, I should have guessed what he was about from the half-closed eyes and the tilt of his chin. Your true artist scents a picture as naturally as a pointer scents a quail.

So I felt bold to get up and stretch my legs, and rub the places on my back which the dory had caressed.

"If you've got a subject in your head," I put out as a *ballon d'essai*, "I might stroll along the quay, and see some of those sardines you have been speaking about."

"All right," he answered. "But I won't prophesy that you won't regret it—that is, if you like sardines. See you at the hotel for *déjeûner*." And he turned back to the work on the inside of the envelope.

The tide was coming up, so I had to wade back to shore and dry my feet with a handkerchief.

From the island there was no direct road along the shore. I had to climb back up through a street whose name was weather-blurred, and waste steps in picturesque, if unsavory, *culs de sac*, before I found a way down to the quay. One could not navigate safely through this street without casting his eyes ahead of him on the ground at every step to avoid puddles, stones, fish-heads, and—But why enumerate? I marveled at what seemed to me the unnecessary sign, "*Passage interdit aux voitures*," for what kind of vehicle, and what animal born outside of the shadow of Islam, could have negotiated the passage successfully?

In Italy, I have often felt that nowhere else in the world is there so much evidence to the eye, and so little evidence to the nose, of washing. Douarnenez is like Italy. But here the wash is not hung across the streets, but along them, on clothes-lines parallel with the houses. As a Scotch mist is generally falling all over Brittany, I suppose the

FISHERMEN'S HOUSES

thought of sunning the wash does not enter into the housewife's calculations. But when you haven't one thing, you have another. That is the law of compensation. Here it is a wind, rude enough to counteract the gentle persistence of the mist.

A CORNER OF THE MARKET-PLACE

At last I reached the quay—and the sardines.

For the better part of a mile, every building is a canning-factory or a fish-depot. July is the height of the season—at least it seemed so to me, for the activity was feverish. I could not get away from the sight and the smell of sardines. An endless stream of fishing-smacks was coming up to the mole and discharging cargoes. And an endless row of sailors and boys and girls was bringing the sardines in baskets from the fishing-smacks to the depots, where they dumped them into wooden troughs. The sardine-troughs are taken into the factory and dumped into huge tanks of brine. After a thorough salting the heads are cut off. The fish are cooked in oil and packed in cans of the flat, rectangular kind familiar to all the world. The work in the factories is done by Breton girls, who sing as they handle the fish. They are remarkably industrious and cheerful, and enough of them are good-looking to make one linger longer in the workroom than he would for mere interest in sardines.

But one does not get away from sardines when he leaves the depots and the factories. For between the processes of salting and cooking they are dried, and this is generally done out of doors. In every possible space on the quay not necessary for passage there are wire baskets in which the sardines stand, tails in the air. Each basket contains a thousand. Each drying-platform has a thousand baskets. There are a thousand drying-platforms. There are four dryings per day. There are two hundred days of good fishing. I advise you not to multiply these sums and dwell upon the total; and I advise you not to think of the sardines in the boats, or in the baskets, or in the troughs, or in the vats, or dancing in the boiling oil. If I leave a picture of Douarnenez sardines, may it be rather of the pretty Breton peasant girls, with their immaculate white-lace headgear, set off by dark hair and wind-reddened

cheeks, singing and laughing at their work.

As I watched the fishermen unloading their cargoes I had a striking illustration of Breton frugality. So many sardines come into the port of Douarnenez that their white, flecky scales cover the sand in mounds, washed up by the tide. Some of the boats have their decks covered several inches deep with the catch. But the fishermen actually count every sardine, and send them ashore in baskets of exactly two hundred each. There is no guesswork, no approximation by weighing. Since at low tide the boats are fifteen feet below the mole, the porters let down ropes to fishermen in the boats. The baskets are drawn up one at a time. If a single fish happens to fall overboard they go after it with a hand-net and make really strenuous efforts to recover it. These are fishermen to whom the admonition to gather up the fragments would not have been necessary.

A YOUNG GIRL OF DOUARNENEZ

And yet, in sharp contrast to this meticulous care of unloading the catch is the willingness to part with the reward of labor for the refreshment that is poured into *petits verres à l'Abri de la Tempête, à la Descente des Thonniers, au Beau Séjour, au Baromètre, à l'Abri du Vent, à l'Etoile d'Or*, and at the *Buvette du Bon Coin*, as the drinking-places along the quay are called.

Before leaving the quay I must not forget to speak of another fishing industry which, although overshadowed by the sardines, is important and noticeable in the life of Douarnenez. The sardine fishing is done at the mouth of the bay, and the fishermen return several times a week. But there are larger boats in the port whose crews go out for fifteen days and fish for *thon* from Spain to England. There were some of these larger boats unloading at the mole. The tunny is a giant beside the sardine. He is not taken ashore in baskets, but is carried by the tail to the depots. A boy can hold one in each hand, if they are small, while four is a load sufficient for the strongest man.

In the afternoon the Artist and I went for a walk along the shore toward Audierne, and passed through village after village of this thickly populated coast. In places summer people were in evidence, and we found miniature Trouvilles where the rocks gave way for a brief space to sand. But sardines dominated all. Were there churches to compel the admiration of the jaded traveler? Beside the church tower a chimney arose, and the church-bells had to compete with the clink-clink of canning-machinery. Were there quaint streets whose roof-line made the Artist half close his eyes by instinct and fumble for his pencil? From gable to gable light-blue nets were stretched, and oilskins and overalls hung from hooks out of every window. Was there a charming bit of rock and trees edging the waters

IN THE OLD FISHWIVES' CORNER

of the bay? On the rocks sardines, in their wire baskets, stood with tails up, for all the world like the helmeted regiments of the Germans in Belgium; and nets were drying in the trees. Was there a bit of pasture-land with cows that Troyon would have found good to look at? They were grazing beside the remnants of a Lucca olive-oil barrel.

The Artist growled: "What a delight Douarnenez would be, without sardines!"

"But would it be at all—without sardines?" I answered.

How Strange It Seems

BY ELLEN M. H. GATES

TO think this little photograph,
On common paper lightly cast,
May look into your face and laugh
When I myself have wholly passed.

Honor Bright

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

THE front door of Wendell Phillips School opened with a bang, and Master Michael Foley struck out for the gate at a record-breaking pace. Miss Ferguson, the principal, particularly sensitive to door-banging, flung up her window in time to observe not only the flight of the eloping pupil, but the precipitate exit of Miss Honor Bright, the youngest of her teaching staff, in hot pursuit. Any one with a drop of sporting blood would have watched the contest with delight; and yet only disdain, anger, and horror were depicted on Miss Ferguson's severe countenance.

Master Michael gained the street safely, but, hearing his pursuer close upon him, grasped a tree-box and began dancing behind it while he weighed the chances of further flight. Miss Bright, evidently familiar with such tactics, caught him in one of his feints, affixed her hand firmly to his collar and marched him before her to the schoolhouse.

Miss Ferguson, satisfied with her observations, closed her window and retired to the hall in time to see Miss Bright deposit the prisoner in the cloakroom, in which, it may be said, he had been immured for the heinous crime of casting a paper wad in a rude and insolent manner at a model boy who had been graciously permitted to clean the blackboard as a reward of merit.

Having disposed of Michael, Miss Bright was about to return to her room, where her pupils had abandoned themselves to hilarity in her absence, when the principal's voice arrested her.

"I'm greatly surprised, Miss Bright, that you should so far forget your dignity as to run—*run*—from your room and into the street after one of your pupils. I witnessed the whole occurrence, and in thirty years of teaching I never before saw a teacher so shamelessly forget herself. You may report to me when school is dismissed."

"Yes, Miss Ferguson," replied Honor, meekly.

It is not pleasant to be obliged to walk away from a person who stands rigidly at attention, watching you. Miss Bright felt the principal's eyes boring into her back. The sensation was disagreeable, but by the time the door of her room closed Honor was smiling again.

"Honor bright" is a colloquialism recognized by reputable dictionaries as an adverbial expletive of affirmation, and Miss Bright's father had named her Honor to please his sense of humor. He was a Presbyterian minister whose own name was Quintius Curtius, so it was not surprising that he held views on the subject of nomenclature. Honoria is, of course, the obvious feminine. Honoria seemed to him English and highfalutin'; moreover, the extra vowels spoiled the joke. To send a girl out into the world as Honor Bright not only tickled him, but the name would, he argued, be an incentive to straightforwardness and veracity in the possessor.

Honor had decided early in life that it is better to laugh than to cry. The year she graduated from high school her parents were victims of a typhoid epidemic that swept the small Ohio River town where she was born. As the administrator of the Rev. Quintius Curtius's estate didn't sympathize with Honor's ambition to spend her two thousand dollars of life insurance on education, she bade him keep the money at interest and addressed herself to the business of working her way through the State university. This was not the easiest possible thing in a small town, and there were times when Honor found it difficult to keep smiling. She clerked in a store on Saturdays, typed lectures for the faculty, and ran the kitchen of the girl's boarding-house until her junior year, when she found

more agreeable employment in tutoring. These labors did not prevent her graduating with credit or being voted the most popular girl in her class.

When you said Honor Bright, both town and gown smiled. There was something about Honor that was provocative of smiles—kind, friendly, approving smiles.

Honor was so busy! Her industry was one of the many absurd things about her. She not only worked hard, but when she played she put her soul into it. She was a star performer in the gymnasium, and could stand on her head, walk on her hands, and do amazing things on a horizontal bar.

After a year at the State Normal School she taught one winter in her native town, decided that the local field was too limited, and, nothing better offering, accepted a position in the schools of Kernville, the Gem City of the Sycamore, and was given power of life and death over a miscellaneous collection of eight-year-olds in Wendell Phillips School.

When Honor had been a small cog in the big machine for a month, Gale, the superintendent, asked Miss Ferguson how the new teacher was getting on.

"Miss Bright is capable," Miss Ferguson replied, frostily, "but she lacks the poise desirable in teachers. Her ideas of discipline are very lax. She pays little attention to our system, and constantly persists in introducing ideas of her own. I fear the university spoiled her for elementary work."

"Well, results are what we want," remarked Gale. "She has talked to me about some of her ideas and I'm disposed to give her pretty free rein. There's always the chance," he added, with a mollifying smile, "that some of our old ideas may not be the best."

The Gem City's schools were full of Miss Fergusons who bitterly resented the new superintendent's indifference to the sacred system. Since his advent the previous year, Gale had labored assiduously, but without success, to modify the system. There were enough Miss Fergusons to thwart him; and there was always the board. The members of the board were solid citizens long undisturbed in their positions, chiefly because the politicians had never thought school-board jobs worth fighting for. In the Gem City of the Sycamore it was considered a great honor to sit on the school board, and incidentally it gave the prosperous members an excellent chance to protect the taxpayers from foolish expenditures for new fads in education. At the same time they basked in the bright effulgence of their self-sacrificing civic virtue. The board hadn't changed in ten years, and it seemed unlikely that anything would ever jar its equanimity. The commissioners had been basely deceived in Gale. He had new ideas and talked seriously of making the schools a social force. This was rank heresy. The board distrusted Gale and meant to get rid of him at the earliest opportunity.

Shortly before school closed Miss Bright visited the recalcitrant Michael in the cloak-room, and as a result of a few minutes' conversation he appeared shamefacedly on the platform and apologized for his evil conduct. The gong sounded, and Honor dismissed her class with the usual evolutions, and repaired to the principal's room.

She smiled cheerfully at several of her sister teachers who guardedly and tremulously watched her on her way to the scaffold. They liked Honor, though they were disposed to hold her responsible for the disordered state of Miss Ferguson's nerves, which made trouble for the whole staff.

Miss Ferguson's wrath had not cooled, and she not only repeated her rebuke in sharper tones, but admonished Miss Bright as to other sinful infractions of the rules.

"In all my experience as a principal I have never found it necessary to ask the removal of a teacher, but I have felt from the opening of school that your temperament unfits you for teaching. You are a new-comer in town and unfamiliar with our school traditions; but I've hoped that with experience you would see the importance of bringing more dignity to your work. That Foley boy is wholly insubordinate and is constantly causing trouble on the grounds. You will write a letter to his parents immediately, warning them that he will be suspended the very next time he is guilty of an infraction of the rules."

"But, Miss Ferguson, he isn't a bad boy! He's the brightest pupil I have! He's mischievous, but so are all healthy children of eight. I haven't seen many of the parents of my children yet, but I shall send a note to Michael's father and ask him to come to the school. He hasn't any mother, I believe."

"That's unfortunate, of course. But his father," said Miss Ferguson, scornfully, "is a low politician of the worst type. I've never seen the man, but he's constantly in the newspapers."

"Please let me work on Michael's case a little longer without threats. I don't like threatening parents."

"You will find, Miss Bright, that indulgence in these cases only makes trouble for yourself and brings our discipline into disrepute. I've watched that Foley boy all year, and he's not only disobedient, but insolent. Only yesterday I caught him making faces at you while the lines were forming."

Instead of being outraged, Honor laughed—a spontaneous, merry laugh that caused Miss Ferguson to stare in mute amazement.

"He probably thinks I'm a brute and not the indulgent person you make me out! But I'm sorry I ran after him. I know it wasn't proper or becoming; but I thought it unwise to allow him to sneak out of the cloak-room in that fashion."

"Another thing," continued Miss Ferguson, austerely, "the superintendent is likely to visit the building any day, and it would be most deplorable if he should find any of my rooms in disorder. You must remember that I have my own reputation to sustain, and some of us who have been long in the schools find Mr. Gale very critical—quite unsympathetic, in fact."

At this point a short, stocky man entered the room and began examining the radiators—an intrusion that clearly added to the principal's annoyance.

"Plumber!" she ejaculated, rapping sharply on the desk.

"Yes, madam?" The plumber rose from his knees and snapped the spring on a tape-line.

"It's against the rules for workmen to visit these rooms during the school hours."

"Beg your pardon, madam."

He started for the door, carrying his derby loftily as though it were a sacred emblem. As he passed the principal's desk he ducked his head in a jerky bow and said, "Beg your pardon," again. He vanished noiselessly with a long stride that his short stature made amusingly incongruous. His walk, the funny little bow, his round, smooth-shaven, humorous face, and his reverential attitude toward his hat wakened in Honor a strong impulse to giggle. The interruption had caused Miss Ferguson to lose the thread of her argument. She bent her severe gaze upon Honor for a moment as she collected her thoughts.

"I shall not report this occurrence to the superintendent, but hope my own warning will be sufficient to prevent a repetition of your error. That will do for the present."

"Thank you, Miss Ferguson."

Honor walked out, feeling again the principal's eyes following her. Returning to her room, she began clearing her desk, when a knock on the open door called her attention to the gentleman with the derby, who approached timidly in response to her cheery "Come in."

"I beg your pardon," he said.

"Oh, you may go ahead with these radiators if you like; you won't bother me a bit."

"Well, I've already got what I was looking for. I just wanted to speak to you a minute. I'm Mickey Foley's father. I guess this is his room?"

He glanced about as though seeking signs that would confirm the suspicion that this was indeed the spot lately hallowed by his son's presence.

"Well, yes; it's very much his room," said Honor, smiling as she noted the points of resemblance between the plumber and his son. He declined a chair, but stood with his arm (supporting the derby) on the edge of her desk.

"I heard the old lady dressing you down; I guess Mickey's a good deal of trouble, all right. But you don't need to bother; I'll have some conversation with Mickey to-night and he won't bother you any more. You see, there's just the two of us; and I guess I haven't been watching the lad close enough. You don't need to suspend him. He likes you and brags about you all the time.

He wouldn't do anything to make you trouble."

"He might do much better," said Honor, feeling that candor was required here. "I'd appreciate it if you'd talk to him. His trouble is that he's so much brighter than most of the other children that he has plenty of time for foolishness."

Foley nodded solemnly, but his eyes brightened at the compliment. "I guess Mickey's smart enough, all right. You won't need to bother about him; I'll fix him. If he cuts any more monkey-shines, you let me know. I'm much obliged to you. I couldn't help hearing the old lady calling you down. I wouldn't have my boy the cause of making you trouble. I'm mighty sorry."

"Please don't be hard on Michael! He's the most interesting child in his class. Just a little friendly talk will do the business."

"I'll have a few words with him. You won't have any more trouble with Mickey. Thank you, and beg your pardon."

He ducked his head and strode out with his ridiculous long step. When he was half-way to the door he hesitated, then returned to the desk. "I haven't got anything to do to the plumbing; I was just measuring the radiators."

This in a half-whisper, with the derby held to his face, caused Honor to smile; and he grinned responsively, as though measuring radiators was one of the most amusing things imaginable.

That night as Honor read the evening paper at her boarding-house her eyes caught his name in a head-line, and she read the subjoined article with interest:

> Tom Foley, the Little Boss of the Fourth, is much in evidence at Democratic headquarters these days. As the campaign gathers headway, he seems to be taking himself seriously as a candidate for the State senate. In the list of speakers' appointments given out yesterday his name is down for fifty engagements throughout the county. As the Little Boss has heretofore been known only as a silent worker, his determination to join the noble army of spellbinders has aroused much curiosity.

Miss Ferguson had called Michael's father a low politician. Honor's ideas of bosses were derived largely from newspaper cartoons depicting gross monsters with piratical mustaches, clad in loud checks and smoking huge cigars. Clearly, Foley was a variation from the familiar type. His smile, like the young Michael's, was wholly engaging, and argued for a conscience on pretty good terms with itself.

Another bit of news explosively headlined announced that three members of the school board whose terms were expiring were for the first time to meet with opposition. The attitude of the board in refusing the use of school property as playgrounds had, it seemed, aroused antagonism, and the labor organizations were backing an independent school ticket. Moreover, the Germans were in arms because the board had, in a fit of economy, eliminated German from the primary grades. Gale was also to be an issue, it appeared, as some of his radical changes had not met with the board's favor, and the belligerent forces were rallying to his support.

The next morning a sister teacher, to whom Honor mentioned the impending war on the old board, stared at her in mute astonishment.

"You'd better not meddle with those things, Miss Bright. It would be a pity if the old members should be defeated. We are all vitally interested in their re-election."

Honor turned away impatiently. She had already decided that one year in Kernville would be enough, and she was laying her plans to obtain a position in the schools of the capital the next year.

"Please, Miss Bright!"

She was writing the day's work on the blackboard when she became conscious that Michael Foley was standing beside her. He carried under his arm a small blue box which he extended, grinning broadly. He was dressed in a new suit of clothes. His hair had been cut since his last appearance, and was brushed till it shone.

"Miss Bright, I'm sorry I caused you so much trouble yesterday," he mumbled, pivoting on one foot. "Here's some roses I brought for your desk."

He waited while she opened the box, which contained a bunch of violets—not roses. From Michael's frank curiosity in the contents, it was clear that the

purchase had not been effected by him personally.

"This is fine of you, Michael; how did you ever come to think of it?"

"Well, I guess dad thought of it first. He thought you might like 'em. He said the Foley family got to square itself."

"Well, it was all square, anyhow, Michael. What's the matter with your hand?"

"Nothin'; only I punched Jerry Corrigan's face comin' through the alley; he thought there was candy in the box."

The knuckles he exhibited hinted at the employment of considerable violence in the defense of the violets. "And, Miss Bright, Jerry won't be here this morning; he went home to tell his ma," Michael added, with a contemptuous curl of the lip.

It was her plain duty to reprimand him for punching Jerry's head; and yet how could she, with the cause of battle lying fragrantly before her! She merely expressed regret that the encounter had been necessary and repeated her thanks cordially.

Michael was so conspicuously virtuous that day that the sins of the rest of the class loomed blackly in contrast. Honor put an unusual amount of snap into her work, and things moved merrily. With the superintendent's permission, she had substituted for the system's outline an objective method of teaching arithmetic which she had found set forth in a school journal. She had demonstrated to her own satisfaction that it brought better results with half the wear and tear of the old method. She finished the lesson in a glow just before the afternoon recess, when a frantically waving hand called for attention.

"Please, Miss Bright, you told us you'd stand on your head some day if we was good."

A chorus of astonished "oh's!" greeted this. A few days before, in a dark moment when things were at sixes and sevens, Honor had declared that she'd be standing on her head pretty soon if they didn't keep better order. She was about to correct the false impression conveyed by the child's reminder when she was arrested by a sharp squeak.

"What was that?" she demanded.

Michael Foley's seat-mate complained that Michael had pinched his ear.

"Aw, he said you couldn't do it!" protested Michael.

"Well, you needn't have pinched his ear. Please behave yourself, Michael."

The continued restlessness was indicative of a desire that she settle the point thus acutely at issue by furnishing ocular proof of her prowess.

Honor had never taken a dare—a fact that had, in the earlier half of her twenty-two years, got her into much trouble, owing to the joy of her boy playmates in beguiling her to climb telegraph-poles and walk fences. She glanced at the clock, took the cushion from her chair and dropped it on the platform, seized a stout piece of cord confiscated that morning in the enforcement of discipline, and tied it round her skirts. She eyed the cushion critically and glanced again at the clock. It lacked three minutes of recess. The children pressed forward in the aisles, watching breathlessly. Calculating the distance carefully, she threw herself forward on her hands, got her balance instantly, and then let herself down slowly until her head rested on the cushion.

Awe held the young spectators. Teacher had met the challenge. There she stood, indubitably, upon her head. To their young imaginations she seemed to hold the position for hours.

They were so absorbed that the soft opening of the door and the entrance of Miss Ferguson, followed by the superintendent of the Gem City's schools, passed unnoticed. Then Honor dropped upon her feet with a bang and turned a crimson face to the visitors. Miss Ferguson, overcome by mingled feelings of horror and humiliation, extended her hands helplessly to the superintendent and fled. The gong sounded and the children marched out. When Honor returned to her room she found Gale sitting at her desk, examining some cards and money-boxes she had been using in her arithmetic class.

"I'm so sorry!" she began instantly. "We were waiting for the gong and I'd said something the other day about standing on my head, and—and—well, I didn't want them to think I couldn't!"

The superintendent laughed. "Miss

Bright, please don't trouble about that! I'd give a year's salary if I could do it! I was just looking at these things. They're using that idea in a good many places. How does it work?"

"Splendidly. It seems a pity to waste so much time teaching numbers when this way is so simple."

"I'm afraid you've spent your own money for these supplies. Please send me a memorandum of the amount. I was wondering," he went on, meditatively, "if you won't show how it's done next Saturday morning, before all the teachers of your grade. We'll have a discussion of it and see if some of the older teachers can find a flaw in it."

"Oh, they can and will!" exclaimed Honor, quickly.

Gale chuckled. "So you're finding the system hard to live with, are you?" he asked, ruefully. "Well, you may feel better to know that I am, too. By the way, Miss Ferguson complains of your lax discipline. What are your views on that subject?"

"She's right, according to her ideas; and I'm ashamed to annoy her so much. But my youngsters do their work and keep cheerful. I can't see anything to be gained by nagging them all the while. I suppose I could put in most of my time scolding."

"I doubt very much whether you could!" he replied, with a faint smile. "I'll spend the next hour with you and watch your work. And—I'll take the liberty of saying to Miss Ferguson that you have promised to conduct your classes hereafter in the *upright* manner prescribed in the manual."

The following week Honor received visits from the mothers of nearly every child in her room; two fathers also made bold to present themselves. A teacher who could stand on her head was a novelty of whom the patrons of Wendell Phillips School felt they should be proud.

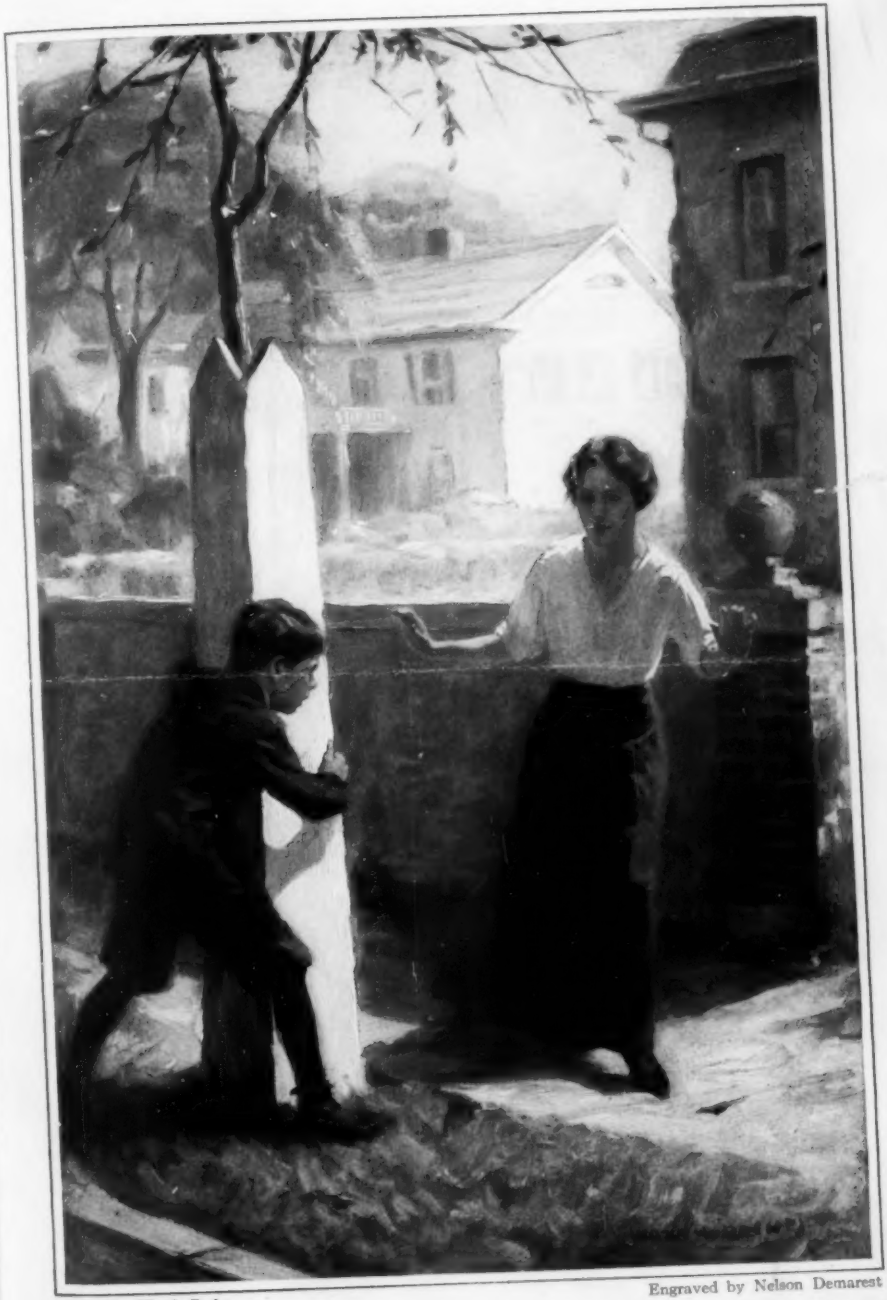
Politics shook Kernville to its base that fall. The Republican and Democratic organs, locked in a death struggle on the tariff and the freedom of the Filipinos, discreetly ignored the fight on the school board. The *Evening Telegram*, however, unawed by the prominence of the commissioners, devoted columns daily to exposing the inadequacy and incompetence of Kernville's schools. "The system in vogue here," it declared, "is antiquated and parsimonious. The children of the Gem City of the Sycamore deserve the best the taxpayers can give them. Superintendent Gale seems to be helpless in the hands of the old fogies who have so long dominated our schools. Scrape the moss off the schoolhouses! Take the schools out of the hands of the old stiff-necked clique, and give them back to the people!"

The playground question was not neglected, the board's attitude in refusing the use of school-yards to the children of the poor being characterized from day to day as autocratic and brutal. Then out of a clear sky the *Telegram* sprang a circumstantial story of fraud in a plumbing contract. A new heating system had been installed in all the school buildings the previous summer, and the *Telegram* charged fraud on the contractor's part. Figures were given to prove that the amount of radiation furnished was just half what the public had paid for. Honor, deeply interested in the fight, accounted now for the visit of the Little Boss to Wendell Phillips School on the afternoon of the day she had outraged the proprieties by sprinting out of the school-yard in pursuit of the Little Boss's son.

When the campaign neared its climax late in October, the Wendell Phillips Mothers' Club announced a public meeting in a church that had hospitably opened its doors for its conferences after the commissioners' refusal of the schoolhouse. All the teachers of Wendell Phillips School were invited.

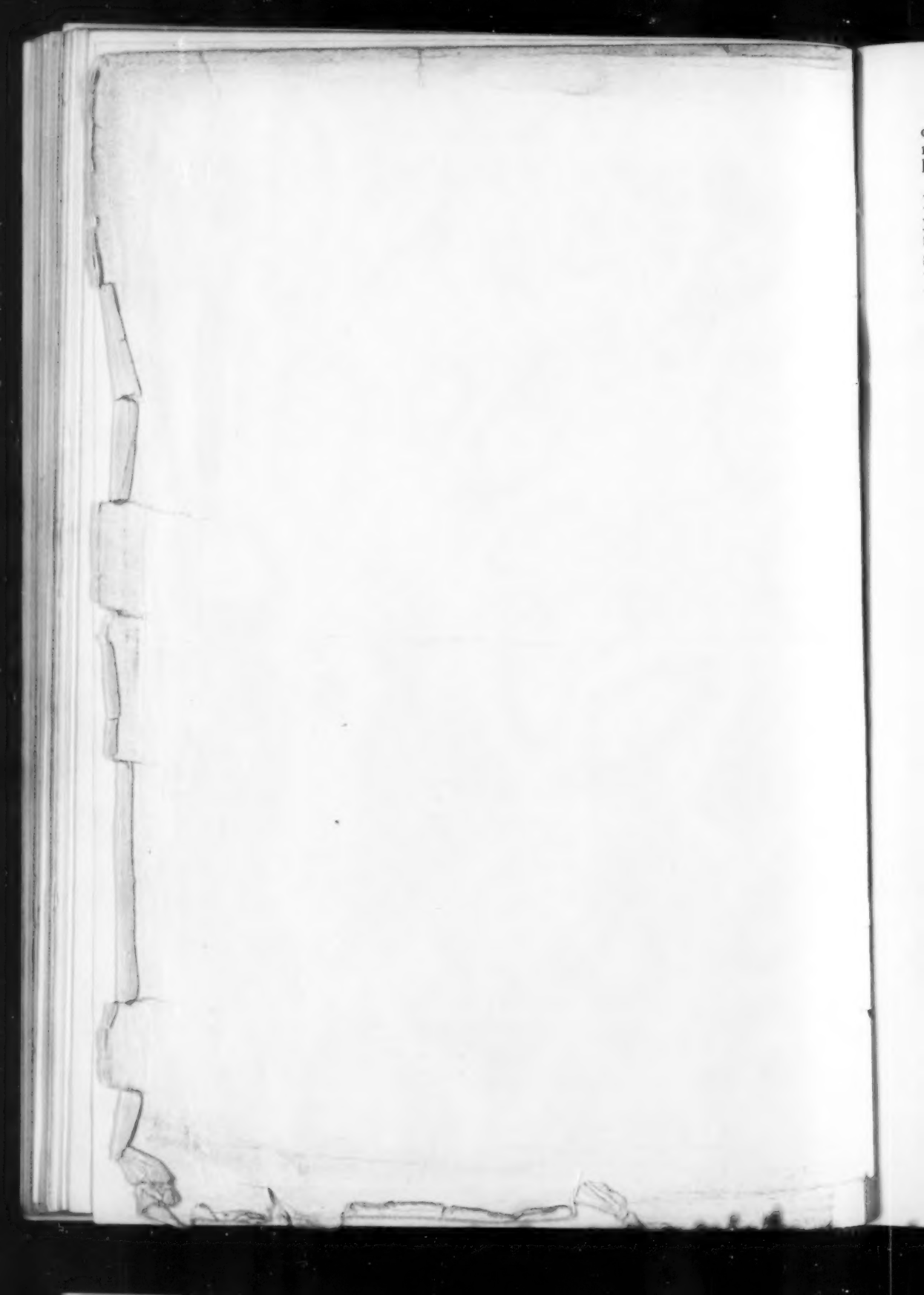
Miss Ferguson called her teaching staff together to warn them against falling into the trap which she informed them had been devised for their undoing.

"We must maintain an absolutely neutral position in these matters. The members of the board are among our first citizens, who have given their time and thought to the best interests of our schools for years. It would be base ingratitude for any teacher to encourage the efforts of a few politicians to drive them from the position they have filled so long and honorably. The opposing candidates are utterly unknown men—



Drawn by Worth Brehm Engraved by Nelson Demarest

HE GRASPED A TREE-BOX WHILE HE WEIGHED THE CHANCES OF FURTHER FLIGHT



one of them is a mechanic who knows nothing of the needs of the schools—a labor agitator and trouble-maker."

"I don't believe that is quite fair, Miss Ferguson," Honor ventured. "If you mean John Arnold, it's true he's a mechanic, and a good one. His little girl is in my room, and I've met and talked to him and found him unusually intelligent."

The others gathered about Miss Ferguson's desk listened breathlessly. It was inconceivable that any one should dare to controvert any of Miss Ferguson's assertions, much less question her authority. They waited anxiously for the principal's reply.

"I believe, Miss Bright, that I have nothing to add to what I have said already," she replied, coldly.

It was growing dark when Honor left the school. At the gate Foley emerged from the shadows.

"Just passing along and thought I might meet you," he said, with a flourish of the derby. "I hope Mickey isn't causing any more trouble?"

"Oh, he's doing beautifully! We're getting on quite famously."

"That's all right. I've been talking things over with him a good deal, and he means to be square. He's a well-meaning kid—just a little skittish sometimes. Beg your pardon, but I'm going your way—"

"Oh, certainly," murmured Honor as he caught step with her.

It was apparent before he spoke that he was going her way, and the idea was not disagreeable. It was a real adventure to be walking beside the Little Boss, candidate for the State senate and, according to the Republican *Journal*, an unreliable and dangerous character. He chuckled when presently she spoke of the plumbing scandal.

"We've got it on 'em, all right. They'll say to-morrow that I'm sore because I didn't get the contract myself. Well, I was, all right. Of course the old guys on the school board didn't know they were getting stung; but that's their trouble. They're so afraid of having to pay a little taxes that they screw everything down till the valves crack."

He made light of his candidacy for the State senate when she referred to it.

"Well, I didn't want that job—not particularly—but they've rubbed it in so much about my being a crook that I thought I'd give 'em a chance to down me. I'm going to give 'em a run for their money— I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed hurriedly, as though remembering that he was speaking to an educator of youth. "By the way, I don't want you to answer if you'd rather not, but about this school row, what's the real dope? I don't know anything about such things, but are the schools rotten or not?"

"The methods are old—that's all. The superintendent would be all right if the board gave him a chance. The teachers are all scared to death, and that's another bad thing. The commissioners meddle with things that ought to be left to Mr. Gale."

"I just wanted to know," Foley replied, slowly. "I didn't start that fuss, but I guess I'll have to butt in a little. They're always bragging about keeping the schools out of politics, when they've built up a little machine of their own that's hard to beat. I guess it ought to have a jolt. *Am* I right?" he demanded.

"I think you are, Mr. Foley," said Honor, smiling at his intonation. "Of course I'm not much interested personally, because I don't expect to be here another year; but for the good of the town I hope the jolt will be a hard one."

"Don't pack your things yet," he said, holding the derby tenderly against his shoulder at the boarding-house door. "It's a good town and getting better. Hang on; you never can tell what 'll happen. About Mickey — you're sure he's doing better?"

"Nobly! I'm not having the slightest trouble with Michael now."

He planted the derby on his head after another flourish and hurried away. Honor watched him for a moment before closing the door. The Little Boss was a new species. His deferential manner, his quiet earnestness, argued against his possessing the wily, vicious qualities the *Journal* ascribed to him. And he was fond of his young Michael; this, Honor thought, was greatly in his favor.

The next evening the meeting of the Mothers' Club of Wendell Phillips School was under way when she reached

the church. Many of the mothers had taken their husbands and children with them and the room was crowded. Honor found a seat near the door just as the chairman introduced the first speaker—the candidate for school commissioner of whom Miss Ferguson had spoken so bitterly.

What they all wanted, he said, was the best education they could give their children. He named the old commissioners, and dwelt upon the fact that they were all prosperous men, and that only one of them had ever had a child in the Kernville schools.

"They want us to be satisfied with anything they choose to give us, while they send their own children to private schools. It's not a square deal. All over the country school-houses are being used for social purposes by the neighbors, and why shouldn't they be? Why shouldn't our boys have the right to play in school-grounds instead of in the street and on the railroad tracks?"

He had been investigating the methods employed in other towns the size of Kernville, and read letters in proof of his assertion that the local schools were behind those of other cities.

The chairman then said that she had a surprise in store for the audience; that a man everybody in the Fourth Ward knew and admired was present and would express his sentiments on the school question.

"I have the honor to introduce the Honorable Thomas Foley."

The hat which Honor associated inevitably with Michael's father was now observable moving down the aisle on the arm of the Honorable Thomas. There was a great clapping of hands as the Little Boss appeared on the platform. With his right arm enfolding the derby protectingly, he began to speak in a conversational tone.

"I suppose I oughtn't to be here, for they say they don't want any politics in school business. I'm here this evening because I've decided there ought to be some. [Applause.] They say I'm a machine politician and a bad lot generally. Well, I didn't come here to brag about myself. Sometimes the machine does bad things, and when it does I'm just as sorry as anybody. I can tell you this, you folks that live around here and know me, that I intend to stay right on in the old Fourth Ward, and that I'm not going to do anything so rotten bad that the neighbors will turn their backs on me. I don't want people to point to my boy and say Mickey Foley's father's a crook and they don't want their kids to play with him. [Applause.] If I'm as bad as they say I am, I ought to be in jail. I've been thinking about this school business and I've just dropped in to tell you I'm against the old crowd." [Great applause.] He looked with sudden interest at his hat, waved it in acknowledgment of the hand-clapping, and concluded with, "Well, I guess that's about all from me."

Several other short speeches followed, and then, after a parley with the club secretary, the chairman said:

"One of the teachers of the Wendell Phillips School has kindly come to this meeting. I'm not going to call her name, but a good many of us know her, and if she feels like saying anything I'm sure we'll all be mighty glad to hear from her."

There was a craning of necks; several children in Honor's neighborhood rose and pointed her out. Honor, flushing scarlet, waited, hoping the chair would accept and respect her silence. It was bad enough to have ignored Miss Ferguson's warning and attended the meeting, without adding to her offense by lifting her voice against the powers. Vigorous applause gave her time for reflection. Several boys called her name loudly. Very likely she would lose her position; but these were simple, kindly people, and they were right in their protest. She had never taken a dare!

When she rose she was greeted with the noisiest applause of the evening.

"I didn't come here to say anything, but just to listen. I haven't had much experience as a teacher, but I believe the schools of Kernville can be made better. I think the superintendent could make your schools the best in the state if he had a chance. I hope you're all going to help give him the chance." And then, suddenly very much at ease, and smiling, she said, "I don't believe I can improve the last remark made by Mr. Foley—'I guess that's about all from me'!"

Drawn by Worth Brehm Engraved by Frank E. Pettit

"YOU'RE VERY NAUGHTY," SAID HONOR, SEVERELY

At a special meeting of the board held at noon the next day the superintendent was instructed to demand Miss Bright's resignation. Gale refused. She was an efficient and successful teacher, he declared, and he would not punish any employee in his charge for attending a meeting that had been marked by perfect order and propriety.

The board, afraid of the consequences of removing the superintendent, let the matter stand; but Honor became immediately an issue of the campaign. Even the partisan papers were obliged to take note of the demand of the commissioners for her discharge, and the *Telegram* espoused her cause in an editorial headed, "Why Gag the School-Teachers?"

Honor declined requests for her photograph to be reproduced in the *Telegram*, and continued her work at Wendell Phillips, where her associates, cautioned by the principal, showed so markedly their distrust of her that she ceased joining them with her luncheon at the noon recess and ate alone in her room.

In spite of the arduous duties of the campaign—including his "speeches," never more than fifty words in length, which the *Journal* ridiculed daily—the Little Boss found it possible several times a week to walk home with Honor. He talked politics chiefly, and it was a pleasant and novel experience to learn from him of strategic movements that never got into the newspapers. He was putting in his best licks, he told her, to push the independent school ticket through. He consulted her about a parade he was planning of all the school children in the city on the Saturday afternoon before election day, and he asked Honor to furnish inscriptions for the banners, which he said must be numerous and "snappy."

This demonstration was the biggest hit of the campaign. It was preceded by a band and the entire police force of Kernville. The participation of the police evoked a roar from the *Journal*, which declared that Foley had gone into the school fight merely to bolster up the failing strength of the Democratic machine. Wendell Phillips was represented by the largest delegation contributed by any of the schools. The Little Boss's son, much swollen with pride, bore a banner (chosen for him by his discriminating parent) inscribed, "Pay Our Teachers Living Wages."

Honor's meetings with Foley did not pass unobserved; in fact, she made no attempt to avoid observation. She merely walked out of the school gate, and there, quite by chance it might have appeared to any one, the Little Boss rose up out of nowhere and walked away with her.

Miss Ferguson, who had been ignoring Honor as much as possible since the deadlock between the board and the superintendent over the question of discharging her, accosted Honor in the hall late one afternoon. The principal's calm, assured manner poorly concealed her intense agitation.

"Miss Bright, I feel that as a *friend* I should tell you that that man Foley, who's been seen walking home with you, is a saloon-keeper! If you *must* see him, I think it would be more prudent if you met him elsewhere."

Honor flushed, murmured, "Thank you," and hurried on. It was disagreeable news, if true, and she had no grounds for denying it. The next morning's *Journal* jubilantly trumpeted the same information. Foley, while ostensibly a plumber by occupation, was conducting a saloon at Harney and Dodge Streets; and in proof of this a picture of the place was offered in evidence. That evening Honor resolved to have a look at "Shiel's Bar," as the *Journal* described the saloon.

As she passed the corner rapidly the door opened and, lifting her eyes, she caught a glimpse of Foley standing behind the cigar-counter with the unfailing derby on the back of his head, evidently engaged in studying a number of papers lying open before him. Beyond him shone the mirror and fixtures of the bar—a pleasant background against which to see a man who has been walking home with you! One glimpse was enough; she hurried on with mounting indignation. Manifestly his enemies had scored heavily in uncovering Foley's connection with a saloon, and it was quite clear that as a self-respecting young woman she could not suffer him longer to hang about the school gate waiting for her.

The next afternoon she took the precaution to leave the school-house by a side gate, to avoid the possibility of meeting him. When she came out into her usual course again she found the Little Boss sedately waiting. He grinned cheerfully as she approached.

"Miss Bright, please let me speak to you a moment," he began hastily, moving along beside her. "I know why you dodged me and I don't blame you. I just want to tell you about that saloon business. It's all in the *Telegram* tonight. I never owned that place or any other saloon. Old Pat Shiel was a good friend of mine even if he did run a saloon. He died last summer, and somebody had to take charge of things for his widow, and they put me in as administrator. I wouldn't have taken it if it hadn't been to help out Mrs. Shiel and her kids. I'm going to sell it out as soon as I can. It's all the woman's got. I knew you wouldn't like that story. I'm mighty sorry"; and then he added, "I beg your pardon."

"I'm glad to know this," said Honor, quietly, "and I appreciate your telling me."

He turned toward her with his amusing smile and, lowering his voice, said, "We had that fake worked off on the *Journal* on purpose."

"I don't believe I see the point," Honor confessed.

"Well, you see, it's this way. They hadn't been hitting me hard enough to warm up our side, and about this time in a campaign you've got to get some punch into things. To show me up as a booze-dealer looks like a knock-out. When we spring the answer and show that I'm only helping out a poor widow with four children they wobble back on the ropes. We framed the whole business at headquarters and then let the *Journal* shoot it off as a big scoop. I guess maybe you think it's pretty low politics," he added, humbly, "but—"

"You're very naughty," said Honor, severely, "just as Michael is disposed to be sometimes. He can reach across the aisle and twitch a little girl's pigtail and look as innocent as a lamb when the girl screams."

"He's been doing that!" ejaculated Foley.

"Oh, not lately!" Honor hastened to assure him. "I meant years and years ago—before his reformation."

On the night of election-day Honor made up a party at the boarding-house to go down-town to watch the returns flashed on a screen in front of the *Telegram* office. She was not interested a particle in what forty precincts in Syracuse had done, or whether Tammany had put through its candidate for governor; but by eleven o'clock the news of the local fight began to crystallize. This was the first stirring report:

Returns at this hour indicate that two of the independent candidates for school commissioner have been elected.

The crowd greeted this with much cheering, which was intensified a few minutes later when the three independent candidates were declared to be safe. Then this cryptic statement followed:

Complete returns from 60 precincts in Bliss County: For state senator, Foley, Dem., leads Smythe, Rep., by 1800.

While the crowd cheered, a picture of Foley was flashed, and the uproar was intensified. His face wore his familiar smile; he looked more than ever like Michael, Honor thought.

Vague reports from California held the screen, and then an automobile appeared at the edge of the crowd and cries went up for Foley. The crowd turned its back upon highly unimportant returns from Texas and began demanding that Foley should speak. Under an arc-lamp at the corner Honor now saw the Little Boss standing up in the car, tipping his derby and shaking his head in reply to the demand for a speech. As the noise continued and grew he raised the derby to command silence.

"I'm mighty glad to see you all feeling so good," he said, looking out over the tightly packed crowd. "I'm feeling pretty good myself. [Laughter.] They've been saying around Kernville for a good while that I'm a crook. I've given 'em a chance to prove it. Have they made good? [A wild blur of no's.] I haven't any hard feelings against anybody. All I want is to get for Bliss County and Kernville everything the folks is entitled to. And

listen! When you all come up to the legislature I want you to tell the man at the door to call me out right away, because you're dead sure Tom Foley wants to see you."

Smythe concedes Foley's election

struck the screen as he waved his hat and dropped from sight.

The Little Boss no longer haunted the school gate, but boldly presented himself three evenings a week at Honor's boarding-house. There was something that pleased Honor deeply in his humility over his success.

"When you've had your head punched as much as I have you don't just naturally swell up over a little thing like that," he said a few evenings after the election. "But I'm going to try to get some things done for our town. I'm reading up on city government, and I guess there's some new ideas we ought to have for Kernville. If it won't bother you too much, I wish you'd look at some of these books I've been getting about the way to run towns like this. I'd like to know what you think about 'em."

Michael, a willing delivery agent, began leaving sundry and divers packages at the door—offerings which preluded long conferences between Foley and Honor on weighty matters. The fact that the newly elected school commissioners took office on the first of January, and a suspicion that Honor had influence with the superintendent and in other high quarters, contributed to a kindlier attitude toward her at the school-house.

Foley called on New-Year's eve with a white carnation in his buttonhole. He and Honor were on such terms now that she openly chaffed him on occasions. He had been busy since election straightening out his business, and he confided to her that he had secured a couple of good contracts that would keep his shop busy while he wore his senatorial toga at the capital. He had been concerned for Michael's safety during his absence, but had arranged to place him with a neighbor.

"And I'll keep an eye on him, too," said Honor.

"I guess you see enough of him in school," Foley replied, lifting the precious derby from the hat-rack preparatory to his usual abrupt exit. "You know, Miss Bright, I want to give the lad a good chance. I want to see him get somewhere; I want—I want—to send him to college!"

"That's what I hoped you meant to do," replied Honor, from the parlor door. "He's worth it. There's the making of a fine man in Michael."

The Little Boss glanced into his hat to hide his embarrassment. His affection for the boy had touched Honor from the beginning of their acquaintance. And there was beyond question something very appealing in the Little Boss. He was only thirty, she had learned, and he had been thrown on the world to shift for himself at fourteen. His achievements were, on the whole, amazing; and his ambitions as he modestly confessed them were highly creditable.

"I'm going down to the capital tomorrow. You see it's a new game and I want to get the hang o' things before the session opens."

"I suppose it's best to do that. Well, I'll miss you while you're away."

He looked at her quickly, then regarded his hat fixedly.

"I forgot to tell you," Honor remarked, "that Mr. Gale has offered me another place. He wants me to be his secretary and work at the school office."

"I hope you won't take it!" said Foley in a tone that implied that some great indignity lay behind the superintendent's compliment. "It wouldn't be square to the folks around Wendell Phillips. Why, you're the most popular teacher they ever had over there."

"Oh, far from that!" she protested.

"And besides"—he referred again to the interior of his hat and then met her brown eyes with his candid blue ones—"and besides, I was going to offer you a job myself. You see, Miss Bright," he went on, hastily, "ever since that day the old lady up at the school jumped you for chasing little Mickey—"

Honor was somewhat astonished a few moments later to find herself standing on his derby.

The Close of John Hay's Career

From his UNPUBLISHED LETTERS and DIARIES

Compiled and Edited by William Roscoe Thayer

FOR convenience we group a statesman's work according to topics; in real life, however, there is no such grouping. We cannot isolate tasks which overlap or go forward simultaneously. So it was with Secretary Hay. Long before he signed the treaty with the new Republic of Panama he had many other issues on his hands. I pass over the abortive negotiations to buy the Danish Islands—failure in which several observers believed they detected German counterplay; I pass over also Hay's eager support of the first Hague Tribunal and of subsequent appeals to it, and his efforts in behalf of international copyright. The chief business which absorbed him at the end of 1903 concerned the Far East.

Although constantly professing her intention of evacuating Manchuria, Russia not only stayed on there, but menaced Korea. Japan formed, in 1902, a league with England which wonderfully strengthened the self-reliance of the little men of Nippon. Early in 1903 Secretary Hay pressed upon the Russian government the need of respecting the integrity of China. On May 12th he writes to the President:

> We have the positive and categorical assurance of the Russian Government that the so-called "convention of seven points" has not been proposed by Russia to China. We have this assurance from Count Cassini here, from Mr. McCormick [American Ambassador to Russia] directly from Count Lamsdorff in Petersburg, and through Sir Michael Herbert [British Ambassador at Washington], from the Russian Ambassador in London. . . . *Per contra*, we have from Conger in Pekin, from our Commissioners in Shanghai, from the Japanese Legation here, and from the British Embassy, substantially identical copies of the "convention of seven points," which there is no shadow of doubt the Russians have been, and perhaps still are, forcing upon the Government of China. . . . I have intimated to Cassini that the inevitable result of their present course of aggression would be the seizure by different Powers of different provinces in China, and the accomplishment of the dismemberment of the empire. He shouts in reply: "This is already done. China is dismembered and we are entitled to our share."

The next confidential letter, addressed to Mr. White, in London, reveals the difficulties against which Hay was working:

> The Manchurian matter is far more delicate and more troublesome. Russia, as you know, has given us the most positive assurances that the famous "convention of seven points" never existed. We have a verbatim copy of it as it was presented, with preamble and appendix, by Monsieur Plançon, to the Chinese Government. If they choose to disavow Plançon, and to discontinue their attempts to violate their agreements, we shall be all right; but, if the lie they have told was intended to serve only for a week or two, the situation will become a serious one. The Chinese, as well as the Russians, seem to know that the strength of our position is entirely moral, and if the Russians are convinced that we will not fight for Manchuria—as I suppose we will not—and the Chinese are convinced that they have nothing but good to expect from us and nothing but a beating from Russia, the open hand will not be so convincing to the poor devils of Chinks as the raised club. Still, we must do the best we can with the means at our disposition. [May 22, 1903.]
>
> Our strength in Russia is, of course, not with the military or diplomatic sections of the Government [Mr. Hay writes to Minister Conger in Peking], but with Mr. Witte and the whole financial world of Russia. [June 13, 1903.]

In spite of warnings and dissuasions, however, Russia pursued her policy, and at the beginning of 1904 she forced the Japanese to conclude that they must

either accept Russian domination down to the shores of the Japan Sea—a domination which would soon overshadow themselves—or attack the Russians before they had assembled their full strength. To the surprise of the Powers, the Japanese chose the latter course.

Mr. Hay's diary gives us the clue to the swiftly maturing events:

January 5, 1904.—From despatches received from Tokio and from the Japanese Legation here it is evident that no attempt at mediation will do any good. Russia is clearly determined to make no concessions to Japan. They think—that is, Alexieff and Bezobrazoff, who seem to have complete control of affairs—that now is the time to strike, to crush Japan and to eliminate her from her position of influence in the Far East. They evidently think there is nothing to be feared from us—and they have of course secured pledges from Germany and France which make them feel secure in Europe.

January 6th.—The President notices a decided change of opinion against Russia. Herman Ridder has told him he can get up a big dinner in New York of Germans and Irish to express sympathy with Japan.

January 9th.—Takahira [the Japanese Minister at Washington] saw for the first time in some weeks a possible gleam of light. He asked me whether it would seem ungracious on the part of Japan to desist from claiming "foreign settlements" in Manchuria—showing that this is one of the points Russia is insisting on. I told him that we reserved our treaty right to discuss the matter, but that we were not at present insisting on it.

January 11th.—I saw Takahira, who read me several long despatches from his Government. One saying they had asked strict neutrality from China, in the interest of China and the civilized world—and another giving excellent reasons why they did not desire the mediation of other Powers; as they would inure to the advantage of Russia through endless delays.

America's good offices had as little effect as had the counsels of European bankers and diplomats in averting the war. On February 8th Admiral Togo, commanding the Japanese fleet, made a dash on Port Arthur and attacked the Russians. The day before, Secretary Hay, just returned from a trip to Georgia, was shown a memorandum which the German ambassador, Speck von Sternburg, had presented to the President. Read now, it proves to be the clue to a puzzle which mystified diplomacy then. It suggested that the German Emperor desired

that we take the initiative in calling upon the Powers to use good offices to induce Russia and Japan to respect the neutrality of China outside the sphere of military operations. I said I thought we ought to eliminate the last clause and include "the administrative entity of China." The President agreed.

On February 8th Mr. Hay had the draft ready to show to the President and other persons, who approved of it. Among them were the German and Chinese envoys. The latter

was greatly pleased to know what we had done. So was Takahira, who came in and talked of the situation with profound emotion, which expressed itself in a moment of tears and sobs as he left me.

Cassini [the Russian Ambassador] came to my house at 2.30 and stayed an hour. He spent most of the time in accusing Japan of lightness and vanity; he seemed little affected by the imminence of war, expecting a speedy victory, but admitting that the war, however it resulted, would profit nobody.

From this time forward Mr. Hay received almost daily visits from Takahira and Cassini. The Japanese was always courteous and dignified; the Russian was often fretful, peevish, and complaining if bad news came—and the news was usually bad for Russia—or he was surly and overbearing to such a point that Mr. Hay seems more than once to have been on the point of showing him the door. Count Cassini deceived himself by thinking that the way to propitiate the Secretary and the American people was to arraign the government for unneutrality. He would come to the State Department in a rage over some newspaper article, or some joke or cartoon, and once, when a Japanese consul was reported to have shouted "Banzai" at a public dinner in New York, Count Cassini could hardly refrain from making an international question of it.

Appreciating how much the unexpected reverses must embitter him, Secretary Hay did his best to make allowances for the untactful Russian, but from the start he feared, and with reason, that Cassini was "in no humor to be a safe counselor to Lamsdorff," the Russian Foreign Minister.

Having already had unofficial notice

that England, France, Russia, China, and Japan would be glad to consider it, on February 12th Hay launched his circular. He counted upon Germany, because the Kaiser had made the original suggestion.

I get many inquiries as to the exact meaning of a note which [Hay writes] was properly left indefinite.

Within ten days the Powers chiefly interested agreed in substance to the American circular.

Three more extracts from the diary on this matter must suffice.

March 1.—Cassini came at three and stayed till five. His object was to hand me a memorandum from Russia, limiting the theater of war in Manchuria, which, like everything from that country, has a "false bottom." He talked for an hour about American unfriendliness. I told him that the Japs were cleverer—they talked of our friendliness.

March 2.—There is an interview with Cassini printed in the papers to-day containing much that he said to me yesterday; giving the government credit for being correct, but going for the people and the press. Takahira also resorts to the newspapers to sustain the attitude of Japan.

March 9.—[The President] is determined to do his duty by Russia and not be swerved from strict neutrality by her pettishness, nor to show any unfriendliness to Japan by reason of it.

Throughout the year, Secretary Hay had the war in the Far East constantly on his mind, and the days were rare when he escaped a call from Mr. Takahira and Count Cassini. But many other perplexing matters required his attention. I omit the later efforts of the Colombians to undo the Republic of Panama; nor can I detail the negotiations to protect China.

Early in the spring the coming Presidential campaign began to absorb the Republican administration. Months before, Hay foresaw that Mr. Roosevelt's renomination would not be disputed. At a time when Senator Hanna, the Republican "Warwick," was supposed to be casting about for a more pliable candidate, Hay wrote as follows to a correspondent in Brooklyn, who seems to have suggested that Hay himself should run:

A veteran observer, like you and me, ought never to shut his eyes to accomplished facts. Roosevelt is already nominated. Hanna knows this as well as the rest of us. He is not going to oppose him, and Roosevelt will be nominated by acclamation in the convention. I do not believe another name will be put forward in opposition. Of course, I am for him against all comers, if the matter were in controversy, but even if it were not, and if I were a possibility (which I am not), no earthly consideration would induce me to accept a nomination for that place. When I get through with my present job I shall never hold another public office. [To W. F. G. Shanks, Brooklyn, N. Y., November 24, 1903.]

Mr. Cortelyou, on Secretary Root's declination, was chosen Republican campaign manager. The Democrats temporarily shook off Mr. Bryan and his free-silver platform, and sought another candidate with different issues. In spite of their hold on power, the Republicans felt anxious until late in the summer. Hay's diary again serves to light up the campaign and his own attitude toward it:

April 12.—In the Cabinet meeting to-day the President set forth at great length the difficulties and dangers of the campaign, as a preliminary to the suggestion that the welfare of the Republican party in this trying hour demanded that I should make some speeches. The motion was seconded by Shaw and Moody with considerable eloquence. I sat mute—fearing to speak lest I should lose my temper. It is intolerable that they should not see how much more advantageous to the administration it is that I should stay at home to do my work than that I should cavort around the country making lean and jejune orations.

April 24.—The President had only been here a few minutes this morning when Nicholas Murray Butler and Joe Bishop came in. They were very much amused at the frantic energy with which Mr. Cleveland is denying that he ever showed any common civility to a negro. They seem to think it indicated that in spite of all protestations he still desires the Presidential nomination.

The Republicans at their convention on June 23d nominated Roosevelt and Fairbanks for President and Vice-President. The next day Hay records:

Cabinet meeting to-day. The President was not specially elated—it was too clear a walk-over.

On July 9th the Democrats chose Judge Alton B. Parker as their nominee for the Presidency. Secretary Hay wrote to Mr. Choate the following caustic and characteristically partisan criticism of Judge Parker's action.

The conventions have met and adjourned, and I think we are left in an excellent position for the campaign. The last day of the St.Louis convention was the scene of several dramatic incidents which the Democratic papers seem to think will be to the advantage of Parker. I cannot agree with them. He held his tongue rigidly, giving no hint of his position on any question until the platform was made and he was nominated. The next morning the three most important opposition papers in New York—the *Sun*, the *Times*, and the *World*—had leaders furiously denouncing the platform. Upon this Parker took a sudden fright, feeling that his nomination would be worthless if he was to lose his Eastern support in the press, and he at once sent a telegram to St. Louis, saying that he was in favor of the gold standard, and if they did not like it they could nominate somebody else. He knew perfectly well they could not nominate any one else, nor could they change their platform, but he accomplished his purpose in extorting from them permission for him to accept without changing his views. So they are now before the country, the platform by its silence indorsing the Bryanite view of the money question, and the candidate trying to save himself by a repudiation of the convention—something which has never happened before, so far as I remember, except in the case of McClellan, with consequences not to be envied. They are all extolling to-day the boldness of Parker, his boldness consisting in his having held his tongue until he had secured the nomination, and then, in a blue funk over the outburst of the newspapers Saturday morning, repudiating the platform, to which his representatives had explicitly consented. Yet, singularly enough, this rather pitiful performance has helped him in public opinion. [July 11, 1904.]

The next letter, dated July 13th, discloses President Roosevelt's willingness to accept suggestions, and, incidentally, it repeats Mr. Hay's trenchant opinion of the Democratic adversaries.

I return herewith the draft of your speech. I am sorry to return it almost absolutely intact. Knowing how you yearn for the use of the meat-ax on your offspring, I always feel in default when I send back your drafts with no words but those of unlimited admiration. I really think this is one of the best speeches you have ever made. The first two pages are severe, but absolutely just and dignified, and the rest is history with a fine flavor of actuality. [Here follow three suggestions as to verbal changes.]

We are in the world and we have got to be patient with our environment, but I find it hard to keep my temper over the falsetto shrieks of rapture of *The Evening Post* about the trick which Parker played on his convention. I cannot say I have much sympathy with the Tillmans, the Williamses, and the Clarks, but I think Bryan has the right to go to his Nebraska home chanting the immortal refrain of Bret Harte:

"He played it that day upon Williams and me in a way I despise."

And the most exasperating thing about it is that Parker really seems to have scored by this act of treachery, dictated by abject cowardice. But it is a good while until election, and the hard-headed common sense of the American voters "won't do a thing to him" in the mean time.

In spite of his reluctance, Mr. Hay made three speeches during the season: at the opening of the St. Louis Fair; at the semi-centennial celebration of the birth of the Republican party at Jackson, Michigan, on July 6th; and at Carnegie Hall, New York, on October 26th. Only the last was directly political; but the Jackson speech, judging by its wide circulation, was regarded by the Republican managers as their best campaign document. Not long before election, Judge Parker publicly accused President Roosevelt of employing a corruption fund to turn the votes to his side. Mr. Roosevelt waited for several days in silence, and then issued a crushing denial. Secretary Hay describes this episode in a letter to Mr. Frank H. Mason, consul-general at Berlin:

I am getting to be an old man, and naturally take a calmer view of political contests than when I was young, but never since the early Frémont days have I been so absolutely certain of the justice of our cause and of its certain triumph. The other side had no programme, and, as it turned out in the last week of the campaign, no candidate. Their platform was as complete a humbug as Parker himself. The force of comparison could go no farther. When he emerged from Esopus for the whirlwind close of his campaign he first insinuated his charges against the President half under his breath, but, receiving no reply for a day or two, he grew

bolder and bolder, until at last he went roaring about that the President knew he was guilty and dared not answer. This was simply a vulgar gamble on what he assumed was the President's sense of dignity; but when, on Saturday morning, he got a blow square between the eyes from the "big stick" and was called a liar, and a malignant liar, and a knowing and conscious liar, we were all of us a little curious during the day to know what reply he would make Saturday night. Of course, we knew that his charges were absolutely false, but we could not regard it as possible that he had made them without any foundation whatever in his own mind. The two or three possibilities we thought of were a forgery, or some fool letter from some fool friend of the President, but when it turned out that all the proof he had of his charges were his own assertions made during the week, it became too ridiculous. It reminded one of the lines in the "Hunting of the Snark": "I have said it once; I have said it again; when I say it three times, it's true." I have no doubt that the pitiful collapse of his campaign of mendacity cost him many, many thousands of votes. . . .

I do not amount to much myself this fall. I do not know that I have any local lesion anywhere, but I feel a gentle flavor of mild decay which gives the contradiction—which I am too polite to give myself—to the President's announcement that I shall be here for four years to come. [November 26, 1904.]

Toward the end of this year rumors of peace kept cropping up. Takahira expressed anxiety lest the European Powers, by compelling mediation, should deprive Japan of the fruits of victory. Secretary Hay assured him that the American government, while remaining strictly neutral, would not consent to a repetition of the injustice of 1894. On November 17th Hay received a telegram from St. Petersburg, saying: "I am requested to inform you that the Emperor earnestly desires to accept the President's proposal, but will be prevented by existing conditions." It required further defeats—at the Hun River, and Mukden on land, and in the Sea of Japan—to bring Russia to terms. From the diary:

1905, January 3.—The air is still full of rumors of peace by our intervention. I gave the newspapers to understand that we were doing nothing and had no intention of interfering in a matter where our interference is not wanted.

On January 5th occurs this still more important entry, in which the German Kaiser's suggestion is set forth:

Sternburg wires the President that he communicated his views to the Emperor, who requested him to telegraph the President: "He is highly gratified to hear that you firmly adhere to the policy of the Open Door and uphold the actual integrity of China, which the Emperor believes at present to be gravely menaced. Close observation of events has firmly convinced him that a powerful coalition headed by France is under formation directed against the integrity of China and the Open Door. The aim of this coalition is to convince the belligerents that peace without compensation to the neutral powers is impossible. The formation of this coalition, the Emperor firmly believes, can be frustrated by the following move: you should ask all Powers having interests in the Far East, including the minor ones, whether they are prepared to give a pledge not to demand any compensation for themselves in any shape of territory, or other compensation in China or elsewhere, for any service rendered to the belligerents in the making of peace or for any other reason. Such a request would force the Powers to show their hands, and any latent designs directed against the Open Door or integrity of China would at once become apparent. Without this pledge the belligerents would find it impossible to obtain any territorial advantages without simultaneously provoking selfish aims of the neutral brokers. In the opinion of the Emperor, a grant of a certain portion of territory to both belligerents eventually in the north of China is inevitable. The Open Door within this territory might be maintained by treaty. Germany, of course, would then be the first to pledge herself to this policy of disinterestedness."

Sternburg then says he is also impressed with the danger of such demands of neutrals—asks a reply.

January 9.—I found [the President] full of the proposition of the German Emperor. He had come to the same conclusion at which I had arrived the day before: that it would be best to take advantage of the Kaiser's proposition: 1st, to nail the matter with him, and 2d, to ascertain the views of the other Powers. I went home and wrote out a letter for the President to send to Sternburg for the Emperor, expressing gratification at his assurances of disinterestedness and promising to sound the Powers.

January 10.—I submitted my letter to the President, which he approved and sent by cable. I then wrote a circular for our

Ambassadors, speaking of the apprehension entertained by some courts, which the President was loath to share, etc. I then repeated our attitude as to the integrity of China, etc., and asked for the views of the respective Powers.

January 13.—I sent off the "self-denying" circular this morning and wired Choate that we hoped the British Government would join, and told him to let Lord Lansdowne know the disposition of Germany toward it. Speck's letter, amplifying his telegram, arrived yesterday, in which he quotes the Kaiser as saying he is afraid of a combination between England, France, and Russia for the spoliation of China. It is a most singular incident. If the Kaiser is speaking frankly, he is far less intimately *lié* with the Czar than most people have believed. But either way our course is clear. Our policy is not to demand any territorial advantage and to do what we can to keep China entire.

January 18.—Choate telegraphed from London that Lord Lansdowne, who was at Bowood, had wired him "full concurrence" in our Neutral Powers circular. Meyer says the same thing from Italy. . . . The answers from England and Italy show clearly the extent of the Kaiser's illusion.

January 19.—This morning a cable from Porter saying that the French government fully concurs in our view and does not desire concession of territory from China. That virtually finishes the series. America, Great Britain, Germany, France, and Italy make a body of power which nobody will think of gainsaying.

January 20.—[Despatch says] that Bülow has answered our circular of the 13th. He is gratified that we have resolved to take steps to maintain integrity of China and Open Door, and at our promise not to make territorial acquisition—which corresponds entirely to attitude of German Empire. Refers to Anglo-German agreement of October 14, 1900!! In that agreement binds itself to principle [of the] Open Door and therefore, scarcely necessary to add, does not seek further acquisition of territory in China.

What the whole performance meant to the Kaiser it is difficult to see. But there is no possible doubt that we have scored for China.

Historians also may echo Mr. Hay's question, "What did the Kaiser mean?" Perhaps the solution may be found in his intrigues in Morocco and humiliation of France in the spring of 1905. Being in the toils of the war with Japan, Russia could not help France. Therefore William II. felt secure in interfering in the Franco-Moroccan negotiations. On June 6th M. Delcassé, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, was forced to resign. One of the last entries in John Hay's diary reads:

June 7.—Delcassé finally resigned yesterday. The Kaiser scored against France, and emphasized his score by making von Bülow a Prince the same day. I wonder whether it was worth while.

February 4.—[X writes] that the King of —— asked him who was the sovereign whose anxieties set on foot my circular of the 13th January. He said he did not know. "It could hardly have been Germany?" said the King with a twinkle.

February 11.—Takahira showed me a despatch from Komura [Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs], that the German Minister at Tokio had called on him to say that, as there were various rumors afloat, his Government wished him to say that there was no truth in the story that Germany was trying to make a combination with Russia and France to arrange terms of peace favorable to Russia; and that they were friendly to Russia as is required by neighborhood: but that they had done nothing in the way of peace negotiations, and wished to remain on terms of cordial friendliness with Japan. Komura expressed his gratification and reciprocated expression of friendliness. Takahira—and Komura, as I understood—thought this move of Germany was the result of our circular and the responses.

February 13.—Sternburg says the British Ambassador in Petersburg has pointed out to Count Lamsdorff the advantages for Russia of a speedy conclusion of peace. The Ambassador stated that Lamsdorff seemed to agree with him. Benckendorff [Russian Ambassador in London] has had similar interview with Lansdowne [British Foreign Secretary]. German Foreign Office believes these preliminary discussions have been carried on without the knowledge of the Czar, and are entirely confidential. They are anxious to be kept informed of Japan's attitude in relation to peace negotiations.

February 15.—The President keeps warning Japan not to be exorbitant in her terms of peace.

February 17.—[The Kaiser] still insists upon the fact of the combination of France, England, and Russia, to partition China. He says he was asked to join, but indignantly refused, and that our circular of January 13th gave the scheme the *coup de grâce*. The only proof of the story he gives is an interview between Doumer and Prince Radolin [German Ambassador in Paris]. It is a strange incident—*qui donne à penser*.

Hay was not destined to take part in

the actual negotiations for peace. For several months his health had grown visibly worse. He himself seems to have had a conviction that his end was not far off. On November 22, 1904, he wrote Mr. G. W. Smalley, the New York correspondent of the *London Times:*

As to the announcement of my remaining here the rest of my life—for it amounts to that—it was a very characteristic action of the President. He has always appeared to take it for granted that I was to stay here as long as he did, and has several times somewhat vehemently said so, but he has never formally asked me to remain through his next term, and I have never formally consented to do so. The announcement in the newspapers was a proceeding of his own, dictated by occult motives into which it would be hardly reverent to inquire. There is, perhaps, no reason why I should not stay, except weariness of body and spirit, and that seems not to be a sufficient reason. But how long, is a question for Providence and the doctors to decide.

The business in which Mr. Hay was most directly concerned during his last months in Washington was the negotiation of a large number of arbitration treaties, to serve, he hoped, to lessen the likelihood of war throughout the world. But these treaties seemed to the Senate to deprive it of its constitutional right, and accordingly the Senators opposed them. On February 3d Mr. Hay sets down in his diary:

The President spent an hour with me in the afternoon. He was deeply disturbed about the state of the treaties in the Senate, not so much at the opposition of the Democrats as at the nerveless acquiescence of our people in every attack that is made upon them. Knox and Spooner now take the ground that every separate agreement to arbitrate, under these treaties, must be submitted to the Senate: if this provision is incorporated it leaves us exactly where we are now.

The opposition had its way in spite of President Roosevelt's robust exhortations and Secretary Hay's arguments.

February 12. — The Senate yesterday, after reading the President's letter, adopted the amendment, and then ratified the treaties. The President, and, in my lesser degree, myself, were the object of a good many venomous speeches. There were several reasons for this action. The Clan-na-Gael had worked more effectively than any one thought. The Southerners felt their repudiated debts could not trouble them if the amendment were carried. There was a loud clamor that the rights of the Senate were invaded—but every individual Senator felt that his precious privilege must be safeguarded. And then, the President's majority was too big—they wanted to teach him that he wasn't *it*.

The President, according to Mr. Hay, saw the situation plainly enough; decided not to submit the treaties for the ratification of the other Powers; and made up his mind to go slow in making any more treaties.

A treaty entering the Senate [Mr. Hay writes] is like a bull going into the arena: no one can say just how or when the final blow will fall, but one thing is certain—it will never leave the arena alive.

The last rebuff in Mr. Hay's long struggle with the Senate was personal. In the summer of 1904 the French government wished to confer upon him its highest distinction—the Grand Crown of the Legion of Honor—in appreciation of his efforts for the peace of the world. He was for declining, but the President urged him to accept out of regard for France and for the cause which prompted the decoration. When, however, a resolution was moved in the Senate to authorize him to accept, the "gray wolves" in that body, glad of an opportunity to vent their ill-will against the too unyielding Secretary, voted no.

They struck a dying man. After the inauguration of Roosevelt, Hay was ordered to Europe, in the hope that rest and the baths of Nauheim might restore him. On June 15th he landed in New York, "improved," the doctors said, but still needing several months of absolute freedom from care. Having made a short trip to Washington, to confer with the President, he reached his summer home at Newbury, New Hampshire, on June 24th. There he died on July 1, 1905, worn out in the service of his country.

Patricia, Angel-at-Large

A STORY IN THREE PARTS—III

BY MARGARET CAMERON

ALL through luncheon Patricia avoided Blaisdell's glance, and whenever he addressed her directly she used his approach as a springboard from which to dive into animated conversation with some one else. And she did not withdraw from her engagement with Bob. By the time coffee was served on the veranda the diplomat was beginning to wonder uneasily whether, after all, it was his bluff that was called, and his pulse dropped a beat and then raced when he heard her remark, in a casual tone, as she took her cup from the tray:

"It wouldn't surprise me if there should be more things wrong with my machine than Kate could discover up in that tree-top. In which case I may not be able to take you up this afternoon." She smiled across at Bob.

"Oh, I say!" he exclaimed. "Don't you think it will be all right? It will tomorrow, anyway. Won't it?"

"Now, Rob! You're not going up in that awful thing!" his mother began, but he interrupted:

"Oh, for Pete's sake, mums, do be reasonable!"

"I *am* reasonable! I *never* interfere with your pleasures. Haven't I taken up dancing and skating and golf—and even tennis—just so I can be a companion to you? Do I ever complain about spending hours in your boat—though I always was timid on the water? Don't I go away off into the wilds with you, and die a thousand deaths for fear you'll be shot yourself while you're out hunting? But you might sometimes show a little consideration for *me*, and you know perfectly well that if you go up in that flying-machine I shall endure tortures every single instant!"

"Then of course we won't go." Patricia nodded cheerfully at Bob, who thrust his hands into his pockets, looking embarrassed and sulky. "I wouldn't for a moment do anything to make you unhappy, Mrs. Chamberlain. Please forget it."

"I'd like to see how that woman of yours handles the problem of getting your machine out of the tree. Suppose we stroll over there," Howard suggested, to relieve the tension. So Patricia sauntered with him through the shaded paths, followed by the others in groups of two and three—Bob, far in the rear, contending the more hotly with his mother in defense of his adult masculine liberties because Elise and Blaisdell, conspicuously oblivious of the rest of the world, loitered along just out of earshot.

"I suppose aviation's an old story to you?" Patricia tentatively asked the engineer.

"On the contrary, it's an experience I'm eager to try."

"I'm afraid I can't tactfully invite anybody to go up with me now, even if my machine is in perfect condition. But, of course"—she lifted a twinkling upward glance—"if any one not related to my hostess should *ask* me to take him up—"

"You couldn't graciously refuse," he finished, with an answering gleam that told her she had not mistaken her man. "Especially if the request came from an engineer thirsting for scientific knowledge and experience."

"Unless—the engineer might have a timid wife," she intimated, to which he dryly responded:

"The wife of a construction engineer has disciplined nerves. She learns to distinguish between spice and gunpowder."

They found the machine resting safely on the ground, and Kate, under the dubious scrutiny of the chauffeur and the boatman, putting the final touches on the canvas patches that completed

the repairs. After looking it over carefully, and testing the engine, Patricia said:

"Very well, Kate. I'll try a turn or two, and if it's all right you may take it over to Mineola alone. I shall be staying here for several days. I think we can make a start from the lawn over there."

"Oh, I do wish she wouldn't!" fretted Mrs. Chamberlain, as they all trooped after the machine, which was trundled, under Patricia's supervision, to the spot she had indicated. "I know there'll be another awful accident! Mr. Blaisdell, you're an old friend. Do persuade her not to go up!"

"I'm afraid I have no influence," he replied, having learned the futility of direct remonstrance where Miss Carlyle's plans were concerned, but congratulating himself that at least he had succeeded in eliminating the monoplane as a future factor in her campaign at High Haven. "She seems to have the courage of her convictions."

"A good job, too!" Howard approved. "I like her pluck."

"Yes; isn't her courage wonderful!" Mrs. Yarnell concurred, with an air of paying graceful and admiring tribute. "And with it all she's so deliciously unself-conscious! I suppose it's really cowardice that makes most of us hesitate at anything that might seem the least bit spectacular, isn't it?"

"Oh, pussy!" murmured one of the women in the ear of another, and they both laughed quietly. "Pretty, clean, white pussy!"

Everything was in readiness for the start, and Patricia was about to slip into her seat, when Howard said, as if yielding to an irresistible impulse:

"Miss Carlyle, I'm greatly tempted! I've always wanted to go up in one of those things."

"There are others!" Bob resentfully interpolated.

"Of course I understand the principle well enough," the engineer continued, "but I'd like to see it work. Would you consider it an imposition if I asked you to let me go up with you?"

"Why—no! I'd be enchanted, but—" She hesitated, smiling doubtfully. "I don't want to distress anybody."

"Oh, don't go!" begged Mrs. Chamberlain. "Mrs. Howard, aren't you afraid to have him?"

"Not if he thinks it's safe," returned his placid spouse. "He generally knows."

"There, mums! Hear that!" Bob exploded. "Now I *am* going up! You'll take me later, won't you?" he appealed to Patricia, who lightly replied that she should take no passengers at all until she had made a trial flight with Kate and assured herself that the monoplane was in perfect condition. It was obvious, however, that this was a tactful evasion, covering refusal, and Chamberlain turned sharply away, his lip between his teeth. As he passed Blaisdell and Mrs. Yarnell, standing a little apart from the rest of the group, she called softly:

"Bob! Oh, Bob!"

"Yes?" He paused obediently, but did not join them.

"You're not going away?"

"Yes."

"Wait till we've seen them go up once, and take me with you."

"I'm sorry, but I'm afraid you'd be bored," he said, politely. "I've got to go down to the kennels, and you don't care for dogs."

Patricia was not near enough to overhear the words, but she saw Chamberlain pause, resentment in every line of his young figure, and then stride moodily on alone. A moment later she stepped over to that side of the group to speak to Mrs. Howard, and dropped her glove, which Blaisdell returned to her.

"Oh, thank you so much!" she said, lightly. "You're really very useful today, Billy." Then, for the first time since their heated interview before luncheon, she measured glances with him—and smiled.

Howard was so fascinated by the sensation of flying that Patty offered to have Kate bring the machine over from Mineola whenever he wished to use it during her stay at High Haven, but he suggested:

"Why send it over there at all? Why not keep it here, where we can play with it often?"

"I'm afraid Mrs. Chamberlain wouldn't even give it tree room," was her laughing reply.

"I will! I'll do better than that. I have just the place for it—a dancing-pavilion that was put up for a garden-party last month, and has been left because the young people seem to enjoy dancing out of doors. It will cover this thing very nicely."

"But what about my hostess?" she objected. "I'm afraid I've precipitated trouble already, and if I keep the machine near by—"

"I'll take the responsibility for that," he interrupted. "Leave it to me. If it precipitates a certain amount of trouble it may keep more dangerous salts still in solution." Whereupon she decided that she had here an intelligent ally in case of need, but gave him no intimation that she understood.

There was a dance in the neighborhood that night, and before it was over Miss Carlyle's popularity was established. Under her every mood was an elusive grace which most of the men would have defined as simplicity and most of the women as subtlety, but which captivated them all; and Bob Chamberlain would have been less than the normal youth he was had he failed to enjoy and to emphasize a little his position as escort of this girl, for whose favor every other man in the room was eager.

Moreover, in some laughing, negative way infinitely soothing to his irritated nerves, she contrived, without direct reference to the events of the day, to make him feel that the immediate family connections of every aviator, irrespective of age or sex, had to be "gentled," like so many fractious horses, into tolerance of the new vehicle. Little by little he became pleasantly aware that what now began to appear as his tactful deference to his mother's prejudices in this matter had been only part of a delightful and humorous conspiracy, whereby he and this amusing and exceedingly pretty girl were going to hoodwink the whole neighborhood into playing their game. It was a comforting point of view, particularly as she did not seem to feel that either this community of interest or her position as his guest entitled her to a disproportionate share of his attention.

Altogether, he decided that she was a "peach," and confided as much to Elise Yarnell, who would have liked to punish him both for this and for his refusal to accept the favor she had offered him in the afternoon, but she perceived that it was not a moment for discipline, and devoted herself so assiduously to hay-making that Bob could not fail to realize that his sun was shining. The only shadow to mar his complete complacency was that on several occasions when he was dancing with Patricia, Blaisdell "cut in" and took her away. To be sure, on several other occasions when Elise was the diplomat's partner, Bob employed the same tactics with considerable satisfaction, but for some reason this did not balance the account. He resented yielding to the elder man at any point, and entirely failed to notice that when he danced with Mrs. Yarnell it was never Blaisdell who separated them.

They all motored home together in Mrs. Fairweather's car, and as they stood on the veranda in the small hours awaiting it, Patricia flashed a glance at Bob, who by this time was in high spirits, asking in an undertone, "How does seven o'clock look to you now?"

"Looks a long way off," he promptly and very audibly returned. "Awful mistake to waste perfectly good time sleeping. You're not quitting!"

"I?" She laughed. "You don't know me!"

"Quitting what? What are you two up to?" Blaisdell asked. When he learned that they intended to ride before breakfast, he turned with enthusiasm to Mrs. Yarnell, exclaiming: "Capital! Why don't we do that?"

"No use trying to lure Elise out of her downy before ten." Bob spoke with the assurance of experience. "She's afraid a bird will get her."

Had the situation been reversed and Mrs. Yarnell the younger woman, she would instantly have suggested her advantage in years by some honeyed assurance that her rival had not yet arrived at the time when she need guard against the only early bird a woman dreads—the one that marks her for every hour of lost sleep with crow's-feet. She was gathering herself to meet and parry this anticipated thrust, when Pa-

tricia turned toward her, saying, pleasantly: "Do come. Won't you?"

And rather than put that weapon again in the hand of the enemy, the widow returned, "Of course I'll come, with great pleasure!" resolving that she would manage, somehow, to rest during the day. But there she counted upon a slower game than either Patricia or Blaisdell intended to play.

There was no rest for any of them the next day—nor, indeed, for many days. Luncheons, teas, dinners, and dances followed one upon the other; riding, tennis, aviating, and boating filled the hours between; and no matter how late they danced, they were up and in the saddle early. Through it all, Patricia, Blaisdell, and the widow played their game of cross purposes before an amused and puzzled countryside, and only Bob was wholly without guile. Through it all, too, Patricia watched and listened, and gradually her interest in Bob, which at first had been the least of the motives governing her action, outgrew her friendly wish to please the Davenports, her love of adventure, and even her desire to pique Blaisdell, and became a very potent influence.

But, notwithstanding the prompting of "that passion of responsibility, that wild, irrational charity, which pours out of the depths of a woman's stirred being," she reminded herself of several marriages reputed to be happy despite the wife's seniority; and she remembered that the world is ever cynical about sentiment where a large fortune is concerned, and was troubled lest she might be denying another woman the benefit of the doubt. Her scruples would have been stilled could she have overheard a discussion between Mrs. Fairweather and her friend a few days after her own arrival. It began in a caustic allusion of the widow's to "that extraordinary girl the Chamberlains have taken up," and her hostess rejoined:

"I do hope, my dear, that you see now how dangerous it would be to tie yourself for life to that volatile boy. He'll be even harder to hold as time goes on, you know. Anyway, Mr. Blaisdell's much the more attractive of the two."

"Yes, Billy always was a lamb. Pity he has no money."

"I insist that he must have some money, or he couldn't afford the diplomatic service. And he can certainly give you a distinguished position."

"Oh, I suppose one might consider him and his little tuppenny-ha'penny legation seriously if nothing better offered." Mrs. Yarnell shrugged a careless shoulder. "But one can be sufficiently distinguished, and a lot more comfortable, at home—in a place like High Haven."

"Elise, I simply cannot understand your point of view!" exclaimed Mrs. Fairweather, with a touch of exasperation. "You must be mad! Are you in love with that good-looking boy? Is that it?"

"In love! With Bob? Good heavens!" The widow laughed.

"Then do try to be sensible! Money isn't everything."

"Isn't it?" cynically drawled the other. "It's the root of everything. I notice nothing I want grows without it."

"You may find several things you don't want growing with it, if you persist in this insane determination to marry a man ten years your junior."

"He's not ten years my junior!" snapped Elise.

"Well—nine, then. You're thirty-three."

"Mary, you'll be good enough to remember that I'm just twenty-seven!"

"Don't be silly, my dear," Mrs. Fairweather dryly advised. "We both know you're a scant seven years younger than I. At least you used to be."

"I am still, darling," sweetly returned her friend. "But please don't insist that I can't be as young as I am, simply because nobody will believe you're not as old as you look."

Knowing nothing of this, however, and beset by generous doubts, Patricia held firmly to the course she had marked out for herself—as firmly, that is, as the situation permitted, for Blaisdell's constant intervention in his own behalf made it impossible for her to establish—much less to maintain—that nice balance of relations which had been so important a feature of her original scheme, and she was forced to relinquish certain of her plans and substitute others for them. Not that Blaisdell continued his

impulsive and irritating policy of active interference between her and Chamberlain. After the first day he played a deeper, steadier game, ably seconded by Mrs. Yarnell, and although he knew nothing of Patricia's intention to apply to Bob's infatuation the acid test of constant association with its object, by arousing the boy's jealousy and so making the widow's society seem doubly desirable instead of inevitable, he unconsciously made even this—her main line of attack—ineffective.

However, despite all this unforeseen and baffling opposition, Patricia won certain small but definite victories, and they comforted her. There was the matter of taking Bob up in her monoplane, for example, in which she was eventually triumphant. When almost every man in the neighborhood, and several women, including Janet Howard, had been safely returned to terra firma after exhilarating flights, even Mrs. Chamberlain perceived that her embargo, which had been scrupulously observed, was making her son ridiculous, and reluctantly withdrew it. Let no one suppose, however, that she did this without protest. Taking her neighbor's housing of the monoplane in ill part from the first, she was very indignant indeed when she saw his radiant little daughter carried away on her first flight.

"I do think you're treating me badly!" she expostulated, cornering Howard for a moment. "You know how I feel about Bob's flying—especially with this reckless girl! And after this I shall never be able to prevent it! Never!"

"My dear friend, give it up!" was his laughing advice. "The time comes to all of us when we can no longer stand between our children and danger. We can only watch them go to meet it with such equipment as we have given them—and keep our tremors to ourselves. At least we needn't handicap them with our fears."

"But this isn't that sort of thing," she persisted. "It isn't as if it would help him—or strengthen him—or get him anywhere. It's just foolhardy!"

"Possibly—and yet— Don't you think that's about what the hen must have said when the ducklings took to the water?" Chuckling, he made his escape, leaving her with plumage still ruffled.

So, although their other engagements left them fewer opportunities than she could have wished, Patricia occasionally took Bob up through the trackless lanes, and they talked, soaring in the warm, sunlit air, as people talk only when there is no possibility of interruption by a third person. Little by little, down under all his shy, youthful pretenses and repressions and evasions, she began to catch fugitive glimpses of the real Bob, and her interest in him grew. One day he said:

"Gee! Patty, I should think you'd hate to be a girl!"

"Why?"

"Because you like to do almost everything that a fellow does—and you do 'em all so well—and a girl can't carry any of 'em through to the end." He worked his thought out slowly, in detached, suspended phrases. "She only plays with things—never really does 'em."

"That's all a lot of men do, isn't it?" she returned. "Look at your friend Lee Hazard. He has ability enough, and does all sorts of things well—but what is he, after all? Just a rich man's son, playing with toys."

"Yes, but—this is what I'm getting at. Lee *could* do things if he wanted to. Here! This is it! If we should get into a war, Lee could go into the aviation corps and use his knowledge. You couldn't, because you're a woman."

"I might, in a pinch, though I should probably be in a Red Cross hospital, having harder work and less excitement. Anyway, war's an emergency, but we live all the time—and what's the use of having ability if you never use it for anything real? It's like hoarding food—or gold—or anything else the world hasn't much of and needs."

"That's what Mr. Howard says."

"Now there's a man, if you like!" She turned a glowing face toward him. "He's not hoarding anything! Nor playing with his life! He's doing real things! You know, Bob, if I were a man, that's what I'd rather be than anything else in the world—a great engineer!" He shot a suspicious glance at

her, but she was looking straight ahead, her thoughts apparently fixed on something far removed from him. "Did you happen to go to Panama while they were digging the Culebra Cut?"

"No."

"Well, I did. I stood on a hill one day and watched them do part of it—making over the world! I've been in mines lighted by electricity carried a hundred miles on wires! I've seen crops growing where there used to be nothing but cactus. And I'd rather control great natural forces like that—harness them—make them work for men instead of destroy them—than anything else in the world—if I were a man."

"I suppose you know that's my profession?" he said, after a moment. "I took the engineering course at college."

"Oh, did you? How perfectly splendid for you!" Again she turned her radiant glance upon him. "When are you going to begin?"

"I don't know. Some time, I suppose." He had flushed slightly.

"Do have your camp within flying distance of somewhere, so I can come and see you alter the face of the world," she said, lightly, adding, with a droll little smile, "Perhaps some day you'll let me touch off a fuse, so I can play I helped a little."

He said he would, provided it was not too important a matter to let a girl fool with, and they fell back into persiflage. But Patricia knew that her breath had fanned a living spark, and was for the moment well content, even though she realized that the little flame of ambition she had kindled might be blown out before night in the gusts of more primitive emotions. It was later that same day that she made her last appeal to Blaisdell in Bob's behalf.

As the period she had been invited to spend at High Haven neared its close, it became quite evident that Mrs. Chamberlain had no intention of urging her to continue her visit, notwithstanding all the pressure either Bob or Howard could bring to bear. The engineer openly lamented her approaching departure, and repeatedly expressed his regret that his wife and daughter had been called away by a family emergency, making it impossible for them to ask her to stay on with them after she left High Haven, as they had hoped to do. Convinced that Patricia had at least postponed Chamberlain's headlong plunge into the widow's snare—how consciously he could not determine—he labored to convert Bob's mother to his own belief that the surest talisman against the siren's spell lay in the girl's continued presence and its attendant diversions, but Mrs. Chamberlain was obdurate. She said her mistake had been in asking the young woman to stay down in the first place. But for that, Mrs. Yarnell would have been safely engaged to the minister by this time, and Bob would not be risking his life daily in an aeroplane. For her part, she failed to see what there was about that girl, anyway, to make every man who looked at her immediately lose his head.

When it became apparent that Patricia would be allowed to leave within three or four days, with only a perfunctory protest from her hostess, Blaisdell's spirits rose to a degree entirely disproportionate to the importance of this negative victory. At the same time, he realized that the danger of a permanent attachment between Chamberlain and his captivating guest would increase with every moment up to the hour of her departure, and redoubled his own efforts to win her, wooing her by every tender and subtle means he could devise, though she permitted him only rare moments alone with her, and the deadlock remained unbroken. The strain was telling upon all of them, however, and occasionally a sort of truce was arranged by common consent, though none of them, as will be seen, relied too implicitly upon its observance by the others.

They motored together that afternoon to a charity fair in a neighboring village, and had dutifully made purchases and partaken of refreshments. Then, with a frank yawn, Patricia plaintively suggested:

"Don't you think we might go home now? I'm a simple city maid, unaccustomed to these mad revels. I suppose we'll dance all night, as usual, and I'm perfectly willing to acknowledge that I'm perishing for a nap! Let's all go home and rest before dinner. Shall we?"

She smiled pleasantly at Mrs. Yarnell, who found it increasingly difficult, with all the arts at her command, to conceal the ravages scanty sleep and eternal vigilance were making, both in her appearance and in her temper, but who would have suffered torment rather than admit fatigue, as the younger woman had done. Now, however, with the gracious air of one conferring a favor, the widow seized the opportunity.

"Why, surely, if you're tired. You certainly do need rest, you poor thing! And you had such wonderful color when you came!" Elise had ceased to guard against retaliatory scratches. Patricia seemed to her a good-natured simpleton, without sense enough to avail herself of what the other conceived to be the natural weapons of her sex.

As the Fairweather car swept out of the High Haven grounds after dropping Bob and Patricia, he looked after it, questioning:

"I wonder what those two are really going to do?"

"They're going do-do," Patricia told him, laughing. "Only a strong sense of propriety kept Billy from nodding in the car. He's been walking in his sleep for three days!" Then, with an air of admiring candor: "Can you keep this pace indefinitely? You don't look a bit tired."

"I'm not," he lied, promptly. "Neither are you. Anyhow, what's the use of trying to sleep? It's too hot. Let's go out in the canoe for an hour. That 'll rest you just as much."

Ten minutes later, having failed to find the boatman, Bob was preparing to put the canoe in the water himself when the boat-house telephone-bell rang. He answered the call, grinning sheepishly as he hung up the receiver.

"Caught with the goods! They've come back! I put something Elise bought at that fool fair in my pocket, and she wants it. Shall I ask them to go out with us in the motor-boat now?"

"Oh, they're so sleepy!" she deprecated. "And Peterson isn't here to run it. Besides—why need they know I'm here? I'm resting."

"That's so! Then you'll wait? I'll be back in a jiff."

Realizing that she had been outplayed again, Patricia watched him run up the path and out of sight before she dropped on a bench and closed her eyes, the better to concentrate her thoughts upon her problem. Presently she heard quick footsteps approaching, but supposed the boatman to be returning, and did not lift her weary eyelids until she was startled by Blaisdell's voice, saying:

"Asleep on guard!"

Her eyes snapped open, to discover him regarding her with undisguised amusement, and she demanded, "What brought you here?"

"Chamberlain *said* you were resting," he observed. "I always wondered whether angels slept with their heads under their wings. Now I know."

"Apparently the man never heard of the Enchanted Princess," she remarked, and he started toward her, declaring:

"I'll break that spell!"

"Too late!" She waved him off. "Opportunity trails no life-rope behind for a man who doesn't know at a glance the difference between an Enchanted Princess and a Sleeping Sentinel."

"At any rate, I occasionally call a bluff," he mentioned, whereat she had the grace to blush a little. He sat down on the other end of the bench, and continued, with an air of making conversation, "So you're giving up that guardian-angel rôle?" She lifted an interrogatory eyebrow. "The Enchanted Princess was a very human sort of person, as I remember."

"One angel, in her time, plays many parts," she paraphrased. "Are you, by any chance, looking for Peterson? Don't let me detain you. Mrs. Yarnell's waiting."

"But not alone," he reminded her. "I understand we're to be deprived of your society very soon."

"Did you come down to say good-by? We shall probably meet again."

"I trust so. Good-by is the last thing I want to say to you."

"Probably it will be the last thing you do say to me."

"Never!" he declared. "I shall say, '*Hasta la vista*'—and follow."

"Always?" Her little grimace suggested dismay.

"Always—until I've persuaded you to love me! And always afterward!"

"Love you! My word! Why *should*

I love you? You spoil everything I try to do—upset every plan—baffle me at every turn—make a meddling, interfering, persistent nuisance of yourself—and expect to be loved for it!"

"Woman, have you forgotten that I saved your life?" He struck an attitude. "I'm a he-ro. Mrs. Fairweather says so—frequently."

"Hero, indeed! 'Watchful waiting' is your line!" At this they both laughed a little, and he said:

"At any rate, I caught you napping—once!" But she shook her head.

"I wasn't asleep. I was thinking. Trying to make up my mind."

"What about? Leave it to me. I'll decide it."

"Billy"—she regarded him thoughtfully—"*does* the end justify the means?"

"Depends on the end. Also on the means. What's it about?"

"It's about Bob. Do you think she cares for him—in her way?"

"I'm no Daniel," he teased. "Nor yet an angel. What's the use of even pretending to be an angel if you can't discover simple things like that for yourself?"

"Then you don't believe she does! No, Billy—please! I'm serious!"

"My dearest girl, give it up!" he counseled. "You've made a good fight—done everything you can—"

"Oh no, I haven't!" She laughed shortly. "That's it! If I had—" When she failed to go on, he prompted:

"If you had?"

"I might have succeeded better. But—I hate to use my claws!"

"Claws! You? Bless your heart, you couldn't!"

"Oh, couldn't I! But I haven't. In all these days I've never said one catty thing to her or about her. I've never ridiculed her, never tried to unmask her, never put her in a false position. I've played fair."

"Yes, you have," he conceded. "You've fought like a gentleman."

"And I've failed. Because I haven't succeeded, I've failed. But if I could be sure of just one thing—" Again she paused. Then, leaning slightly toward him, "Billy, will you do something for me?"

"My dear, when you look at me like that I'd murder my best friend, if you asked me to!" In spite of his light manner his voice shook a little.

"It's not murder I want; it's first aid." She smiled faintly. "Will you help me?"

"Help you succor mine enemy?"

"I've played fair—but you and I know that I've never had a fair chance myself," she gently reproached him, and before her pleading gaze his own fell.

"What do you want me to do?" His tone was low, his glance still averted.

"I want you not to do this sort of thing any more—not to interfere! And not to let her! If you won't hold her off, at least don't strengthen her hand—just for these two or three days I have left! Please, Billy! See—I come to you frankly, admitting that I'm beaten unless you help me. Will you?"

"Patty—do you mean that?" Blaisdell choked a little. "Do you really want me to go?"

"But I'm asking you to stay! To help me!"

"Help you make yourself as essential to another man's happiness as you are to mine?" he broke forth:

"No, no! Why won't you understand! I don't want to be essential to Bob's happiness."

"Then why do you care so much? Why do you insist on going on with this thing?"

"Because I'm afraid—all his friends are afraid—that unless somebody makes him see where he's going, he'll never have any real happiness. Do *you* think he'll be happy, if—if—" She hesitated, and he grimly replied:

"I think he's a man, and must meet life and take his chances, like other men."

"But does nobody ever help boys? Did nobody ever help you?"

"Why is this so vital to you? He has older friends."

"Don't you see the others have all tried and failed? There's only me now, and if I fail—unless you'll help me help him, Billy—that boy may pay with his whole life for it!"

"And if I do help you— Patty, do you care for me so little that you can't even see what you're asking? Or is it that you care for him so much?" he added,

jealously, and she made an impatient gesture.

"Oh, I don't care for him at all! Not that way—nor he for me. He's not in love with me."

"But he would be, if— Oh yes, he would!" he declared, combating a shake of her head. "No man could help loving you, unless he was blinded by an infatuation for another woman! And when you show him such heavenly compassion—are so deeply concerned for his happiness—! Besides, he *is* more than half in love with you, and you know it! Yet you ask me to stand aside and give him a free field! What do you think I'm made of?"

"Then you won't?"

"Of course I won't! And you wouldn't have the slightest respect for me if I did! Confess it!" For a moment he compelled her to meet his gaze. Then she arose, with a little shrug and a gesture dismissing the whole subject.

"Well—there it goes!"

"There what goes?"

"Another illusion. Apparently the only successful way to fight the devil is with fire. I thought— But the pragmatists are right, aren't they? 'Av it worrks, it's thrue,'" she quoted. "And since my theory doesn't 'worrk,' it can't be—" She broke off, a quick illumination in her eyes, repeating softly: "'Av it worrks, it's thrue.' Then—if it's true it works! Why, of course! That's it!"

"What's 'it'? Patty, what are you up to now?" he demanded, and she laughed.

"Sure, I'm afther findin' out av it worrks, sor. Av it does, it's thrue—an' no harrm to annybody.'

"If what works?"

"I think you'd call it love."

"Whose love?"

"Not yours, Billy!"

That night there was a new vibration in her voice when she spoke to Bob, a new challenge in her eyes, and the eternal masculine in him rose to meet and dominate it. They made much of her at the Country Club, but throughout the evening, except when dancing separated them, he held his place at her side against all comers, a little exultant and flushed by this discovery of his power, and not to be lured away on any pretext. Blaisdell's heart grew heavy within him, and the glitter in Elise Yarnell's eyes sharpened hour by hour above her fixed smile.

Like the day that had preceded it, however, the evening was oppressively hot, and about eleven o'clock Patricia, loitering on the veranda between dances, exclaimed: "It must be wonderful on the water to-night! I've never seen such moonlight!"

"Let's cut the rest of this and go out in the boat!" whispered Bob, instantly alert. "Will you?"

"Oh—isn't it too late?" she demurred, but wistfully.

"Not a bit of it! Besides, we haven't many nights left! Let's make the most of it! Will you go?"

"Well—if the others will," she agreed.

But Mrs. Yarnell would not. Both she and Mrs. Fairweather said it was much too late, and in this Elise persisted, even though Bob vehemently urged her not to be a quitter and spoil it all. Then Patricia, still wistful, said: "Oh, don't you feel equal to it? I'm so sorry! Perhaps Mr. Howard will go with us, Bob." When the engineer said he would, and it became evident that the expedition was not to be prevented, the widow decided that she and Billy would go, after all, though Mrs. Fairweather still declined, and Bob telephoned to Peterson to have the boat in readiness.

Arrived at High Haven, the party found Kate at the dock with the boatman, and the latter explained that as the second man had been given permission to visit a sick relative that night, Miss Carlyle's woman had kindly agreed to run the engine, if nobody objected. This obvious ruse was received with smiles—Peterson's devotion to Kate having been manifest for several days—and they were soon afloat.

With a view to continuing his masterful monopoly of her attention, Bob contrived to sit beside Patricia, and seized opportunities, while the others were talking, to carry on a fragmentary, low-toned conversation with her. To be sure, this consisted chiefly of nonsense, but now and then a tone, an inflection, a glow in his eager eyes, reminded her that she was indeed playing with fire.

Presently some one mentioned South

America, and thereafter Patricia turned an inattentive ear to Bob's badinage, while the engineer and the diplomat talked men's gossip of the conduct of nations, and of rumors concerning large enterprises on the other side of the equator. They had been out perhaps an hour and were far from shore, when the women agreed that it was time to return, and Bob told Peterson to put about. Five minutes later the engine, which had begun acting strangely just before they turned, indulged in a noisy, explosive demonstration, fluttered a little, and stopped. Exclamations and questions followed, but Kate and Peterson both maintained that the trouble could not be serious, as the machine had been running quite smoothly until a few minutes before. Their combined efforts failed to start it, however, and eventually Bob, Howard, and Patricia all offered suggestions.

"Let me see the spark plug," Patricia said. "Perhaps that's the trouble." Kate handed it to her, and she examined it in the moonlight. "Seems to be all right," she said, finally. "Must be something— My word!" She had made a quick movement, and now stood staring down at the water.

"What's the matter?" two or three of the others asked.

"I dropped it! Peterson, have you another spark plug? I've dropped that one overboard!"

"Oh yes, miss! I always carry an extra one," reassuringly returned the mechanic. "That 'll be all right." Diligent search, however, failed to discover it. Peterson declared he had seen it in his box that very afternoon, but eventually admitted that it was not to be found.

"Well, I guess that settles it," Bob remarked to his guests. "I'm sorry, but I'm afraid we're in for it!"

"Settles it? In for what?" sharply questioned Mrs. Yarnell. "You don't mean we've got to stay out here all night!"

"Unless somebody comes along and gives us a tow—which isn't likely at this hour."

"But—that's impossible! We must get back somehow! Can't you use a makeshift? Wire—or a hairpin—or something?" Then, as the others laughed: "But I tell you I won't be kept in this wretched boat all night! I insist upon your taking me home!"

While the mechanics made another futile search for the spark plug, Patricia murmured apologies for her clumsiness, and the men convinced Mrs. Yarnell that the case was hopeless and that their only course was to make the best of their plight until some one came to their rescue.

"There's going to be fog before morning, too," Peterson prophesied.

"I suppose you've no rugs aboard?" Howard asked.

"Oh yes, sir. We put them in the last thing. Kate said the ladies might be chilly, in their thin dresses."

"Admirable foresight," said the engineer. "Thank the Lord my people are away!"

"Might be lots worse." Bob dropped down beside Patricia again. "Rather a lark, I call it."

"More like a bat, isn't it?" was Blaisdell's suggestion, and the widow acidly contributed:

"A vampire?"

"Tell us more fascinating stories of South America," Patricia presently requested.

So Howard told tales of the romance of engineering in the southern hemisphere—of the toll of life paid by the builders of the Verrugas bridge, of towns inundated to make reservoirs for great electric transmission plants, of immense irrigation schemes in Peru, and of many dramatic crises in his own career, to most of which Bob listened absorbedly, with occasional whispered asides to Patricia. Then Blaisdell took up the thread and told them of revolutions in Paraguay.

The moonlight was brilliant, the little waves rippled against the side of the gently rocking boat, and Bob made several unsuccessful efforts to distract Patricia's attention from the diplomat's story. Finally, leaning over her, he said, boldly, "Let's go up forward where we can see the moon better."

"We might get moonstruck," she objected, turning again toward Blaisdell, but Bob refused to be put off.

"Come!" he urged. "You don't care anything about South America! Come—

let's go forward and talk." He laid his hand upon hers, and in his lowered tone she caught again that vibrant throb. For an instant she hesitated, wavering, and then planted her barb with precision, though with a laughing insouciance that masked its intention.

"Talk! My dear Bobby! You're a very engaging boy, and great fun to play with, but when it comes to talking—these men have done real things, you know. They have something to say. Even if one can't be a man and do things, one can always listen." She felt a very genuine pang as she saw his hurt stare. After a moment he said, slowly:

"Just because a man's never had a chance to do things is no sign he can't!"

"No? Well—of course, some men are content to be merely amusing, and never take the chance when it offers, much less seek it. But when one can listen to talk like this—!" A gesture completed the sentence.

"Oh, very well! Just as you choose, of course!" He drew back stiffly, and a little later crossed over and joined Mrs. Yarnell, who received him frostily, but permitted him to stay.

Little by little the night wore away. The moon sagged in the western sky, and to their weary eyes it looked sallow and worn. They were hungry, they were thirsty, a chill from the approaching fog crept upon them, and they huddled beneath the rugs. Toward dawn they all dozed more or less.

Then, slowly, the light strengthened, and it became possible for them to see one another more distinctly. It happened that both Patricia and Howard had their eyes open, though Blaisdell was asleep, when Bob roused himself from a troubled dream and looked at Mrs. Yarnell, still napping opposite him. He stared, blinked, rubbed his eyes, stared again, and muttered under his breath:

"For the love of Mike!"

She had wound a lace scarf around her head and dropped an end over her face, but this had loosened and fallen away while she slept, revealing the ravages of the night. The creeping mist had worked its will with her carefully waved hair, leaving it in dank, straight, disordered loops and straggling ends, from which the nib of a switch protruded. The dampness, too, had wiped from her face its bloom of powder, and the line of demarkation between the skilfully applied rouge and her now pallid cheek was distinctly visible. Nervous irritation had painted deep shadows beneath her eyes, etched fretful lines about them, and drawn her lips into querulous, drooping curves; and the cold morning light, filtering through the fog, held no tender glow to soften the revelation.

For a long moment Bob stared, entirely unconscious that he also was under scrutiny. Then he arose, stretched, shook himself like a young dog, thrust his hands deep into his trousers pockets, looked once more at Elise, and ejaculated, "H'mph!"

Howard glanced at Patricia, and found her watching Chamberlain with so peculiar an intensity that a suspicion he had held all night was strengthened, and a smile flickered across his features. At the same instant Mrs. Yarnell opened her eyes, encountered Bob's disillusioned gaze, and dropped the rug she was holding to clutch at the displaced veil. When he stooped to pull the rug over her again, she exclaimed:

"Oh, do go away! For Heaven's sake let me alone!"

"I'll do that, all right!" he returned, and immediately joined Peterson, on watch at the wheel, to discuss once more the probabilities of an early rescue.

Instantly averting his glance from the widow's face, lest he embarrass her further, Howard looked at Patricia. Her eyes were closed, and she seemed very tired. As he watched her, he thought her lips trembled, and presently he was amazed to see a tear force itself between her twitching eyelids and roll down her cheek.

Presently, however, she regained command of herself and was blithely chatting with Blaisdell and the engineer when she broke off in the middle of a word to exclaim:

"What's that?" Stooping quickly, she picked up a metal pin and flourished it. "Here's your extra spark plug, Peterson!"

"What!" Everybody sat up.

"Here it is!" Howard corroborated.

"Must have been kicking around underfoot all night."

"Well, for the love of Mike! Peterson, you're a bird!" Bob eyed his boatman disgustedly. "Keeping us out here all night—"

"We're equally guilty, I think," Howard interposed. "We all looked for it, you know, and none of us saw it."

"Well, stick it in, for Pete's sake, and see if you can keep that tea-kettle going until we get ashore! I'll take the wheel, Peterson, and you run the engine yourself," Bob commanded, and in thirty seconds they were under way.

Finding that he could not dislodge Howard from his place beside Patricia, Blaisdell, perforce, joined Elise, sitting alone swathed in scarf and rugs on the other side of the boat, and the girl seized the opportunity to whisper, under cover of the rushing waters:

"Now, Mr. Howard! Now's your time! If you really want Bob to go to Brazil, strike now! To-day!"

"So it wasn't an accident?" He looked down at her amusedly.

"No—it wasn't an accident."

"I thought there might be method in your madness. Where *was* that spark plug?"

"Kate had it. I— Mr. Howard, I came down here to do this; but—oh, I didn't want to do it this way!" Again tears threatened, and she paused a moment before asking, unsteadily: "Do—do you think she—cares? Really cares, I mean?"

"My dear child, of course she cares!" His own eyes were moist and their light was warm. "We don't blame birds and beasts of prey for seeking their succulent morsels where they can find them. That's nature's way. But we protect men from them when we can—and you've saved a man!

He talked until they reached the dock at High Haven, and as Patricia listened her eyes regained their starry light, a faint color crept into her cheeks, and the sunlight, burning through the mists, caught and reflected in bright glints from the curling tendrils of her hair.

Just before luncheon Blaisdell was called to the telephone at Fairweather Hill, and this is what he heard:

"Hello, Billy! Had a good nap? . . . Oh, I'm all right! Billy, did you notice it didn't 'worrk'? . . . That emotion we were discussing this afternoon. The cold light of dawn seemed to congeal it, somehow, so of course it wasn't 'thrue.' That's a perfectly good theory! . . . Yes, Bob, of course. . . . No; that's settled definitely now!" She laughed. . . . "Besides, he's leaving for Brazil next week. . . . Yes, for Mr. Howard. . . . No, his mother doesn't like it, but he's promised, just the same. . . . Surely! I'm enchanted! Isn't it what I've been working for all the time? . . . No, I know you didn't believe it. I want to tell you something else, too. You've overplayed the part a little sometimes, but on the whole you've been very helpful, Billy. Thank you so much! And—*hasta la vista!* . . . Yes, I'm going to-day. . . . Not by the afternoon train. Now—in five minutes. . . . Well, for one thing, there's a cry from Macedonia, and as a conscientious angel-at-large I can't refuse to help, you know. . . . No, I can't possibly wait until you get here. . . . Perhaps because I promised not to let anybody clip my wings—and I think you'd try! She who fights and runs away!" She was laughing again. "Never mind where I'm going. I don't quite know myself yet—and think of all those important engagements you ought to be keeping! . . . But you always *were* afraid the girl crop would run out, you know. . . . Yes, I do! I think you're perfectly sincere today, Billy dear, but—other days, other girls—and 'to-morrow will be another day.' . . . Well"—did her voice soften and tremble, or did he imagine it?—"I believe one thing. 'Av it's thrue, it worrks,' Billy! Meanwhile—*hasta la vista!*"

The minister slammed the receiver into the hook and raced down-stairs, demanding a car instantly. When he was half-way to High Haven, however, he saw Patricia's monoplane soar into the air and turn toward Mineola. He went back to Fairweather Hill, announced that his mail had contained an imperative summons to Washington, and began packing. Two hours later he was off in pursuit of the escaping angel-at-large.

[THE END.]

One of Those Nice Little Evenings

BY STEPHEN WHITMAN

YES, all this happened very much as I tell it, some time ago, of course—in fact, when the world was young.

The spring air was soft and sweet. The sun was declining. Dino and I were sitting in Giacosa's, on Via Tornabuoni, in Florence. Dino was languidly scraping away at a raspberry sherbet. Suddenly he asked me, "What are your views about reincarnation?"

But to relish this inquiry one ought to know more about Dino.

His full name is Don Dino d'Idria. He is the youngest son of a titled, vain, impoverished Tuscan family. Of course he has never done a stroke of work in his life. At eleven o'clock in the morning he rises, reads a little d'Annunzio, de Maupassant, or something like that; arrays himself like the lilies, and saunters forth to brighten the streets. In the afternoon he supports the façade of the Nobles Club in Via Tornabuoni, resting himself from time to time by sitting down in Doney's or Giacosa's. At the hour of promenade he is likely to take some exercise in Cascine Park, reclining on the small of his back in a cab, and bowing to left and right. As for the evening, to spend it with him is to draw a lottery-ticket from the hat of Fate.

In person Don Dino is striking. He would seem short, perhaps, if his lacquered boots were not furnished with heels two inches high. His figure, however, is admirable, due to the habit of Florentine tailors of cutting in the waist, and belling the skirts, and running the trousers up so high that they form an excellent substitute for a pair of stays. He wears his hat well on the back of his head, his gloves turned over his wrists, his cane-handle hooked on his arm like an officer's sword, his handkerchief in his cuff, close to the gold link-bracelet that has a history. The ladies adore him, and he is aware that they do.

"And what," asked this butterfly, "are your views on reincarnation?"

"Look here, Dino. Even supposing your latest inamorata goes in for theosophy, don't try to bone up at my expense toward seven o'clock on a beautiful evening of spring, when every one else is happy."

At that moment, as if to belie my last words, a tall young man with sandy curls and freckles plumped himself down at our table and buried his face in his hands.

"Who's this?" Dino whispered.

"An Englishman named Percival Lassofram."

"And why is he plunged in despair?"

"Despair is his habit."

"Will he go away soon?"

"Most likely he'll still be with us at midnight."

Sighing, Dino addressed the newcomer politely, "Signore, we may as well warn you that we always talk about deep, dry, uninteresting things—for instance, reincarnation."

Mr. Lassofram raised his face, fixed his mournful eyes on Dino, and shook his head in reproof. "You ought to employ your time with sensible conversation. I'll wager you know very little about the medieval landmarks of Paris?"

"Nothing, thank Heaven!"

"In that case, high time you did." And in sepulchral monotone he began to lecture about the medieval landmarks of Paris.

But a word of explanation.

Percival Lassofram comes of good north-of-England stock. In his early youth he was expected to make some sort of reputable career. At Oxford, however, fatality impelled him to write a thesis on "The Probable Position of the Fourth Gate of the Cemetery of the Innocents, in Paris, Anno Domini

1453." That false step had ruined him; his subsequent existence had been one long debauch in medieval research.

On the present occasion he wore a homespun suit the pockets of which were distended with rubbish like gunny-sacks on a donkey. His sleeves and trousers were short length even for British wear. The cut of his jacket round the neck suggested that he had taken it away from some little boy. In his emerald-green cravat he wore a stick-pin supposed to be made of a tooth of Philippe de Commines.

"Now, then," he was mumbling, "if we glance at the streets of the university quarter of Paris we find, in the fifteenth century, Rue Sacalie, Rue Arondelle, La Rue Pavée—"

All at once we noticed that there were not three, but four of us at the table.

A small, pallid man, with tufts of black beard all over his chin; with delicate, twitching features and bulbous brow, sat listening to Mr. Lassofram with a satirical grin. He wore a Byronic collar, a Windsor tie, a frock-coat with velvet cuffs, and purple pantaloons. Dino made an instinctive gesture as though to touch the intruder and find out whether or not he was real. I recovered myself and stammered:

"Don Dino d'Idria and Mr. Percival Lassofram, I present Monsieur Demoustier, the eminent French poet."

Monsieur Demoustier settled down in his chair and dreamily batted his eyes. Mr. Lassofram informed him:

"We were discussing the medieval landmarks of Paris."

"And also," Dino amended, "reincarnation."

Monsieur Demoustier replied in a slightly hysterical voice, "Both topics are familiar to me, for I happen to be the reincarnation of François Villon."

With which, just as if we had pressed him to continue, he drifted into a rigmarole of his own—a rambling tale of crime and poesy, of pothouse and gallows, of kisses and stabbings and prayers; in fine, a slap-dash synopsis of François Villon's life, which he was pleased to pretend had once been his. At first, with his staring eyeballs and quivering whiskers, he held us fascinated, just as a voluble bogy might. But when he showed no signs of fatigue we rose and made for the street. He accompanied us, still talking of François Villon. We walked along Via Tornabuoni, we bowed to our friends, we bought cigars which we thrust into the eminent poet's mouth, but still he continued talking of François Villon. We hurried into Piazza Vittorio; we sat down at a café table; we tried to gag him with syrupy beverages, but still he continued talking of François Villon. We told him that a beautiful lady was beckoning to him, that he showed all the symptoms of cholera, that his house was on fire, but still he continued talking of François Villon. We consulted in hoarse whispers:

"Apparently this pest is going to be with us till sunrise."

"All the same, need he keep us from eating?"

"Let's dine at the Alhambra, where we can look at a show."

"Good enough. Arianna is singing there this week."

"Hurrah! We'll ask her to dinner."

So, packing ourselves in a cab, we set out for the Alhambra.

The coachman cracking his whip, the horse sending sparks from the cobbles, we bowled through Via Pietra Piana. That narrow, crowded street swam in dusk, was shot with shafts of lamplight, re-echoed with laughter and cheery cries. Behind us the green and amethyst afterglow was fading fast; ahead, above the roofs of old palaces, the sky was dotted with stars. The walls fled back; Piazza Beccheria surrounded us; we alighted before the Alhambra. And still Monsieur Demoustier was talking of François Villon.

Under the trees, on the terrace to the left of the stage, above the pit with its huddle of iron tables, we ordered dinner—spaghetti, stuffed egg-plants, filets of beef with chopped garlic, white truffle salad, all the fruits of the season. And just at that moment who should be passing but Arianna. And when we had asked her to dinner, where should she chance to sit but alongside of me.

Arianna is beautiful in various ways. For those who admire brunettes, there are her eyes and brows; for amateurs of blondes, there is her flaxen hair. She

is slender, and yet somehow she is not. She is tall on the stage, but not so tall in the street. When she looks at you with grave lips, she seems about twelve years old; when she smiles one accepts the story that three young men have tried suicide on her account. Her hands and feet are dainty; her cheek is like the skin of a ripe yellow peach; her manners are modeled after those of princesses whom she has watched in Cascine Park and on the Pincian Hill. She was born in old Naples, five flights aloft in an alley; her father was probably a Camorrista; her mother sang on the sidewalks. Arianna has proved that environment and heredity have nothing to do with success.

Arianna is one of the few that you can bear to contemplate while she is eating spaghetti. She does not coil that noble food round her fork like a timid American. She does not, as do prudish English girls, cut it up into fragments and smuggle it down like string-beans. Somehow she establishes between her lovely mouth and the plate a continuous current of dough, without disarranging her face, without losing a bit of her daintiness, without ceasing for an instant to be ideal. And when the spaghetti has all disappeared one loves Arianna the more because, while as exquisite as a flower, she has such an appetite!

We whispered together, like those who confess pet frailties, of the cookery we liked best: macaroni with Neapolitan shell-fish, young lamb in anchovy sauce, figs and ham, grilled eels with bay-leaves, and so on, and so on, and so on. "How strange," Arianna mused, "that our tastes are so much alike!" And I was emboldened to utter that famous phrase, "We seem made for each other!"

But just then Arianna had to clap her hands to her ears, for Mr. Lassofram was checking off his medieval landmarks again, and Dino was once more trying to talk theosophy, while Monsieur Demoustier, in his high, hysterical voice, was drowning out every one with the same old balderdash.

"What's the matter with that Frenchman?" Arianna inquired of me.

"The wretch is the reincarnation of François Villon."

"François?"

"An old song-writing apache of Paris."

"His stuff is good?"

"So-so."

"Send me something of his. My songs are all poor this year. Any other artist would surely have failed with them."

"The theosophists tell us," Dino was saying, "that man has seven bodies, though three are only a sort of ethereal gas. But three from seven leaves four; and with four material bodies no one can blame me for having a little more to eat."

"Then," Mr. Lassofram announced, in a loud and resolute tone, "when we turn to the streets in the *Cité*, we find, in the fifteenth century, Rue des Coulins, Rue Sainct-Christofle, Rue Champ Roussy—"

ARRAYS HIMSELF LIKE THE LILIES AND SAUNTERS FORTH

"*Madonnina!*" cried Arianna, crossing herself. "Are all of them mad?"

"Have no fear. Snuggle up to me. I will protect you."

Arianna and I, huddled close together, consumed our *filetto alla Parigina*. She uses a perfume composed of bergamot, orange, rosemary, ambergris, musk, and rhodium, which she says she mixes herself. But because so delicate a scent is quickly dispelled by the air, in order to sense it properly one has to stick one's nose very close to Arianna's fair cheek. Unhappily, just at the psychological moment a fanfare of trumpets resounded, and I, being more or less overwrought, upset my plate in my lap.

The curtain rose. On the stage a young woman in a peculiar costume pranced to and fro, rolled her eyes, and shouted a song. When she finished, the only sound that ensued was the wrangling of Monsieur Demoustier and Mr. Percival Lassofram, as to whether, in François Villon's time, the Rue de Paon ran into the Rue de la Serpente.

"Ignoramus!"

"Take that to yourself!"

"I tell you I know my subject!"

"And I, monsieur, walked those streets myself in my incarnation as—"

"Frantic ass! I leave it to any one!"

"Very well," Arianna interrupted; "this gentleman shall decide." And she designated a tremendously stout, and abundantly bejeweled stranger, who, hovering over our table like a balloon, stared down at us from above a wealth of chins.

"Why that gentleman!"

"Why not?" Arianna retorted, and waved the Obese Unknown to a chair. He sat down, but with an effect of merely stopping a moment before floating up, in his scarlet waistcoat and shepherd-plaid suit and pearl gaiters, to add the magnificence of his scarf-pin and rings and fobs to the stars.

"Sir," said Monsieur Demoustier, intensely, "did or did not Rue du Paon give upon Rue de la Serpente?"

The Obese Unknown gazed at us vacantly. He raised his eyes to the foliage, took a sip of Arianna's coffee, at last pronounced:

"There is something to be said on both sides of that question. If Rue du Paon gave upon Rue de la Serpente, then Rue de la Serpente would seem to have given on Rue du Paon. If, on the other hand, Rue du

A TREMENDOUSLY STOUT, BEJEWELED STRANGER HOVERED OVER OUR TABLE LIKE A BALLOON

Paon did not, neither, apparently, did Rue de la Serpente. Yet we have not only these quandaries already stated, but an infinite variety of closely related dilemmas, all of which must be investigated before the problem is solved. For instance, resorting to algebra, and letting *x* and *y* . . ."

Figuring on the table-cloth with a long gold pencil incrusted with opals, he rumbled into a monologue of his own. Dino, Percival Lassofram, Monsieur Demoustier, sinking down in their chairs, regarded the stranger with fallen jaws. I, for my part, sent a glance of reproach at Arianna.

But Arianna was gone!

TWO YOUNG CAVALRY OFFICERS IN A CORNER

The audience tolerated the various actors. A juggler earned three hand-claps, a mimic a "brava" or two, a dancer an encore. The house was saving its fire for Arianna.

The front rows of red-plush chairs were occupied by senile gentlemen whose faces had long ago shriveled up in the glare of footlights, by youths about town whose intention it was to look romantic when Arianna came on, by cavalry officers smart and gorgeous and haughty. The pit was crowded with family parties—old folk and children, married pairs and affianced, stout bersaglieri and pretty, pale cigarette-girls. The iron tables bristled with glasses of syrup and sherbet. Smoke hung overhead in a pale-blue film; the mingling leaves formed a net of arsenical green which caught a haze of star-dust.

But hark! As the curtain rises again the opening bars of "*La Bella Giardiniera*" are lost in a crash of applause. For it is Arianna who walks down the stage in a simple pink dress, erect, unassuming, and halts with a dazzling smile.

"To try to kiss her is a foolish thing,
The while she plucks her roses in the morn:
'Tis true her lips are perfumed with the spring,
And yet, for every rose there is a thorn. . . ."

Dino, Mr. Lassofram, Monsieur Demoustier, and I, like all the crowd below us, hang breathless on the story of La Bella Giardiniera. But the Obese Unknown remains indifferent! Wheezing, smiting his brow, scribbling on the table-cloth already covered with mathematical signs, he persists at the problem of Rue du Paon and Rue de la Serpente. Surely inhuman beneath his elephantine tissues, to act like this while Spring herself is caroling under these Italian stars! A roar of voices: "*Brava! Bravissima!*" The Obese Unknown, lifting his jowls from his scarlet waistcoat, exclaims, with a look of terrible exultation:

"I've solved it both ways!"

We ignore him. She sings again and again. The youths about town open their arms to her. The senile gentlemen utter cracked cries of joy. The army officers bang their sword-scabbards against the ground. The fathers of families, the fiancés, the bersaglieri hammer the iron-topped tables with beer and sherbet glasses. At last she vanishes and the stars seem dimmer. Dismissed to reality, we perceived that the Obese Unknown has removed the

table-cloth, turned it wrong side up, and on it, with Dino's cane for a ruler, is marking off musical staves.

"And what's the meaning of this?"

"You see here a sheet of music, or, if you wish, a table-cloth of music. Taking pity on Arianna, I am about to compose a real song-hit." He peered into space, poised his opal-incrusted pencil, and suddenly warbled in waltz-time: "Mi, sol, si! Mi, sol, la! Mi, sol, si!"

THE OBESE PERSON HAD DISCOVERED A GUITAR IN THE PANTRY

Throwing himself across the table-cloth, he began marking in his notes.

"He is mad."

"Without a doubt."

"She's saddled us with a madman for the rest of the night."

Resentfully Dino and I watched the final act on the programme. The stage was invaded by undersized acrobats in cream-colored tights, as eager for approbation as a lot of good little dogs. Yet despite the most violent efforts of these poor mountebanks, the audience showed that lethargy which follows excessive emotion. Many, indeed, with lowered heads ignored the performers, grew pensive, and doubtless dreamed of castles in Spain made doubly precious by Arianna's smile.

Meanwhile, to the obbligato of flutes and fiddles, one heard Monsieur Demoustier maundering on and on about François Villon. But without the slightest warning Mr. Lassofram pulled the famous Parisian's nose.

Monsieur Demoustier gave vent to a howl, bounced up from the table, attempted to kick Mr. Lassofram with

WE TROOPED OFF TO THE DUEL

both feet at once. In consequence he came down with a thud upon the Obese Unknown, who, looking up sidewise while tracing a clef on the table-cloth, protested:

"In Heaven's name, have some regard for my afflatus!"

Whatever he meant by his afflatus, Dino and I now had the combatants in hand. And while we were struggling to maintain this tableau, all at once we noticed that Arianna was back.

"Well," she demanded, briskly, pulling on her gloves, "are we ready for supper?"

The Obese Unknown rolled up the table-cloth, linked arms with Arianna, and led the way out. Since Arianna was off, what had we others to do but follow after?

To the scandal of the assembled cab-drivers, we all piled into one vehicle. Arianna was wedged between the Obese Unknown and myself. Mr. Lassofram and Dino perched themselves on the folding-seat. Monsieur Demoustier was sent to Coventy beside the driver. The latter inquired:

"Where to, ladies and gentlemen all?"

"To Ciofini's!"

"Get up, Bag of Bones, So-and-so of a So-and-so!"

Crack! Crack! Clackety-clack! We were off to supper.

THERE GAPED OUT AT US A DESPERATE-LOOKING OLD BRIGAND

As the cab careened through suburban streets I addressed Arianna: "That voice of yours! You're wasting it here. Have you never thought of Grand Opera?" She sent me a thrilling glance by the light of a lamp that whirled by. I raved on, "You ought to sing at La Scala, the Paris Opera House, the Metropolitan!"

It seemed to me the Obese Unknown was choking. But Arianna replied:

"That's where I'd be, indeed, if others

had as much sense as you." And to prove it she uttered, full voice, the notes of Maliella in the "Jewels of the Madonna":

"I love thee, my love!
I am all thine!
Bear me away,
Strength more than mine!"

Of course, at this moment we had to reach Ciofini's.

Traversing the restaurant, we sallied out to the terrace. Here tables were scattered about beneath lamp-lit trees; beyond the railing expanded a lovely nocturnal landscape. We seemed to be either early or late; the only other patrons were two young cavalry officers in a corner.

"YOU ARE NOT ANGRY WITH ME?" MURMURED ARIANNA

"Ruggero! Ruggero! Ruggero!"

The faithful Ruggero, with Dundreary whiskers of pepper and salt, came tripping over his apron. He had only run to fetch for our inspection a plate of raw sole, fresh from Leghorn.

Straightway the Obese Unknown discovered a guitar in the pantry. Balancing this instrument across his abdomen, he struck a few chords and brilliantly played some bars of "Scheherezade."

"Who tangoes?" Arianna demanded.

I circled that exquisite waist with a trembling hand. The Obese Unknown plucked the strings, and delicately they buzzed to the air that Totonno sings:

"Larà, Larà, thou wilt make me die of love for thee. . . ."

We tangoed. The breath of Arianna, as one turns with her from stepping in one direction and steps in another, is like the flowers of an Italian evening. The smile of Arianna, as she recedes and comes close, is like the dawn transfiguring a garden of lilies. The stars swam in circles; the purple-black trees made obeisance; the nightingales, in the hedges below the terrace, warbled their ecstasy. Boccaccio and Fiammetta, Petrarch and Laura, Catullus and Lesbia; rich shades and mellow lights; tinkling notes and the rustle of nature; bergamot, rosemary, ambergris, and the scent of the night breeze; Italy, beauty, illusions of romance!

The Obese Unknown, benignantly nodding, thrummed on with his swollen, bedizened fingers. The others, however, watched us morosely. One of the cavalry officers covered his eyes with his hands.

"Hesitation waltz?"

So the amiable guitarist produced some echoes from the "Tales of Hoffmann."

"Night sublime, oh, night of love,
Oh, smile on our embraces. . . ."

But the musician seemed dissatisfied with this fine old tune. At a word from him Ruggero held up before his eyes the Alhambra table-cloth. We had his own composition:

"Mi, sol, si! Mi, sol, la! Mi, sol, si!"

"Booby! Idiot! Insufferable blight!" These words in English, a ripping sound, and a crash brought our waltz to a stop. Monsieur Demoustier had disappeared under the table. Mr. Lassofiam, with a Berserk look, stood brandishing in his fist a Byronic collar and a Windsor tie. It would seem that the eminent French poet had mentioned François Villon again.

But Monsieur Demoustier did not remain under the table. He rose with all his tufts of black beard on end; he cried out for a duel to the death, and, weeping, he begged the two young officers in the corner to act as his seconds.

"NIGHT DIVINE, OH, NIGHT OF LOVE—"

This pair, almost unbearably gorgeous in their blue jackets with flaming cuffs, their dove-colored pantaloons, and their shiny swords, lost no time in joining us. With an air of mingled humility, pride, and delight they introduced themselves. Lieutenant Bartolommeo Luigi da Vita Avanzi, of the cavalry of Cremona, was the small, wiry, long-nosed youth with the large, liquid eyes, which fixed themselves violently on Arianna. Lieutenant Eduardo Rodolfo Cipollinetti Pollio, also of the Cremona cavalry, was the tall, wasp-waisted, hollow-cheeked young man with the squint, which languorously focused itself on Arianna.

The soldiers, Dino, and the Obese Unknown consulted apart, the last, at every pause in the conversation, plucking sad chords from his guitar. Arianna informed me:

"They're all ridiculous except you."

"But I begin to feel a little flighty myself."

"Ha, ha, ha!" When Arianna laughs it is like a chime of bells in the Abbey of Thelème. "Ha, ha, ha! It's true; you're no better than other folks."

"Hang it all! Then let's go down and look at the nightingales."

"They're gone. It's too dark to see them. My slippers will be soaked with the dew."

Nevertheless, we went down from the terrace to look at the nightingales.

In the shadows of a neglected garden Arianna is like a nymph in the brake. The starlight, drained through the leaves, plays hide-and-seek with her eyes, her chin, her lips. The path is narrow; she walks ahead with a swaying gait. Her white, curling fingers brush the hedgetops; she stoops to a flower; she kisses her hand to a firefly. She goes more slowly, looks back and smiles, and in the gloom her smile is a thrilling riddle. Thus Leonora d'Este in her vague gardens at Tivoli; thus Tasso, poor wretch! heart thumping, brain whirling, held back and urged forward, half doubting and half believing the call of the spring.

Arianna is moved to hum:

"Night divine, oh, night of love. . . ."

Arianna's hand is like a rose-leaf cooled by the dew.

The spell is shattered by a shout from the terrace. Over the railing bends the

Obese Unknown—if one of his figure may be said to bend—and bawls down into the shadows, "How often must one call before you take notice?"

A cry from Arianna: "You'll break the railing, and fall and smash all your bones!"

"Pooh!" said I. "Let him."

"And what do you find so interesting down there?"

"We're watching the nightingales."

"You're watching your grandmother's parrot! Come up here as fast as you can! The duel is arranged and we're off to fight it."

"I've never seen a duel," murmured Arianna, wistfully.

"Nor I. But I'm willing to wait till the next one."

"A duel would be a novelty," Arianna sighed as if to herself, unconsciously accenting the second word of her phrase. After that we returned to the others.

On one side of the terrace Monsieur Demoustier stood flanked by the two lieutenants. On the other side appeared Mr. Lassofram with Dino and the Obese Unknown.

"Ruggero has a friend who is concierge of a neighboring villa. The villa is empty just now, so we fight the duel in the garden among the flowers."

"It is true, signori," Ruggero said, proudly, sticking his Dundreary whiskers out of the pantry. "The flowers of all the world are there—the rose, the mignonette, the pansy, the violet—"

"Then let us be off."

Ruggero's face went blank. "But now," he cried, "the supper is ready to serve!"

"The supper?" returned the Obese Unknown. "Bah! Serve it in the garden of your old friend the concierge!"

And with a magnificent gesture that made all his rings shed sparks he led the way out through the restaurant, playing on the guitar the "Funeral March of a Marionette." We trooped off to the duel, Ruggero in his apron running ahead with the cutlery, the wine, the bread, the *hors d'œuvre*.

HIS SCARLET WAISTCOAT SHAKING LIKE A VAST MOUND OF CRANBERRY JELLY

Midway of a cobbly lane overhung with ilex-trees loomed the gate of the fatal garden. Ruggero, his hands being full, showered kicks on those stout wooden portals studded all over with nails. And presently there gaped out at us from under a lantern a desperate-looking old brigand in nightcap and nightshirt.

"Bloody blood of a pig of an executioner!" was his exclamation.

"Girolamo! See; it is I, Ruggero!"

"I see thee, Ruggero."

"Here are some ladies and gentlemen who want to fight a duel in thy garden."

"A duel! What with, Holy Family! Spoons and forks? Napkins and platters?"

"Oh, these are for the supper which the ladies and gentlemen also wish to enjoy in thy beautiful garden."

"An apoplexy on my beautiful garden if this is what it brings me!"

All the same, we walked in. Girolamo, having slammed the gate, went off to a

marble bench, sat down by his lantern, wagged his nightcap tassel, and groaned:

"Duels! Suppers! Guitars! Disguises! A *ballo in maschera!* A chimera! An indigestion! But, body of Bacchus, if I am really asleep, to the devil with the garden; dreams will not hurt it!"

The garden, as a matter of fact, was exquisite. High walls of stucco inclosed it, crowned with a wealth of roses. And the orange-trees spread over the flower-plats were weighted with roses. And roses covered the boxwood hedges, the corpulent urns of terra-cotta, the statues of cupids and satyrs, the pillars of a small pergola half circling the fountain-basin. And through this vague paradise of blossoms and jetting water floated the fireflies—here and gone, there and gone, everywhere at once, a swimming, vanishing, widespread mist of faery light.

"You are not angry with me?" murmured Arianne.

We were sitting side by side on the edge of the fountain-basin, while Dino and the lieutenants marked off a fencing-space. This was proving a difficult feat for them. Camillo had served the *hors d'œuvre*, so the seconds, with napkins stuck in their collars, were eating while pacing the ground. Meanwhile the Obese Unknown, having gobbled that course and polished his plate with a crust, sat back beneath a statue of Venus, his scarlet waistcoat shaking like a vast mound of cranberry jelly. Mr. Lassofram and Monsieur Demoustier were not to be seen.

"You are angry? Oh, look! Hold your match to the water! See all the goldfish!"

"Goldfish are not nightingales."

Arianna had the good grace to hang her head.

But now the Obese Unknown resumes his guitar. Coughing affectedly, he gives us in a flexible falsetto:

"The blonde who loved me so,
And made me many a vow,
Kissed me and bade me go:
'I do not love you now.'
So all the ladies do!
So all the ladies do!
Love is a bore;
Soon becomes old;
Vows by the score;
Kiss and turn cold. . . ."

"Ruggero! I've eaten the olives, the salami, the artichokes in oil, the anchovies, the radishes, the tunny-fish, the peppers, the sardines, the pickled onions, but where the dickens is my *sole Marguery?*"

"Behold!" cries the faithful Ruggero from the road, and enters the garden at a dog-trot with the second course. Dino and the cavalry of Cremona adjourn to the fountain.

By Lieutenant Avanzi: "Does the most gentle signorina permit one to sit at her feet?"

By Lieutenant Pollio: "As Dante knelt before Beatrice—"

"Dante! You are the reincarnation of Dante, perhaps?"

"To-night I am all the great lovers of the past rolled into one, for I gaze on all the beauties of other days combined in a single form. I seem to see the brow of Héloïse, the cheek of Lucrezia, the smile of La Gioconda, the blush of Elena of Troy—"

"Red wine or white?"

"The throat of Poppæa Sabina—"

"Have some more sole."

"The form of Venus Anadyomene—"

"Salt? Pepper?"

"A pinch of arsenic?"

"A loaded pistol?"

"A rope?"

"Gentlemen! Do you intend to insult me?"

Lieutenant Pollio rises to his full height, steps back indignantly, catches his heels on the basin-rim, and amidst a geyser of water and goldfish disappears into the fountain. One should always ignore the small mishaps liable to occur at these functions. We continue our supper.

"A charming garden."

"Who owns it?"

"How should I know?"

"Let's see. We are here because—"

"Of course! We are here for that duel! But where are the principals?"

"Girolamo, have you seen a tall signore with red hair, and a short signore without a collar or tie?"

Girolamo, the concierge, put down his plate and waggled his nightcap tassel indifferently. "Blood pudding! What should I see, since somebody has taken my lantern? Ah, but I know who it

was, all the same! It was one of those ghosts."

"Those ghosts?"

"Certainly. Ruggero neglected to tell you that this garden is haunted?" And, crossing his bare legs, Girolamo related: "It was long ago, when the Austrians —may they all die in a prison—possessed this city. In fact, a young Austrian lady was the cause of the duel, a pretty person, they say, if one is sympathetic to yellow locks. For my part, I prefer them black-haired, pale of skin, with a sort of eel-like saunter, and eyes with a *morbidezza* about them that give you more in one glance than those foreign women could tell in a day. May God go on making the girls of Florence, say I! Anyhow, it was here, in this garden, that the duel was fought, and as each at the same time spitted the other one, they expired together, mixed up on the ground like a puzzle. But they had neglected to bring a priest along—for in fact no priest would attend such a party—so naturally they have to return every night seeking absolution. A moment ago they both came floating to me over the flowers, now sinking into the earth, now rising into the air. But, pshaw! I am used to them! 'A loan of your lantern?' 'Take it,' I said, 'and welcome.'"

"And where are they now?"

"Should I know? You might look in the fountain."

"The fountain!" cried the Obese Unknown, slapping a hand to his forehead. "Lieutenant Pollio, of the cavalry of Cremona!"

And indeed none could recollect having seen that young man since he disappeared in the fountain.

All of us approached the fountain-basin on tiptoe. Lieutenant Avanzi, dissolved in tears, unsheathed his sword and prodded about in the water. Lieutenant Pollio was gone.

"And so is my guitar," exclaimed the Obese Unknown.

"And so is Dino!"

But there came from beyond the garden wall the faint thrum of that instrument, and Dino's voice raised in song. We ran across to the gate. Far down the lane the light of a wayside shrine illumined the form of Don Dino d'Idria, who, gazing up at the windows of another villa, was plaintively singing:

"Oh, my Acacia-flower!
Believing in love is madness,
And trusting in girls is sadness,
Oh, my Acacia-flower!
Oh, beauty of melancholy!
Oh, my Acacia-flower!
But first let us have some gladness,
For loving is such sweet folly,
Oh, my Acacia-flower!
Let Love, let Love play the gamin!
Life without love is famine!
Life without love is famine!"

"Don Dino! Don Dino! That villa is empty, too!"

He renounced us with a gesture of scorn. We returned to the garden.

Arianna, Lieutenant Avanzi, and I strolled up and down the paths. Lieutenant Avanzi whispered in Arianna's ear: "How often I sat there, hoping for one glance of your eyes across the footlights! Again and again I thought, This time she will look! This time she will comprehend my pathetic adoration!"

What a simpleton a man can make of himself with a pretty woman!

We had reached a little pagoda set in a bower of bloom, a windowless stone pagoda intended, no doubt, for the gardener's tools. I pushed open the door. The dying light of Girolamo's lantern revealed Monsieur Demoustier and Percival Lassofram dealing out a tattered pack of cards on an upturned wheelbarrow. I came out just in time to see Lieutenant Avanzi drop Arianna's hand.

"No duel," I announced, perhaps with more bitterness than the news demanded.

"How so, no duel?" asked Lieutenant Avanzi, effusively.

"Go in and look."

The lieutenant entered the little pagoda. I shut the door on his heels. I turned the key in the lock. I removed the key and threw it over the garden wall. Arianna and I resumed our promenade.

The faithful Ruggero had stacked his tableware and departed. Remained the Obese Unknown and the concierge, who sat face to face astride the marble bench, playing *mora* for coppers. But still the roses dispelled their sweetness; the fire-

flies glittered among the petals; the fountain purled on; the breeze rustled invisible coverts. And suddenly a nightingale burst into song.

"They have followed us here! One might see them to-night, after all!"

A dull rumble from the direction of the pagoda.

"Thunder?" cries Arianna.

"Look at the stars."

"It isn't good to look too much at the stars."

From a distant tower the clang of bell—once, twice.

"*Madonna mia!* Two o'clock in the morning."

"See, at the end of the path, that little cupid aiming his bow!" But Arianna has disappeared.

The wall of roses sways, scattering dewdrops. The thickets rustle together on a vague sheen of pallor and gold. Twigs whip the face; thorns touch the hands; a new vista appears; an indistinct form goes fluttering; a tinkle of laughter rises, falls, melts into the fountain's ripple.

"Arianna!"

Somewhere a nymph sings mockingly in the foliage:

"Night divine, oh, night of love—"

A rush over flower-beds, an answering patter of feet. Here a pale shape stands motionless. Confusion! It is a statue!

"Arianna! Arianna!"

The Obese Unknown had taken up the cry. From the other side of the garden she answered him. Yes, from diametrically opposite thickets we entered the open space round the fountain.

There the Obese Unknown was counting coppers into Girolamo's palm. To me he complained: "Why the deuce do I gamble so madly? I always lose."

"Unlucky at games—"

"Sure enough. I have my recompense, eh?" And to Arianna, while reaching out his bejeweled, sausage-like fingers to pinch her cheek, "Eh, Core of my Heart?"

She looked demure, then said in the jolliest tone to me, "Do you know, I believe I've forgotten all evening to introduce my husband!"

The Obese Unknown gravely pointed his toes, flourished his hat, and made a gymnastic bow.

"Signore," he rumbled, grandly, "it is a satisfaction to effect your valuable acquaintance."

They walked to the gate.

Arianna, over her shoulder, smiled wistfully, as who should say, "Forgive, but never forget!"

Arianna's husband called:

"Good night! To another of these nice little evenings!"

"Good night," echoed Arianna, sadly, twinklingly, perfidiously. "To another of these nice little evenings!"

Presently through the still air came back his flexible falsetto:

"They call me now La Bella Pastorella,
leru-lè,
And innocence in love is my best part,
leru-lè,
When all would have a corner of my
heart, leru-lè,
And say, 'I love you so, O Nina Bella,
leru-lè. . . ."

And soon, more faintly:

"So all the ladies do!
So all the ladies do. . . ."

And so forth. I returned to Girolamo, the concierge.

Girolamo was lighting his pipe, when, from the little pagoda that rumbling sounded again. He poised his match, nodded, shrugged philosophically.

"The ghosts are amusing themselves."

Sundry muffled crashes followed.

"Ah, for a fact, they're raising the dickens to-night! No doubt they'll keep it up till daybreak. Well, let them, poor souls. Give them their pleasure. A ghost's life must be a dull one at best. Is the Chianti all gone?" He shook the flask, hurled it into the fountain, and sat dejected. But after a while he resumed: "Where is that fat apparition with the finger-rings and scarlet waistcoat? And all the other masqueraders? And she of the yellow hair? Not bad, not bad for a blonde! Perhaps she was the ghost of the Austrian girl? Are you a ghost, too? What crime did you commit in life, that you sit so silent and wan, with your lip hanging down like the lip of a motherless calf? Tell me your tragic history." He yawned and stretched his arms. "I am strangely sleepy, although I well

know I'm dreaming in there in my bed. For of course the world was never like this. The world doesn't rain wine-flasks and banquets. The world doesn't offer musical wraiths, goblins that disappear into fountains, sprites that serenade empty houses. That's how we'd like the world to be sometimes, but not how it is. That is romance, not life. So I know I'm dreaming. However, so long as I'm dreaming, why not, in Heaven's name, go to sleep? Heigh-ho! Hum! Good repose, poor spirit!"

He pulled his nightcap over his ears, lay down on the marble bench, tucked his nightgown round his legs, and began to snore.

A sound of wheels at the gate.

"Signore! A large prince and a pretty princess have sent you this horse and cab as a token of their esteem."

We rattled cityward. The garden walls overhung with ilex-trees gave way to commonplace streets. The scent of the roses passed. The stars grew dim. At a familiar, prosaic door:

"Good night, signore!"

"Good night, Romance!"

And Romance, snapping his whip, drove clattering away.

"Oh, Tell Me How My Garden Grows"

BY MILDRED HOWELLS

OH, tell me how my garden grows,
Now I, no more, may labor there;
Do still the lily and the rose
Bloom on without my fostering care?

Do peonies blush as deep with pride,
The larkspurs burn as bright a blue,
And velvet pansies stare as wide
In wonder, as they used to do?

The tender things that would not blow
Unless I coaxed them, do they raise
Their petals in a sturdy row,
Forgetful, to the stranger's gaze?

Or do they show a paler shade,
And sigh a little in the wind
For one whose sheltering presence made
Their stepdame Nature less unkind?

Oh, tell me how my garden grows
Where I no more may take delight,
And if some dream of me it knows,
Who dream of it by day and night.

The Side of the Angels

A NOVEL

BY BASIL KING

"My lord, I am on the side of the angels."—DISRAELI.

CHAPTER I

THE difficulty was, in the first place, one of date—not the date of a month or a year, but of a generation or a century. Had Thorley Masterman found himself in love with Rosie Fay in 1760, or even in 1860, there would have been little to adjust and nothing to gainsay. In 1860 the Fays were still as good as the Thorleys, and almost as good as the Mastermans. Going back as far as 1760, the Fays might have been considered better than the Thorleys had the village acknowledged standards of comparison, while there were no Mastermans at all. That is, in 1760, the Mastermans still kept their status as yeomen, clergymen, and country doctors among the hills of Derbyshire, untroubled as yet by that spirit of unrest for conscience sake which had urged the Fays and the Thorleys out of the flat farmlands of East Anglia one hundred and thirty years before.

During the intervening period the flat farmlands remained only as an equalizing symbol. Thorleys, Fays, Willoughbys, and Brands worked for one another with the community of interests developed in a beehive, and intermarried. If from the process of intermarriage the Fays were, on the whole, excluded, the discrimination lay in some obscure instinct for affinity of which no one at the time was able to forecast the significance.

But by 1910 there was a difference, the difference apparent when out of the flat farmlands seismic explosion has thrown up a range of mountain peaks. For the expansion of the country which the middle nineteenth century had wrought, the Thorleys, Mastermans, Willoughbys, and Brands had been on the alert, with eyes watchful and calculations timed. The Fays, on the other hand, had gone on with the round of seed-time and harvest, contented and almost somnolent, awakening to find that the ages had been giving them the chances that would never come again. It was across the wreck of those chances, and across some other obstacles besides, that Thorley Masterman, for the first time since childhood, looked into the gray-green eyes of Rosie Fay and got the thrill of their wide-open, earnest beauty.

He was then not far from thirty years of age, having studied at a great American university, in Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, and obtained other sorts of knowledge of mankind. He knew Rosie Fay, in this secondary, grown-up phase of their acquaintance, as the daughter of his first patient, and he had obtained his first patient through the kindly intervention of Uncle Sim. From February to November, 1910, his "shingle" had hung in one of the two streets of the village without attracting a patient at all. He had already begun to feel his position a trial when his half-brother's daily jest turned it into a humiliation.

"Must be serious matter, Thor," Claude would say, "to be responsible for so many valuable lives."

Mr. Leonard Willoughby, his father's partner in the old "banking-and-broking" house of Toogood & Masterman, enjoyed the same sort of chaff. "Looking pale, Thor. Must be working too hard."

"Never mind, Thor," Mrs. Willoughby would encourage him. "When I'm

ill you shall get me—but then I'm never ill."

At such minutes her daughter Lois could only smile sympathetically and talk hurriedly of something else. As he had meant since boyhood to marry Lois Willoughby when the moment for marriage came, Thor counted this tactfulness in her favor.

Nevertheless, he was puzzled. Having disregarded his future possession of money and prepared himself for a useful career with all the thoroughness he could command, nobody seemed to want him. It was not that the village was overprovided with doctors. Every one admitted that it wasn't—otherwise he would not have settled in his native place. The village being really a township with a scattered population—except on the Thorley estate, which was practically part of a great New England city, where there were rows of suburban streets—it was quite insufficiently served by Dr. Noonan at one end and Dr. Hill at the other, for Uncle Sim in the Old Village could scarcely be said to count. No; the opening was good enough. The trouble lay, apparently, in Thorley Masterman himself. Making all allowances for the fact that a young physician must wait patiently, and win his position by degrees, he had reason to feel chagrined. He grew ashamed to pass the little house in the Old Village which he had fitted up as an office. He grew ashamed to go out in his runabout.

The runabout had been worse than an extravagance, since, on the ground that it would take him to his patients the more quickly, he had felt justified in borrowing its price. The most useful purpose it served now was to bring Mr. Willoughby home from town when unfit to come by himself. Otherwise its owner hated taking it out of the garage, especially if Claude were in sight. Claude had envied him the runabout at first, but soon found a way to work his feeling off.

"Anybody dying, old chap?" he would ask, with a curl of his handsome lip. "Hope you'll get to him in time."

It was while in the runabout, however, in the early part of a November afternoon, that the young doctor met his uncle Sim.

"Hello, Thor!" the latter called. "Where you off to? Was looking for you."

Thor brought the machine to a standstill. Uncle Sim threw a long, thin leg over his mare's back and was on the ground. "Whoa, Delia, whoa! Good old girl!"

He liked to believe that the tall bay was spirited. Standing beside Thor's runabout, he held the reins loosely in his left hand, while the right arm was thrown caressingly over Delia's neck. The outward and visible sign of his eccentricity was in his difference from every one else. In a community—one might say a country—in which each man did his utmost to look like every other man, the fact that Simeon Masterman was willing to look like no one but himself was sufficient to prove him, in the language of his neighbors, "a little off." It was sometimes said that he suggested Don Quixote—he was so tall, so gaunt, and so eager-eyed—and, except that there was no melancholy in his face, perhaps he did.

"Got a job for you." The old man's voice was nasal and harsh without being disagreeable.

Grown sensitive, Thor was on his guard. "Not one of your jobs that are given away with a pound of tea?" he said, suspiciously.

"I don't know about the pound of tea—but it's given away. Giving it away because I can't deal with it myself. Calls for some one with more ingenuity—so I've told 'em about you."

Thor laughed. "Don't wonder you're willing to give it up, Uncle Sim."

"You'll wonder still less when you've seen the patient. By the way, it's Fay's wife. 'Member old Fay, don't you?"

The young man nodded. "Used to be Grandpa Thorley's gardener. Has the greenhouses on father's land north of the pond. Some sort of row going on between him and father now. What's she got?"

"It's not what she's got, poor woman; it's what she hasn't got. That's what's the matter with her."

"I'm afraid it's a variety of symptom I never heard of."

"No; but you'll hear of it soon. Whoa, Delia! Steady! Good girl! If

you can treat it you'll be the most distinguished specialist in the country. Whoa, Delia! I'm giving you the chance to begin."

Thor wondered what was at the back of the old fellow's mind. There was generally something in what he said if you could think it out. "Since you've diagnosed the case, Uncle Sim—" he began, craftily.

"Can't I give you a tip for the treatment? No, I can't. And it wouldn't do any good if I did, because she won't take my medicine."

"Perhaps I could make her."

The old man laughed harshly. "You! That's good. Why, you'd be the first to make game of it yourself."

He had his left foot in the stirrup and his right leg over Delia's back before Thor could formulate another question. As with head thrown back he continued his amused chuckling, there was about him, in spite of his sixty years, a something irresponsible and debonair that would have pleased Franz Hals or Martin de Vos.

Within ten minutes Thor was knocking at the door of a small house with a mansard roof, situated in what had once been the apple-orchard of a farm. All but a sparse half-dozen of the trees had given place to lines of hothouses, through the glass of which he could see oblongs of vivid green. He was so preoccupied with the fact of paying his first visit to his first patient as scarcely to notice that the girl who opened the door was pretty. He almost ignored her.

"How do you do, Miss Fay? I'm Dr. Thorley Masterman. I believe your mother would like to see me. May I go to her at once?"

He was in the narrow hallway and at the foot of the stairs when she said: "You can go right up. But perhaps I ought to tell you that she's not—well, she's not very sick."

He looked at her inquiringly, getting the first faint impression of her beauty. "What's the matter, then?"

"That's what we don't know." After a second's hesitation she added, "Perhaps it's melancholy." Another second passed before she said, "We've had a good deal of trouble."

The tone touched him. Her way of holding her head, rather meekly, rather proudly, sufficiently averted to give him the curve of the cheek, touched him, too. "What kind of trouble?"

"Oh, every kind. But she'll tell you about it herself. It's all she'll talk about. That's why we can't do anything for her—and I don't believe you can."

"I'd better see."

Following her directions given from the foot of the stairs, he entered a barely furnished bedroom of which two sides leaned inward, to correspond to the mansard grading of the roof. One window looked out on the greenhouses, another toward Thorley's Pond. Beside the former, in a high, upholstered armchair, sat a tall woman, fully dressed in black, with a patchwork quilt of many colors across her knees. In spite of gray hair slightly disheveled, and wild gray eyes, she was a handsome woman who on a larger scale made him think of the girl down-stairs.

"How do you do, Mrs. Fay?" he began, feeling the burden of the situation to be on himself. "I'm Dr. Thor—"

"I know who you are," the woman said, ungraciously. "If you hadn't been a Masterman I shouldn't have sent for you."

He took a small chair, drawing it up beside her. "I know you've been treated by my uncle Sim—"

"He's a fool. Tries to heal a broken heart by feeding it on rainbows."

Thor smiled. "That's like him. And yet rainbows have been known to heal a broken heart before now."

"They won't heal mine. What I want is down on the solid earth." There was a kind of desperate pleading in her face as she added, "Why can't I have it?"

"That depends on what it is. If it's health—?"

"It's better than health."

He smiled. "I've always heard that health is pretty good, as things go—"

"It's good enough. But there's something better, and that's patience. If you've got patience you can do without health."

"I don't think you're much in need of a doctor, Mrs. Fay," he laughed.

"I am," she declared, savagely. "I am, because I 'ain't got either of 'em; and if I had I'd give them both for something else." She held him with her wild gray eyes, as she said: "I'd give 'em both for money. Money's better than patience and better than health. If I had money I shouldn't care how sick I was, or how unhappy. If I had money my son wouldn't be in jail."

Though startled, he knew that, like a confessor, he must show no sign of surprise. He remembered now that there had been a boy in the Fay family, two or three years younger than himself. "I didn't know—" he began, sympathetically.

"You didn't know, because we're not even talked about. If your brother was in jail for stealing money it's the first thing the town would tattle of. But you've been back from your travels for a year or more, and you 'ain't even heard that our Matt is doing three years at Colcord."

"But you'd rather people didn't hear it, wouldn't you?"

"I'd rather that they'd care whether I'm alive or dead," she said, fiercely. "I've lived all my life in this village, and my ancestors before me. Fay's family has done the same. But we're pushed aside and forgotten. It's as much as ever if some one will tell you that Jasper Fay raises lettuce in the winter, and cucumbers in spring, and a few flowers all the year round, and can't pay his rent. I don't believe you've heard that much. *Have* you?"

He dodged the subject by asking the usual professional questions and giving some elementary professional advice. "I'm afraid, Mrs. Fay, you're taking a discouraged view of life," he went on, by way of doing his duty.

She sat still more erect in her armchair, her eyes flashing. "If you'd seen yourself driven to the wall for more'n thirty year, and if when you got to the wall you were crushed against it, and crushed again, wouldn't you take a discouraged view of life? I've lived on bread and water, or pretty near it, ever since I was married, and what's come of it? We're worse off than we ever were. Fay's put everything he could scrape together into this bit of land; and now your father is shilly-shallying again about renewing the lease."

"Oh, so that's it!"

"That's it—but it's only some of it. Look out there. All Fay's sweat and blood and all of mine is in those greenhouses and that ground. It's everything we've got to live on, and God knows what kind of a living it is. Your father has never given us more'n a three-years' lease, and every three years he's raised the rent on us. He's had us in his power from the first— Oh, he's crafty, getting us to rent the land from him instead of buying it, and Fay that soft that he believed him to be his friend!—he's had us in his power from the first, and he's never spared us. No wonder he's rich! And you're coming in for that Thorley money, too. I know what your grandfather Thorley's will was. Going to get it when you're thirty. Must be pretty nigh that now, ain't you?"

To humor her Thor named the date in the following February when he should reach the age fixed by his grandfather for entering on the inheritance.

"What 'd I tell you? I remember your grandfather as plain as plain. Big, hard-faced man he was, something like you. My folks could remember him when he hawked garden-truck to back doors in the city. Nothing but a farmer's son he was, just like the rest of us —and he died rich. Only difference between the Thorleys and the Fays was that the Thorleys held on to their land and the Fays didn't. Neither did my folks, the Grimeses. If we'd been crafty and hadn't sold till the city was creeping down our chimneys like the Thorleys and the Brands, we should be as rich as them. Cut your father out of his will good and hard, your grandfather did, and now it 'll all come to you. Why, there was a time when the Thorleys hired out to my folks, and so did the Willoughbys! And now—!" She threw the quilt from off her knees and spread her hands outward. "Oh, I'm sick of it! I've spent my life watching every one else go up and me and mine go down —and I'm sick of it. I'm not sick any other way—"

"No, I don't think you are," he said, gently.

"But that's bad enough, isn't it? If I had a fever or a cold you could give me something to take it away. But what can you do for the state of mind I'm in?"

He answered, slowly, "I can't do much just yet—though I can do a little—but by and by, perhaps—when I know more exactly what the trouble is—"

"You can't know it better than I can tell you now. It's just this—that I've all I can do to keep from stealing down to Thorley's Pond, when no one's looking, and throwing myself in. What do you think of that?"

"I think you won't do it," he smiled, "but I wouldn't play with the idea if I were you."

"Look here," she cried, seizing him by the arm and pulling him out of his chair. "Look out of that window." He followed the pointing of her finger to a high bluff covered with oaks, to which the withered brown foliage still clung, though other trees were bare. "That's Duck Rock. Well, there's a spot there where the water's thirty foot deep. What do you think of that?"

He moved back from the window, but remained standing. "I think that it doesn't matter to you and me whether it's thirty foot deep or sixty or a hundred."

"It matters to me. In thirty foot of water I'd go down like a stone; and then it 'd be all over. After that nothing but—sleep." Her eyes held him again. "*You* don't believe there'll be anything after it but sleep, do you?"

He dodged that question, too. "But you do."

"I was brought up an orthodox Congregational—but what's the good? All I've ever got out of it was rainbows; and what I've wanted is solid. I've wanted to do something, and be something, and have something—and not be pushed back and trampled out of sight by people who used to hire out to my folks and can treat me like dirt to-day, just because they've got the money. Why haven't I got it, too? I'm fit for it. I had good schooling. Louisa Thorley—your own mother, that is—and me went to school together. Your father ran away with her and she died when you were born. We went to school to old Miss Brand—aunt to Bessie Brand that's now Bessie Willoughby and holds her head so high. Poor as church mice they was in those days. But then every one was poor. We was all poor together—and happy. And now some are poor and some are rich—and there's upper classes and lower classes—and everything's got uneven—and I'm sick of it."

To calm her excitement he talked to her with the inspiration of young earnestness, getting his reward in an attention accorded perhaps for the very reason that the earnestness was young. "I think I must run off now," he finished, when he thought her slightly comforted, "but I'll send you something I want you to take at once. You'll take a tablespoonful in half a glass of water—"

The rebellious spirit revived, though less bitterly. "And it 'll do me as much good as a dose of your uncle's rainbows. What I want is what I shall never get—or sleep."

"Well, you'll get sleep," he said, smiling and holding out his hand. "You'll sleep to-night—and I'll come again to-morrow."

He was at the door when she called out: "Do you know what our Matt got his three years for? It was for stealing money from Massy's grocery-store, where he was bookkeeper. And do you know what made him steal it? It was to help us pay the rent the last time your father raised it. I'll bet he's done worse than that twenty times a year; but he's driving round in automobiles, while my poor boy's in Colcord."

CHAPTER II

ON going down-stairs, Thor looked about him for Rosie Fay. She was nowhere to be seen, and the house was cheerless. He could imagine that to an ambitious woman circumscribed by its dreary neatness Duck Rock with its thirty feet of water might be a welcome change.

Continuing his search when he went outside, he gazed round what was left of the old orchard. He remembered Fay—a slim fellow with a gentle, dreamy face and starry eyes. He had seen him occasionally during the past eighteen years,

though rarely. As a matter of fact, Fay's greenhouses lay on that part of the shore of Thorley's Pond most out of the way of the pedestrian. Only of late had new roads wormed themselves up the steep northern bank of the pond, bringing from the city well-to-do, country-loving souls who desired space and sunshine. It was a satisfaction to Thor's father, Archie Masterman, that only the best type of suburban residence was going up among these sylvan glades, and that the property was justifying his foresight as an investor.

The young man could understand that it should be so, for the spot was picturesque. Sheltered from the north by a range of wooded hills, it was like a great green cup held out to the sunshine. The region was favorable, therefore, to the raising of early "garden-truck." Whenever the frost was out of the ground, oblongs of green things growing in straight lines gave a special freshness to the landscape, while from any of the knolls over which the township clambered clusters of greenhouses glinted like distant sheets of water. One had to get them in contrast to the sparkling blue eye of Thorley's Pond to perceive that they were not tiny lakes. With so pleasing a view, hemmed in by the haze of the city toward the south, and a hint of the Atlantic south of that, there was every reason why Fay's plot of land should appreciate in value.

On these grounds it became comprehensible to Thor that his father might raise the rent and still not be an instrument of oppression. It was consoling to him to perceive this. It helped to allay certain uncomfortable suspicions that had risen in his mind since coming home, and which were not easy to dispel.

He caught sight at last of Rosie's dull-green frock in the one hothouse in which there were flowers. Through the glass roof he could see the red disks of poinsettias and the crimson or white of azaleas coming into bloom. The other two houses sheltered long, level rectangles of tender green, representing lettuce in different stages of the crop. A bow-legged Italian was closing the skylights that had been opened for the milder part of the day; another Italian replaced the covers on hot-beds that might have contained violets. From the high furnace chimney a plume of yellow-brown smoke floated heavily on the windless air. The place looked undermanned and forlorn.

On opening the door he was met by the sweet, warm odor of damp earth and green things growing and blossoming. Pausing in her work, the girl looked down the half-length of the greenhouse as a hint for him to advance. He went toward her between feathery banks of gray-green carnations, on which the long, oval, compact buds were loosening their sheaths to display the dawn-pink within. Half covered up by a coarse apron or pinafore, she stood at a high table, like a counter, against a background of poinsettias.

"We don't go in for flowers, really," she explained to him, after he had given her certain directions concerning her mother. "It would be better if we didn't try to raise them at all."

Thor, whose ear was sensitive, noticed that her voice was pleasant to listen to, and her speech marked by a simple, unaffected refinement. He lingered because he was interested in her work. He found a kind of fascination in watching her as she took a moist red flower-pot from one end of the table, threw in a handful or two of earth from the heap at the other end, then a root that looked like a cluster of yellow, crescent-shaped onions, then a little more earth, after which she turned to place the flower-pot as one of the row on the floor behind her. There was something rhythmic in her movements. Each detail took the same amount of action and time. She might have been working to music. Her left hand made precisely the same gesture with each flower-pot she took from the line in which they lay telescoped together. Her right hand described the same graceful curve with every impatient, petulant handful of earth.

"Why do you raise them, then?" he asked, for the sake of saying something.

She answered, wearily: "Oh, it's father. He can't make up his mind what to do. Or, rather, he makes up his mind both ways at once. Because some people make a good thing out of raising flowers he thinks he'll do that. And because

Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

PAUSING IN HER WORK, AS A HINT FOR HIM TO ADVANCE

others do a big business in garden-stuff, he thinks he'll do that."

"And so he falls between two stools. I see."

"It's no use being a market-gardener," she went on, disdainfully tossing the earth into another pot, "unless you're a big market-gardener, and it's no use being a florist unless you're a big florist. Everything has to be big nowadays to make it pay. And the trouble with father is that he does so many things small. He sees big," she analyzed, continuing her work—"so big that he goes all to pieces when he tries to carry his ideas out."

"And you think that if he concentrated his forces on raising garden-stuff—"

She explained further: People had to have lettuce and radishes and carrots and cucumbers whatever happened, whereas flowers were a luxury. Whenever money was scarce they didn't buy them. If it were not for weddings and funerals and Christmas and Easter they wouldn't buy them at all. Then, too, they were expensive to raise, and difficult. You couldn't do it by casting a little seed into the ground. Every azalea was imported from Belgium; every lily-bulb from Japan. True, the carnations were grown from slips, but if he only knew the trouble they gave! Those at which he was looking, and which had the innocent air of springing and blooming of their own accord, had been through no less than four tedious processes since the slips were taken in the preceding February. First they had been planted in sand for the root to strike; then transferred to flats, or shallow wooden boxes; then bedded out in the garden; and lastly brought into the house. If he would only consider the labor involved in all that, to say nothing of the incessant watching and watering, and keeping the house at the proper temperature by night and by day—well, he could see for himself.

He did see for himself. He said so absently, because he was noting the fact that her serious, earnest eyes were of the peculiar shade which, when seen in eyes, is called green. It was still absently that he added, "And you have to work pretty hard."

She shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, I don't mind that. Anything to live."

"What are you doing there?"

There was an exasperated note in her voice as she replied: "Oh, these are the Easter lilies. We have to begin on them now."

"And do you do them all?"

"I do, when there's no one else. Father's men keep leaving." She flung him a look he would have thought defiant if he hadn't found it frank. "I don't blame them. Half the time they're not paid."

"I see. So that you fill in. Do you like it?"

"Would you like doing what isn't of any use?—what will never be of any use? Would you like to be always running as hard as you can, just to fall out of the race?"

He tried to smile. "I shouldn't like it for long."

"Well, there's that," she said, as though he had suggested a form of consolation. "It won't be for long. It can't be. Father won't be able to go on like this."

He decided to take the bull by the horns. "Is that because my father doesn't want to renew the lease?"

She shrugged her shoulders again. "Oh no, not particularly. It *is* that—and everything else."

He felt it the part of tact to make signs of going, uttering a few parting injunctions with regard to the mother as he did so.

"And I wouldn't leave her too much alone," he advised. "She could easily slip out without attracting any one's attention. Tell your father I said so. I suppose he's not in the house."

"He's off somewhere trying to engage a night fireman."

He ignored this information to emphasize his counsels. "It's most important that while she's in this state of mind some one should be with her. And if we knew of anything she'd specially like—"

She continued to work industriously. "The thing she'd like best in this world won't do her any good when it happens." She threw in a bulb with impetuous vehemence. "It's to have Matt out of jail. He will be out in the course of

a few months. But he'll be—a jailbird."

"We must try to help him live that down."

She turned her great greenish eyes on him again with that look which struck him as both frank and pitiful. "That's one of the things people in our position can't do. It's the first thing mother herself will think of when she sees Matt hanging about the house—for he'll never get a job."

"He can help your father. He can be the night fireman."

She shrugged her shoulders with the fatalistic movement he was beginning to recognize. "Father won't need a night fireman by that time."

He could only say: "All the same, your mother must be watched. She can't be allowed to throw herself from Duck Rock, now, can she?"

"I don't say allowed. But if she did—"

"Well, what then?"

"She'd be out of it. That would be something."

"Admitting that it would be something for her, what would it be for your father and you?"

She relaxed the energy of her hands. He had time to notice them. It hurt him to see anything so shapely coarsened with hard work. "Wouldn't it be that much?" she asked, as if reaching a conclusion. "If she were out of it, it would be a gain all round."

Never having heard a human being speak like this, he was shocked. "But everything can't be so black. There must be something somewhere."

She glanced up at him obliquely. Months afterward he recalled the look. Her tone, when she spoke, seemed to be throwing him a challenge as well as making an admission. "Well, there *is*—one thing."

He spoke triumphantly. "Ah, there *is* one thing, then?"

"Yes, but it may not happen."

"Oh, lots of things may not happen. We just have to hope they will. That's all we've got to live by."

There was a lovely solemnity about her. "And even if it did happen, so many people would be opposed to it that I'm not sure it would do any good, after all."

"Oh, but we won't think of the people who'd be opposed to it—"

"We should have to, because"—the sweet fixity of her gaze gave him an odd thrill—"because you'd be one."

He laughed as he held out his hand to say good-by. "Don't be too sure. And in any case it won't matter about me."

She declined to take his hand on the ground that her own was soiled with loam, but she mystified him slightly when she said: "It will matter about you; and if the thing ever happens I want you to remember that I told you so. I can't play fair; but I'll play as fair as I can."

CHAPTER III

THOR was deaf to these enigmatic words in the excitement of perceiving that the girl had beauty. The discovery gave him a new sort of pleasure as he turned his runabout toward the town. Beauty had not hitherto been a condition to which he attached great value. If anything, he had held it in some scorn. Now, for the first time in his emotional life, he was stirred by a girl's mere prettiness—a quite unusual prettiness, it had to be admitted; a slightly haggard prettiness, perhaps; a prettiness a little worn by work, a little coarsened by wind and weather; a prettiness too desperate for youth and too tragic for coquetry, but for those very reasons doubtless all the more haunting. He was obliged to remind himself that it was nothing to him, since he had never swerved from the intention to marry Lois Willoughby as soon as he had made a start in practice and come into the money he was to get at thirty; but he could see it was the sort of thing by which other men might be affected, and came to a mental standstill there.

Driving on into the city, he went straight to his father's office in Commonwealth Row. It was already after four o'clock, and except for two young men sorting checks and putting away ledgers, the cagelike divisions of the banking department were empty. One of the men was whistling; the other was calling in a loud, gay voice, "Say, Cheever, what about to-night?"—signs that

the enforced decorum of the day was past.

Claude was in the outer office reserved for customers. He wore his overcoat, hat, and gloves. A stick hung over his left arm by its crooked handle. The ticker was silent, but a portion of the tape fluttered between his gloved fingers.

Though his back was toward the door, he recognized his half-brother's step with that mixture of envy and irritation which Thor's presence always stirred in him. He was not without fraternal affection, especially when Thor was away; when he was at home it was difficult for Claude not to resent the elder's superiority. Claude called it superiority for want of a better word, though he meant no more than a combination of advantages he himself would have enjoyed. He meant Thor's prospective money, his good spirits, good temper, and good health. Claude had not good health, which excused, in his judgment, his lack of good spirits and good temper. Neither had Claude any money beyond the fifteen hundred dollars a year he earned in his father's office. He was in the habit of saying to himself, and in confidence to his friends, that it was "damned hard luck" that he should be compelled to live on a pittance like that, when Thor, within a few months, would come into a good thirty thousand a year.

It was some consolation that Thor was what his brother called "an ugly beast"—sallow and lantern-jawed, with a long, narrow head that looked as if it had been sat on. The eyes were not bad; that had to be admitted; they were as friendly as a welcoming light; but the mouth was so big and aggressive that even the mustache Thor was trying to grow couldn't subdue its boldness. As for the nose and chin, they looked—according to Claude's account—as if they had been created soft, and subjected to a system of grotesque elongation before hardening. Claude could the more safely make game of his brother's looks seeing that he himself was notably handsome, with traits as regular as if they had been carved, and a profile so exact that it was frequently exposed in photographers' windows, to the envy of gentlemen gazers. While Thor had once tried to mitigate his features by a beard that had been unsuccessful and had now disappeared, Claude wouldn't disfigure himself by a hair. He was as clean-shaven as a marble Apollo, and not less neatly limbed.

"Gone." Claude raised his eyes just long enough to utter the word.

Thor came to an abrupt stop. "Club?"

"Suppose so." He added, without raising his head. "Wish to God the drunken sot would stay there." He continued, while still apparently reading the tape in his hand, "Father wishes it, too."

Thor was not altogether taken by surprise. Ever since his return from Europe, a year earlier, he had wondered how his father's patience could hold out. He took it that there was a reason for it, a reason he at once expressed to Claude:

"Father can't wish it. He can't afford to."

Claude lifted his handsome, rather insolent face. "Why not?"

"For the simple reason that he's got his money."

"Much you know about it. Len Willoughby hasn't enough money left in Toogood & Masterman's to take him on a trip to Europe."

Thor backed toward the receiving-teller's wicket, where he rested the tips of his elbows on the counter. He was visibly perturbed. "What's become of it, then?"

"Don't ask me. All I know is what I'm telling you."

"Did father say so himself?"

"Not in so many words. But I know it." He tossed the tape from him and began to smooth his gloves. "Father means to ship him."

"Ship him? He can't do that."

"Can't? I should like to know why not."

"Because he can't. That's why. Because he has—"

"Yes? Cough it up. Speak as if you had something up your sleeve."

Thor reflected as to the wisdom of saying more. "Well, I have," he admitted. "It's something I remember from the time we were kids. You were too young to notice. But *I* noticed—and I haven't forgotten. Father can't ship Len Willoughby without being sure

he has enough to live on." He decided to speak out, if for no other reason than that of securing Claude's co-operation. "Father persuaded Mr. Willoughby to put Mrs. Willoughby's money into the business when he didn't want to."

"Ah, shucks!" Claude exclaimed, contemptuously.

"He did," Thor insisted. "It was back in 1892, in Paris, that first time they took us abroad. You were only nine and I was twelve. I heard them. I was hanging round one evening in that little hotel we stayed at in the rue de Rivoli—the Hôtel de Marsan, wasn't it? The Willoughbys had been living in Paris for five or six years, and father got them to come home. I heard him ask mother to talk it up with Mrs. Willoughby. Mother said she didn't want to, but father got round her, and she agreed to try. She said, too, that Bessie might be willing because Len had already begun to take too much and it would brace him up if he got work to do."

"Work!" Claude sniffed. "Him!"

"Father knew he couldn't work—knew he'd tried all sorts of things—first to be an artist, then to write, then to get into the consular service, and the Lord knows what. It wasn't his work that father was after. It was just when the Toogood estate withdrew old Mr. Toogood's money, and father had to have more capital."

"Well, Len Willoughby didn't have any."

"No; but his wife had. It came to the same thing. Suppose she must have had between three and four hundred thousand from old man Brand. I remember hearing father say to mother that Len was making ducks and drakes of it as fast as he could, and that it might as well help the firm of Toogood & Masterman as go to the deuce. Can still hear father feeding the poor fool with bluff about the great banker he'd make and how it was the dead loss of a fortune that he hadn't had a seat on the Stock Exchange years before."

Claude sniffed again. "You'd better carry your load to father himself."

"I will—if I have to." Before Claude had found a rejoinder, Thor went on, changing the subject abruptly, so as not to be led into being indiscreet, "Say, Claude, do you remember Fay, the gardener?"

Claude was still smoothing his gloves, but he stopped, with the thumb and fingers of his right hand grasping the middle finger of the left. More than ever his features suggested a marble stoniness. "No."

"Oh, but you must. Used to be Grandpa Thorley's gardener. Has the greenhouses on father's land north of the pond."

Claude recovered himself slightly. "Well, what about him?"

"Been to see his wife. Patient of Uncle Sim's. Turned her on to me. They're having the deuce of a time."

Claude recovered himself still more. He looked at his brother curiously. "Well, what's it got to do with me?"

"Nothing directly."

"Well, then — indirectly?" Claude asked, defiantly.

"Only this, that it has to do with both of us, since it concerns father."

Claude was by this time master of himself. "Look here, Thor. Are you getting a bee in your bonnet about father?"

"Good Lord! no. But father's immersed in business. He can't be expected to know how all the details of his policy work out. He's not young any longer; and he isn't in touch with modern social and economic ideas."

"Oh, stow the modern social and economic ideas, and let's get to business. What's up with this family—of—of—What-d'you-call-'ems?"

With his feet planted firmly apart, Claude swung his stick airily back and forth across the front of his person, though he listened with apparent attention.

"You know, Thor, as a matter of fact," he explained, when the latter had finished his account, "that the kindest thing father can do for Fay is to let him peter out. Fay thinks that father and the lease are the obstacle he's up against, when in reality it's the whole thing."

"Oh, so you do know about it?"

Claude saw his mistake, and righted himself quickly. "Y-yes. Now that you—you speak of it, I—I do. It comes

—a—back to me. I've heard father mention it."

"And what did father say?"

"Just what I'm telling you. That the lease isn't the chief factor in Fay's troubles—isn't really a factor at all. Poor old fellow's a dunderhead. That's where it is in a nutshell. Never could make a living. Never will. Remember him?"

"Vaguely. Haven't seen him for years."

"Well, when you do see him you'll understand. Nice old chap as ever lived. Only impractical, dreamy. Gentle as a sheep—and no more capable of running that big, expensive plant than a motherly old ewe. That's where the trouble is. When father's closed down on him and edged him out—quietly, you understand—it 'll be the best thing that ever happened to them all."

Thor reflected. "I see that you know more about it than you thought. You know all about it."

Again Claude caught himself up, shifting his position adroitly. "Oh no, I don't. Just what I've heard father say. When you spoke of it at first the name slipped my memory."

Thor reverted to the original theme. "The son's in jail. Did you know that?"

But Claude was again on his guard. "Oh, so there's a son?"

"Son about your age. Matt his name is. Surely you must recall him. Used to pick peas with us when Fay'd let us do it."

Claude shook his head silently.

"And there's a girl."

Claude's stick hung limply before him. His face and figure resumed their stony immobility. "Oh, is there? Plain?"

"No; pretty. Very pretty. Very unusually pretty. Come to think of it, I shouldn't mind saying— Yes, I will say it! She's the prettiest girl I've ever seen." The eyes of the two brothers met. "Bar none."

The smile on Claude's lips might have passed for an expression of brotherly chaff. "Go it, old chap. Seem smitten."

"Oh, it isn't that. Nothing of the sort at all. I speak of her only because I'm sorry for her. Brunt of whole thing comes on her."

"Well, what do you propose that we should do?"

"I haven't got as far as proposing. Haven't thought the thing out at all. But I think we ought to do something—you and I."

"We can't do anything without father—and father won't. He simply won't. Fay 'll have to go. Good thing, too; that's what I say. Get 'em all on a basis on which they can manage. Fay 'll find a job with one of the other growers—"

"Yes; but what's to become of the girl?"

Claude stared with a kind of bravado. "How the devil do I know? She'll do the best she can, I suppose. Go into a shop. Lots of girls go into shops."

Thor studied his brother with mild curiosity. "You're a queer fellow, Claude. A minute ago you couldn't remember Fay's name; and now you've got his whole business at your fingers' ends."

But Claude repeated his explanation. "Got father's business at my fingers' ends, if that's what you mean. In such big affairs chap like Fay only a detail. Couldn't recall him at first, but once I'd caught on to him—"

By moving away toward the inner office, where Cheever was still at work, Claude intimated that, as far as he was concerned, the conversation was ended. Thor returned to his runabout.

"Say, Claude," Cheever called, "comin' to see *The Champion* to-night, ain't you? Countin' on you."

Claude laid a friendly hand on Cheever's arm. He liked to be on easy terms with his father's clerks. "Awfully sorry, Billy, but you must excuse me. Fact is, that damn-fool brother of mine has been putting his finger in my pie. Got to do something to get it out—and do it quick. Awfully sorry. Sha'n't be free."

CHAPTER IV

BESIDE his favorite window at the club, commanding the movement of the street and the bare trees of the park, Len Willoughby had got together the essentials to a pleasant hour. They consisted of the French and English illustrated papers, two or three

excellent Havanas, a bottle of Scotch whisky, and a siphon of aerated water. On the table beside him there was also an empty glass that had contained a cocktail.

It was the consoling moment of the day. After the strain of a nine-o'clock breakfast and the rush to the city before eleven, after the hours of purposeless hanging about the office of Toogood & Masterman, where he could see he wasn't wanted, he found it restful to retire into his own corner and sink drowsily into his cups. He did sink into them drowsily, and yet through well-marked phases of excitement. He knew those phases now; he could tell in advance how each stage would pass into another.

There was first the comfort of the big chair and the friendly covers of *L'Illustration* and the *Graphic*. He didn't care to talk. He liked to be let alone. When he came from the office he was generally dispirited. Masterman's queer, contemptuous manner was enough to discourage any one. He was sure, too, that Claude and Billy Cheever ridiculed his big, fat figure behind his back. But once he sank into the deep, red-leather arm-chair he was safe. It was ridiculous that a man of his age should come to recognize the advantages of such a refuge, but he laid it to the charge of a mean and spiteful world.

The world did not cease to be mean and spiteful till after he had had his cocktail. It was wonderful the change that took place then—not suddenly, but with a sweet, slow, cheering inner transformation. It was a surging, a glowing, a mellowing. It was like the readjustment of the eyes of the soul. It was seeing the world as generous, kindly. It was growing generous and kindly himself, with the happy conviction that more remained to be got out of life than he had ever wrung from it.

Still, it was something to be a rich banker. Every one couldn't be that. Archie Masterman had certainly possessed a quick eye when he singled out Len Willoughby as the man who could put the firm of Toogood & Masterman on its feet. Three hundred thousand dollars of Bessie's money had gone into that business in 1892, just in time to profit by the panic of 1893. Lord, how they had bought!—gilt-edged stocks for next to nothing!—and how they had sold, a few years later! Len never knew how much money they made. He supposed Archie didn't, either. There were years when the Stock Exchange had been like a wheat-field, yielding thirtyfold and sixtyfold and a hundredfold for every seed they had sown. He had never attempted to keep a tally on what came in; it was sufficient to know that there was always plenty to take out. Besides, it had been an understanding from the first that Archie was to do the drudgery. Len liked this, because it left him free—free for summers in Europe and winters in Egypt or at Palm Beach.

By degrees reminiscence tended toward somnolence. And yet it couldn't be said that Len slept. He kept sufficiently awake to put out his hand from time to time and seize the tumbler. He could even brew himself another glass. If a brother clubman strolled near enough to say, "Hello, Len!" or, "Hello, Willoughby!" he could respond with a dull, "Hello, Tom!" or, "Hello, Jones!" But he spoke as out of a depth; he spoke with some of that weariness at being called back to life which Rembrandt depicts on the face of Lazarus rising from the tomb. It was delicious to sink away from the prosaic and the boresome, to be so fully awake that he could follow the movement in the street and the hopping of the sparrows in the trees, and yet be, as it were, removed, enchanted, seeing and hearing and thinking and even drinking through the medium of a soothing, slumbrous spell.

It could hardly ever be said that he went beyond this point. Though there were occasions on which he miscalculated his effects, they could generally be explained as accidental. Above all, they didn't rise from an appetite for drink. The phrase was one he was fond of; he often used it in condemning a vice of which he disapproved. He used it on this particular afternoon, when Thor Masterman, who had come to drive him homeward in his runabout, was sitting in the opposite arm-chair, waiting to make the start.

"There's one thing about me, Thor; never had an appetite for drink. Not to say *drink*. Thing I despise. Your

father's all wrong about me. Don't know what's got into him. Thinks I take too much. Rot! That's what it is—bally rot! *You* know that, Thor, don't you? Appetite for drink something I despise."

Thor considered the moment one to be made use of. "Has father been saying anything about it?"

"No; but he looks it. Suppose I don't know what he means? Sees double, your father does. Anybody'd think, from the way he treats me, that I was a disgrace to the firm. I'd like to know what that firm 'd be without me."

Thor tried to frame his next question discreetly. "I hope there's been no suggestion of the firm's doing without you, Mr. Willoughby?"

To this Len gave but an indirect reply. "There'll be one soon, if your father doesn't mind himself. I'll retire —and take my money out. Where'll he be then?"

Thor felt his way. "You've taken out a good deal already, haven't you?"

"Not any more than belonged to me. You can bet your boots on that."

"No; not any more than belonged to you, of course. I was only thinking that with the splendid house you've built—and its up-keep—and your general expenses—which are pretty heavy, aren't they?—"

"Not any more than belonged to me, Thor. You can bet your boots on that."

The repetition was made drowsily. The big head of bushy white hair, with its correlative of bushy white beard, swayed with a slow movement that ended in a jerk. It was obvious that the warnings and admonitions to which Thor had been leading up were not for that day. They were useless even when, a half-hour later, the movement of the runabout and the keen air of the high lands as they approached the village roused the big creature to a maudlin cursing of his luck.

On nearing the house, the delicate part of the task which of late Thor had taken almost daily on himself became imminent. It was to get his charge into the house, up to his room, and stretched on a couch without being seen by Lois. Thor had once caught her carrying out this duty unaided. She had evidently called for her father in her mother's limousine, and as Thor passed down the village street she was helping the staggering, ungainly figure toward the door. The next day Thor took his runabout from the garage and went on the errand himself. He was also more ingenious than she in finding a way by which the sorry object could be smuggled indoors. The carriage entrance of the house was too near the street. That it should be so was a trial to Mrs. Willoughby, who would have preferred a house standing in grounds, but there never had been any help for it. When money came in it had been Len's desire to buy back a portion of the old Willoughby farm, and build a mansion on what might reasonably be called his ancestral estate. Of this property there was nothing in the market but a snip along County Street; and though he was satisfied with the site as enabling him to display his prosperity to every one who passed up and down, his wife regretted the absence of a dignified approach.

By avoiding County Street when he came out from town, and following a road that scrambled over the low hillside till it made a juncture with Willoughby's Lane, by descending that ancient cow-path and bringing Len to the privacy of his side-door, Thor endeavored to keep his father's partner from becoming an object of public scandal. He took this trouble not because he bothered about public scandal in itself, but in order to protect Lois Willoughby.

So far his methods had been successful. They failed to-day only because Lois herself was at the side-door. With a pair of garden shears in her gloved hands she was trimming the leafless vine that grew over the pillars of the portico. Thor could see, as she turned round, that she braced herself to meet the moment's humiliation, speaking on the instant he drew up at the steps.

"So good of you to bring papa out from town! I'm sure he's enjoyed the drive." Her hand was on the lever that opened the door of the machine. "Poor papa! You look done up. I dare say you're not well. Be careful, now," she continued, as he lumbered heavily to his feet. "That's a long step there. Take

my hand. I know you must be as tired as can be."

"Dog tired," the father complained, as he lowered himself cautiously. "Dog's life. Tha's wha' I lead. No thanks for it, either. Damn!" The imprecation was necessary because he missed his footing and came down with a jerk. "Can't you see I'm gettin' out?" he groaned, peevishly. "Stan'in' right in my way."

"Better leave him to me," Thor whispered. "I know just what to do with him. One of the advantages of being a doctor."

Willoughby had mind enough to clutch at this suggestion. "Doctor's what I want, hang it all! Sick as a dog. I do' know what 'll happen to me some day. Head aches fit to split. Never had appetite for drink. Tha's one good thing about me."

Lois was still standing near the portico when Thor had assisted his charge to his room, stretched him on a couch, covered him with a rug, left him in a heavy sleep, and crept down the stairs again. It did not escape his eye, quickened by the minutes he had spent with Rosie Fay, that Lois lacked color. For the first time in his life he acutely observed the difference between a plain woman and a pretty one.

"Oh, Thor," she began, as soon as he came out, "I don't know how to thank you for your kindness to papa! How is it to go on? Where is it to end? Oh, Thor, you're a doctor! Tell me what you think. Is there anything I can do?"

His kind, searching eyes, as he stood with one hand on the steering-wheel, rested on her silently. After all, she was twenty-seven, and must take her portion of life's responsibilities. Besides, whatever she might have to bear he meant to share with her. She should not be obliged, like Rosie Fay, for instance, to carry her load alone.

And yet she didn't look as if she would shirk her part. With that tall, erect figure, delicate in outline but strong with the freedom of an open-air life, that proud head which was nevertheless carried meekly, and that straightforward gaze, she gave the impression of being ready to meet anything. The face might be irregular, lacking in many of the tender prettinesses as natural to other girls, even at twenty-seven, as flowers to a field; but no one could deny its force of character.

"I'll tell you something you could do," he said, at last. "You could see—or try to see—that he doesn't spend too much." A slight pause marked his hesitation before adding, "That no one spends too much."

"You mean mamma and me?"

He smiled faintly. "I mean whoever does the spending—but your father most of all, because I'm afraid he's rather reckless. He's spent a good deal during the last twelve or fifteen years, hasn't he?"

She was very quick. "More than he had a right to spend?"

"Well, more than my father," he felt it safe to say.

"But he had more than your father to spend, hadn't he?"

"Do you know that for a certainty?"

"I only know it from papa himself. But, oh, Thor, what is it? Why are you asking?"

He ignored these questions to say: "Couldn't your mother tell us? After all, it was her money, wasn't it?"

She shook her head. "Oh, mamma wouldn't know. If you're in any doubt about it, why don't you ask Mr. Masterman? He could tell you better than any one. Besides, mamma isn't in."

He spoke with a touch of scorn. "I suppose she's in town."

The tone evoked on Lois's part a little smile. They had had battles on the subject before. "That's just where she is."

"That's just where she always is."

"Oh no; not always. Sometimes she stays at home. But she's there pretty often, I admit. She has to make calls, partly because I won't—when I can help it."

He spoke approvingly. "You, at any rate, don't fritter away your time like other women."

"It depends on what other women you mean. I fritter away my time like some women, even though it isn't like the women who make calls. I play golf, for instance, and tennis; I even ride."

"All the same, you don't like the silly thing called society any more than I do."

There was daylight enough to show him the blaze of bravado in her eyes. Her way of holding her head had a certain daring—the daring of one too frank, perhaps too proud, to shrink at truth. "Oh, I don't know. I dare say I should have liked society well enough if society had liked me. But it didn't. As mamma says, I wasn't a success." To compel him to view her in all her lack of charm, she added, with a persistent smile, "You know that, don't you?"

He did know it, though he could hardly say so. He had heard Claude descant on the subject many a time in the years when Lois was still putting in a timid appearance at dances. Claude was interested in everything that had to do with girls, from their clothes to their complexions.

"Can't make it out," he would say at breakfast, after a party; "dances well; dresses well; but doesn't take. Fellows afraid of her. Everybody shy of a girl who isn't popular. Hasn't enough devil. Girl ought to have some devil, hang it all! Dance with her myself? Well, I do—about three times a year. Have her left on my hands an hour at a time. Fellow can't afford that. Think we have no chivalry? Should come to dances yourself, old chap. You'd be a godsend to the girls in the dump."

Thor's dancing days were over before Lois's had begun, but he could imagine what they had been to her. He could look back over the four or five years that separated her from the ordeal, and still see her in "the dump"—tall, timid, furtively watching the young men with those swimming brown orbs of hers, wondering whether or not she should have a partner; heartsore under her finery often driving homeward in the weary early hours with tears streaming down her cheeks. He knew as much about it as if he had been with her. He suffered for her retrospectively. He did it to a degree that made his long face sorrowful.

The sorrow caused Lois some impatience. "For mercy's sake, Thor, don't look at me like that! It isn't as bad as you seem to think. I don't mind it."

"But I do," he declared, with indignation, only to feel that he was slowly coloring.

He colored because the statement brought him within measurable distance of a declaration which he meant to make, but for which he was not ready.

She seemed to divine his embarrassment, speaking with forced lightness. "Please don't waste your sympathy on me. If any one's to be pitied, it's mamma. I'm such a disappointment to her. Let's talk of something else. Where have you been to-day, and what have you been doing?"

He was not blind to her tact, counting it to her credit for the future, but asked abruptly if she knew Fay, the gardener.

"Fay, the gardener?" she echoed. "I know who he is." She went more directly to the point in saying, "I know his daughter."

"Well, she's having a hard time."

"Is she? I should think she might."

His face grew keener. "Why do you say that?"

"Oh, I don't know—she's that sort. At least, I should judge she was that sort from the little I've seen of her."

"How much have you seen of her?"

"Almost nothing; but little as it was, it impressed itself on my mind. I went to see her once at Mr. Whitney's suggestion."

"Whitney? He's the rector at St. John's, isn't he? What had he to do with her? She doesn't belong to his church?"

Lois explained. "It was when we established the branch of the Girl's Friendly Society at St. John's. Mr. Whitney thought she might care to join it."

"And did she?"

"No; quite the other way. When I went to ask her, she resented it. She had an idea I was patronizing her. That's the difficulty in approaching girls like that."

He looked at her with a challenging expression. "Girls like what?"

"I suppose I mean girls who haven't much money — or who've got to work."

He still challenged her, his head thrown back. "They probably don't consider themselves inferior to you for

that reason. It wouldn't be American if they did."

"And it wouldn't be American if I did; and I don't. They only make me feel so because they feel it so strongly themselves. That's what's not American; and it isn't on my part, but on theirs. They force their sentiment back on me. They make me patronizing whether I will or no."

"And were you patronizing when you went to see Miss Fay?"

To conceal the slightly irritated attentiveness with which he waited for her reply he began to light his motor lamps. Condescension toward Rosie Fay suddenly struck him as offensive, no matter from whom it came.

"I'm sure I don't know," she replied, indifferently. "There was something about her that disconcerted me."

"She's as good as we are," he declared, snapping the little door of one of the lanterns.

"I don't deny that."

"A generation or two ago we were all farming people together. The Willoughbys and the Brands and the Thorleys and the Fays were on an equal footing. They worked for one another and intermarried. The progress of the country has taken some of us and hurled us up, while it has seized others of us and smashed us down; but we should try to get over that when it comes to human intercourse."

"That's what I was doing when I asked her to join our Friendly Society."

"Pff! The deuce you were! I know your friendly societies. Keep those who are down down. Help the humble to be humbler by making them obsequious."

"You know nothing at all about it," she declared, with spirit. "In trying to make things better you're content to spin theories, while we put something into practice."

He snapped the door of the second lamp with a little bang. "Put something into practice, with the result that people resent it."

"With the result that Rosie Fay resented it; but she's not a fair example. She's proud and rebellious and intense. I never saw any one just like her."

"You probably never saw any one who had to be like her because they'd had her luck. Look here, Lois," he said, with sudden earnestness, "I want you to be a friend to that girl."

She opened her eyes in mild surprise at his intensity. "There's nothing I should like better, if I knew how."

"But you do know how. It's easy enough. Treat her as you would a girl in your own class—Elsie Darling, for instance."

"It's not so simple as that. When Elsie Darling came back after five or six years abroad mamma and I drove into town and called on her. She wasn't in, and we left our cards. Later, we invited her to lunch or to dinner. I should be perfectly willing to go through the same formalities with Miss Fay—only she'd think it queer. It would be queer. It would be queer because she hasn't got—what shall I say?—she hasn't got the social machinery for that kind of ceremoniousness. The machinery means the method of approach, and with people who have to live as she does it's the method of approach that presents the difficulty. It's not as easy as it looks."

"Very well, then; let us admit that it's hard. The harder it is the more it's the job for you."

There was an illuminating quality in her smile that atoned for lack of beauty. "Oh, if you put it in that way—"

"I do put it in that way," he declared, with an earnestness toned down by what was almost wistfulness. "There are so many things in which I want help, Lois—and you're the one to help me."

She held out her hand with characteristic frankness. "I'll do anything I can, Thor. Just tell me what you want me to do when you want me to do it—and I'll try."

"Oh, there'll be a lot of things in which we shall have to pull together," he said, as he held her hand. "I want you to remember, if ever any trouble comes, that"—he hesitated for a word that wouldn't say too much for the moment—"that I'll be there."

"Thank you, Thor. That's a great comfort."

She withdrew her hand quietly. Quietly, too, she assured him, as she moved toward the steps, that she would not fail to force herself again on Rosie Fay. "And about that other matter—

the one you spoke of first—you'll tell me more by and by, won't you?"

After her capacity for ringing true, his conscientiousness prompted him to let her see that she could feel quite sure of him. "I'll tell you anything I can find out; and one of these days, Lois, I must—I must—say a lot more."

She mounted a step or two without turning away from him. "Oh, well," she said, lightly, as though dismissing a topic of no importance, "there'll be plenty of time."

But her smile was a happy one—so happy that he who smiled rarely smiled back at her from the runabout.

He could scarcely be expected to know as yet that his pleasure was not in any happiness of hers, but in the help she might bring to a little creature whose image had haunted him all the afternoon—a little creature whose desperate flower-like face looked up at him from a background of poinsettias.

CHAPTER V

ON coming to the table that evening Claude begged his mother to excuse him for not having dressed for dinner, on the ground that he had an engagement with Billy Cheever. Mrs. Masterman pardoned him with a gracious inclination of the head that made her diamond ear-rings sparkle. No one in the room could be unaware that she disapproved of Claude's informality. Not only did it shock her personal delicacy to dine with men who concealed their shirt-bosoms under the waistcoats they had worn all day, but it contravened the aims by which during her entire married life she had endeavored to elevate the society around her. She herself was one to whom the refinements were as native as foliage to a tree. "It's all right, Claudie dear; but you do know I like you to dress for the evening, don't you?" Without waiting for the younger son to speak, she continued graciously to the elder: "And you, Thor. What have you been doing with yourself to-day?"

Her polite inclusion of her stepson was meant to start "her men," as she called them, in the kind of conversation in which men were most at ease, that which concerned themselves. Thor replied while consuming his soup in the manner acquired in Parisian and Viennese restaurants frequented by young men:

"Got a patient."

Hastily Claude introduced a subject of his own. "Ought to go and see 'The Champion,' father. Hear it's awfully good. Begins with a prize-fight—"

But the father's attention was given to Thor. "Who've you picked up?"

"Fay's wife—Fay, the gardener."

"Indeed? Have to whistle for your fee."

"Oh, I know that—"

"Thor, *please!*" Mrs. Masterman begged. "Don't eat so fast."

"If you know it already," the father continued, "I should think you'd have tried to squeak out of it." He said "know it alweady" and "twied to squeak," owing to a difficulty with the letter *r* which gave an appealing, child-like quality to his speech. "If you start in by taking patients who are not going to pay—"

Claude sought another diversion. "What does it matter to Thor? In three months' time he'll be able to pay sick people for coming to him—what?"

"That's not the point," Masterman explained. "A doctor has no right to pauperize people"—he said "pauperwize people"—"any more than any one else."

"Oh, as to that," Thor said, forcing himself to eat slowly and sit straight in the style commended by his stepmother, "it won't need a doctor to pauperize poor Fay."

"Quite right there," his father agreed. "He's done it himself."

Thor considered the moment a favorable one for making his appeal. "Claude and I have been talking him over—"

"The devil we have!" Claude exclaimed, indignantly.

"What's that?" Masterman's handsome face, which after his day's work was likely to be gray and lifeless, grew sharply interrogative. Time had chiseled it to an incisiveness not incongruous with a lingering air of youth. His hair, mustache, and imperial were but touched with gray. His figure was still lithe and spare. It was the custom to

say of him that he looked but the brother of his two strapping sons.

Claude emphasized his annoyance. "Talking him over! I like that! You blow into the office just as I'm ready to come home, and begin cross-questioning me about father's affairs. I tell you I don't know anything about them. If you call that talking him over—well, you're welcome to your own use of terms."

The head of the house busied himself in carving the joint which had been placed before him. "If you want information, Thor, ask me."

"I don't want information, father; and I don't think Claude is fair in saying I cross-questioned him. I only said that I thought he and I ought to do what we could to get you to renew Fay's lease."

"Oh, did you? Then I can save you the trouble, because I'm not going to."

The declaration was so definite that it left Thor with nothing to say. "Poor old Fay has worked pretty hard, hasn't he?" he ventured at last.

"Possibly. So have I."

"But with the difference that you've been prosperous, and he hasn't."

Masterman laughed good-naturedly. "Which is the difference between me and a good many other people. You don't blame me for that?"

"It's not a question of blaming any one, father. I only supposed that among Americans it was the correct thing for the lucky ones to come to the aid of the less fortunate."

"Take it that I'm doing that for Fay when I get him out of an impossible situation."

Thor smiled ruefully. "When you get him out of the frying-pan into the fire?"

"Well," Claude challenged, coming to his father's aid, "the fire's no worse than the frying-pan, and may be a little better."

"I've seen the girl," Mrs. Masterman contributed to the discussion. "She's been in the greenhouse when I've gone to buy flowers. I must say she didn't strike me very favorably." The two brothers exchanged glances without knowing why. "She seemed to me so much—so very much—above her station."

"What *is* her station?" Thor asked, bridling. "Her station's the same as ours, isn't it?"

The father was amused. "The same as *what?*"

"Surely we're all much of a muchness. Most of us were farmers and market-gardeners up to forty or fifty years ago. I've heard," he went on, utilizing the information he had received that afternoon, "that the Thorleys used to hire out to the Fays."

"Oh, the Thorleys!" Mrs. Masterman smiled.

"The Mastermans didn't," Archie said, gently. "You won't forget that, my boy. Whatever you may be on any other side, you come from a line of gentlemen on mine. Your grandfather Masterman was one of the best-known old-school physicians in this part of the country. His father before him was a Church of England clergyman in Derbyshire, who migrated to America because he'd become a Unitarian. Sort of idealist. Lot of 'em in those days. Time of Napoleon and Southey and Coleridge and all that. Thought that because America was a so-called republic, or a so-called democracy, he'd find people living for one another, and they were just looking out for number one like every one else. Your Uncle Sim takes after him. Died of a broken heart, I believe, because he didn't find the world made over new. But you see the sort of well-born, high-minded stock you sprang from."

Thor lifted his big frame to an erect position, throwing back his head. "I don't care a fig for what I sprang from, father. I don't even care much for what I am. It strikes me as far more important to see that our old friends and neighbors—who are just as good as we are—don't have to go under when we can keep them up."

"Yes, when we can," Thor's father said, with unperturbed gentleness; "but very often we can't. In a world where every one's swimming for his own dear life, those who can't swim have got to drown."

"But every one is not swimming for his own dear life. Most of us are safe on shore. You and I are, for example. And when we are, it seems to me the

least we can do is to fling a life-preserver to the poor chaps who are throwing up their hands and sinking."

Mrs. Masterman rallied her stepson indulgently. "Oh, Thor, how ridiculous you are! How you talk!"

Claude patted his mother's hand. He was still trying to turn attention from bearing too directly on the Fays. "Don't listen to him, mumphy. Beastly socialist, that's what he is. Divide up all the money in the world so that everybody 'll have thirty cents, and then tell 'em to go ahead and live regardless. That 'd be his way of doing things."

But the father was more just. "Oh, no, it wouldn't. Thor's no fool! Has some excellent ideas. A little exaggerated, perhaps, but that 'll cure itself in time. Fault of youth. Good fault, too." He turned affectionately to his elder son. "Rather see you that way, my boy, than with an empty head."

Thor fell silent, from a sense of the futility of talking.

CHAPTER VI

AT the moment when Claude was excusing himself further, begging to be allowed to run away so as not to keep Billy Cheever waiting, Rosie Fay was noticing with relief that her mother was asleep at last. Thor's sedative had taken effect in what the girl considered the nick of time. Having smoothed the pillow, adjusted the patchwork quilt, and placed the small kerosene hand-lamp on a chair at the foot of the bed, so as to shade it from the sleeper's eyes, she slipped down-stairs.

She wore a long, rough coat. Over her hair she had flung a scarf of some gauzy green stuff that heightened her color. The lamplight, or some inner flame of her own, drew opalescent gleams from her gray-greenish eyes as she descended. She was no longer the desperate, petulant little Rosie of the afternoon. Her face was aglow with an eager life. The difference was that between a blossom wilting for lack of water and the same flower fed by rain.

In the tiny living-room at the foot of the stairs her father was eating the supper she had laid out for him. It was a humble supper, spread on the end of a table covered with a cheap cotton cloth of a red and sky-blue mixture. Jasper Fay, in his shirt-sleeves, munched his cold meat and sipped his tea while he entertained himself with a book propped against a loaf of bread. Another small kerosene hand-lamp threw its light on the printed page and illumined his mild, clear-cut, clean-shaven face.

"She's asleep," Rosie whispered from the doorway. "If she wakes while I'm gone you must give her the second dose. I've left it on the wash-stand."

The man lifted his starry blue eyes. "You going out?"

"I'm only going for a little while."

"Couldn't you have gone earlier?"

"How could I, when I had supper to get—and everything?"

He looked uneasy. "I don't like you to be running round these dark roads, my dear. You've been doing it a good deal lately. Where is it you go?"

"Why, father, what nonsense! Here I am cooped up all day—"

He sighed. "Very well, my dear. I know you haven't much pleasure. But things will be different soon, I hope. The new night fireman seems a good man, and I expect we'll do better now. He'll be here at ten. Were you going far?"

She answered promptly. "Only to Polly Wilson's. She wants me to"—Rosie turned over in her mind the various interests on which Polly Wilson might desire to consult her—"she wants me to see her new dress."

"Very well, my dear, but I hope after this evening you'll be able to do your errands in the daytime. You know how it was with Matt. If he hadn't gone roaming the streets at night—"

Rosie came close to the table. Her face was resolute. "Father, I'm not Matt. I know what I'm doing." She added, with increased determination, "I'm acting for the best."

He was mildly surprised. "Acting for the best in going to see Polly Wilson's new dress?"

She ignored this. "I'm twenty-three, father. I've got to follow my own judgment. If I've a chance I must use it."

"What sort of a chance, my dear?"

"There's nothing to hope for here," she went on, cruelly, "except from what I can do myself. Mother's no good;

and Matt's worse than if he was dead. I wish to God he would die—before he comes out. And you know what you are, father."

"I do the best I can, my dear," he said, humbly.

"I know you do; but we can all see what that is. Everybody else is going ahead but us."

"Oh no, they're not, my dear. There are lots that fall behind as bad as we do—and worse."

She shook her head fiercely. "No, not worse. They couldn't. And whatever's to be done, I've got to do it. If I don't—or if I can't—well, we might as well give up. So you mustn't try to stop me, father. I know what I'm doing. It's for your sake and everybody's sake as much as for my own."

He dropped his eyes to his book, in seeming admission that he had no tenable ground on which to meet her in a conflict of wills. "Very well, my dear," he sighed. "If you're going to Polly Wilson's you'd better be off. You'll be home by ten, won't you? I must go then to show the new fireman his way about the place."

Outside it was a windy night, but not a cold one. Shreds of dark cloud scudded across the face of a three-quarters moon, giving it the appearance of traveling through the sky at an incredible rate of speed. In the south wind there was the tang of ocean salt, mingled with the sweeter scents of woodland and withered garden nearer home. There was a crackling of boughs in the old apple-trees, and from the ridge behind the house came the deep, soft, murmurous soughing of pines.

If Rosie lingered on the door-step it was not because she was afraid of the night sounds or of the dark. She was restrained for a minute by a sense of terror at what she was about to do. It was not a new terror. She felt it on every occasion when she went forth to keep this tryst. As she had already said to her father, she knew what she was doing. She was neither so young nor so inexperienced as to be unaware of the element of danger that waited on her steps. No one could have told her better than she could have told herself that the voice of wise counsel would have bidden her stay at home. But if she was not afraid of the night, neither was she irresolute before the undertaking. Being forewarned, she was forearmed. Being forearmed, she could run the risks. Running the risks, she could enjoy the excitement and find solace in the romance.

For it was romance, romance of the sort she had dreamed of and planned for and got herself ready to be equal to, if ever it should come. Somehow, she had always known it would come. She could hardly go back to the time when she did not have this premonition of a lover who would appear like a prince in a fairy-tale and lift her out of her low estate.

And he had come. He had come late on an afternoon in the preceding summer, when she was picking wild raspberries in the wood above Duck Rock. It was a lonely spot in which she could reasonably have expected to be undisturbed. She was picking the berries fast and deftly, because the fruitman who passed in the morning would give her a dollar for her harvest. Was it the dollar, or was it the sweet, wandering, summer air? Was it the mingled perfumes of vine and fruit and soft loam loosened as she crept among the brambles, or was it the shimmer of the waning sunlight or the whir of the wings of birds or the note of a hermit-thrush in some still depth of the woodland ever so far away? Or was it only because she was young and invincibly happy at times, in spite of a sore heart, that she sang to herself as her nimble fingers secured the juicy, delicate red things and dropped them into the pan?

He came like Pan, or a faun, or any other woodland thing, with no sound of his approach, not even that of oaten pipes. When she raised her eyes he was standing in a patch of bracken. She had been stooping to gather the fruit that clustered on a long, low, spiny stem. The words on her lips had been:

> "At least be pity to me shown
> If love it may na be—"

but her voice trailed away faintly on the last syllable, for on looking up he was before her. He wore white flannels, and

Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"I'M CLAUDE. DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME?"

a Panama hat of which the brim was roguishly pulled down in front to shade his eyes.

He was smiling unabashed, and yet with a friendliness that made it impossible for her to take offense. "Isn't it Rosie?" he asked, without moving from where he stood in the patch of trampled bracken. "I'm Claude. Don't you remember me?"

A Delphic nymph who had been addressed by Apollo, in the seclusion of some sacred grove, could hardly have felt more joyous or more dumb. Rosie Fay did not know in what kind of words to answer the glistening being who had spoken to her with this fine familiarity. Later, in the silence of the night, she blushed with shame to think of the figure she must have cut, standing speechless before him, the pan of red raspberries in her hands, her raspberry-red lips apart in amazement, and her eyes gleaming and wide with awe.

She remained vague as to what she answered in the end. It was confusedly to the effect that though she remembered him well enough, she supposed that he had long ago forgotten one so insignificant as herself. Presently he was beside her, dropping raspberries into her pan, while they laughed together as in those early days when they had picked peas by her father's permission in Grandpa Thorley's garden.

Their second meeting was accidental—if it was accidental that each had come to the same spot, at the same hour, on the following day, in the hope of finding the other. The third meeting was also on the same spot, but by appointment, in secret, and at night. Claude had been careful to impress on her the disaster that would ensue if their romance were discovered.

But Rosie Fay knew what she was doing. She repeated that statement often to herself. Had she really been a Delphic nymph, or even a young lady of the best society, she might have given herself without reserve to the rapture of her idyl; but her circumstances were peculiar. Rosie was obliged to be practical, to look ahead. A fairy prince was not only a romantic dream in her dreary life, but an agency to be utilized. The least self-seeking of drowning maids might expect the hero on the bank to pull her out of the water. The very fact that she recognized in Claude a tendency to dally with her on the brink instead of landing her in a place of safety compelled her to be the more astute.

But she was not so astute as to be inaccessible to the sense of terror that assailed her every time she went to meet him. It was the fright of one accustomed to walk on earth when seized and borne into the air. Claude's voice over the telephone, as she had heard it that afternoon, was like the call to adventures at once enthralling and appalling, in which she found it hard to keep her head. She kept it only by saying to herself: "I know what I'm doing. I know what I'm doing. My father is ruined; my brother is in jail. But I love this man and he loves me. If he marries me—"

But Rosie's thoughts broke off abruptly there. They broke off because they reached a point beyond which imagination would not carry her. If he marries me! The supposition led her where all was blurred and roseate and golden, like the mists around the Happy Isles. Rosie could not forecast the conditions that would be hers as the wife of Claude Masterman. She only knew that she would be transported into an atmosphere of money, and money she had learned by sore experience to be the sovereign palliative of care. Love was much to poor Rosie, but relief from anxiety was more. It had to be so, since both love and light are secondary blessings to the tired creature whose first need is rest. It was for rest that Claude Masterman stood primarily in her mind. He was a fairy prince, of course; he was a lover who might have satisfied any girl's aspirations. But before everything else he was a hero and a savior, a being in whose vast potentialities, both social and financial, she could find refuge and lie down at last.

It needed but this bright thought to brace her. She clasped her hands to her breast; she lifted her eyes to the swimming moon; she drew deep breaths of the sweet, strong air; she appealed to all the supporting forces she knew anything about. A minute later she was speeding through the darkness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Sophie So-and-So

BY MARJORY MORTEN

IT was in the women's lounge of the Public Library that I found her fast asleep on a green-velvet sofa.

Lying on her side with her knees drawn up sharply, she suggested a pre-dynastic mummy, and, like her sinister prototype, her scant garments seemed to have replaced the flesh, veiling her bones. Her thinness and her pallor aroused my interest rather than my sympathy as I stood looking down at her.

Tense even in sleep, she suggested an air of alertness, of guardedness; she seemed to say, "I can protect myself—even now I know what I am doing," and there was something shameless in the way the crude green covering of the sofa threw into relief her black shabbiness, her youth, her utter lack of softness and roundness.

Suddenly she opened her eyes and fixed them upon me with a look at once biting, shrewd, and sardonic. "This new room is so clean and the cushions so fresh and all, I don't belong here, do I? There's a matron somewhere about—you'd call her a maid. Why don't you tell her to put me out?"

"Oh no, please!" I stammered in my eagerness to reassure her. "I beg your pardon for watching you as you slept. I'm sorry—"

She sat up, yawned widely, shut her mouth with a snap, and lifted her hands to her hair with the unconscious charming gesture common to waking womankind.

"Well, if you're sorry, sit down for a moment and talk. I won't bite, though I've a hungry look. Is my hair untidy? I've only got two hair-pins left. Try to imagine being so poor you can't afford to buy a package of hair-pins—and my clothes! Fortunate, isn't it, that it's the fashion not to wear too many clothes?"

She crossed her thin legs and slouched forward with her hands on her hips in an attitude which was an absurd imitation of the affected gawkiness of our young girls. I wanted to slap her, I wanted to weep, and I said, somewhat painfully:

"What in the world are you? You don't, somehow, belong here like this."

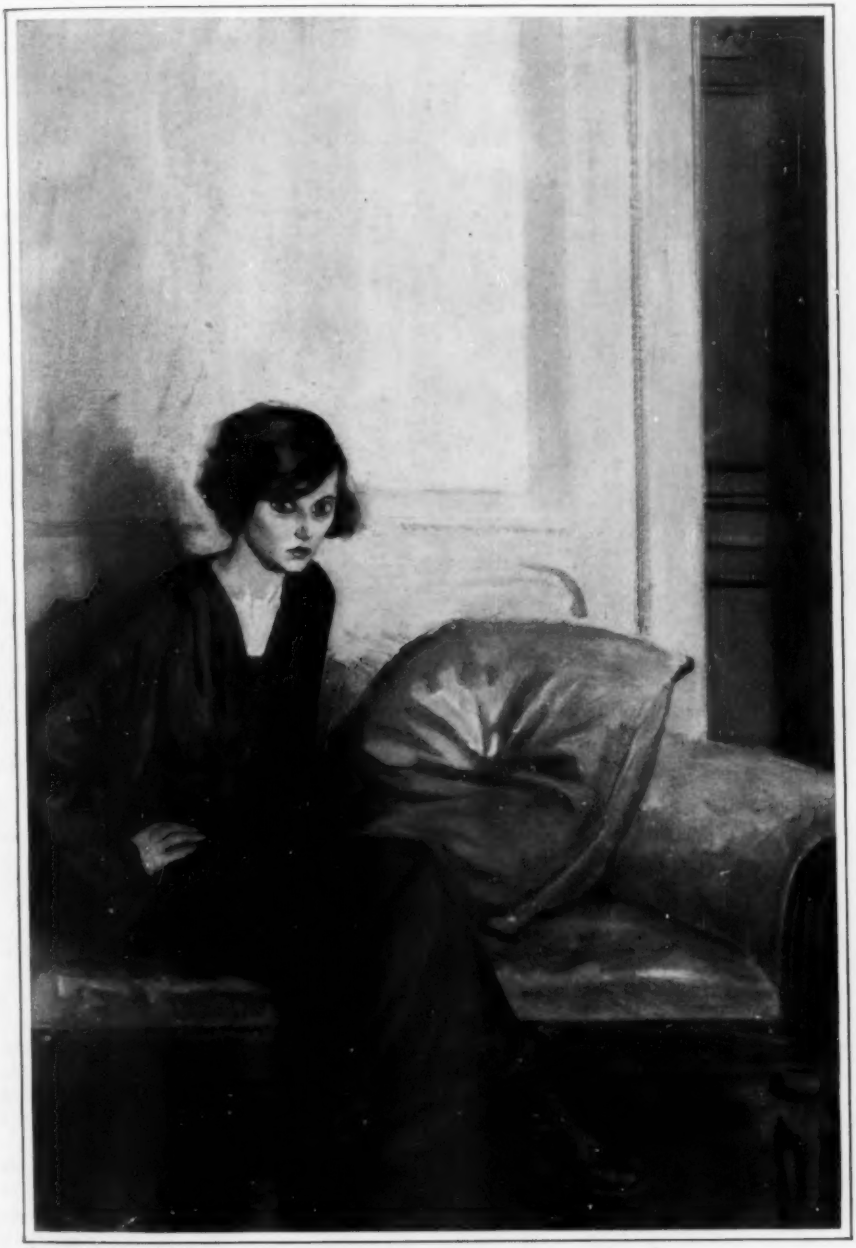
"What am I? Just a starving girl; hungry—hungry in every bit of me! Did it ever occur to you that in this glorious city of ours they only feed one part of us richly and free of charge? They let us fill our minds here with all the accumulated brain food of the ages from 8 A.M. till 10 P.M., without a penny to pay; but no one will give me a scrap of food for my heart, and as for my body—" She ended with a despairing gesture. "And the funny thing is that your brain is the only part of you that is self-sustaining. Oh, quite! I don't need other people's thoughts; I've got my own, though they're devilish black ones just now."

I stirred uneasily, fingering my purse. She went on:

"Oh, well, in another minute you'll look at your watch and say you've got an engagement. You're a little bit touched, a little amused, and very much puzzled; and you're wondering what you can do for me, and what on earth your husband would say if you took me home with you. But of course you can't do that, for I might be a woman of the street, for all you know."

I sat myself down beside her on the stuffy couch, and said, sharply: "I do want to help you. I'm not stupid about it. I'm an understanding person. Talk to me."

Her penetrating glance fastened on me. "Oh no," she declared, "you're not really understanding. You want to pigeonhole and docket everybody you meet. You're great on 'types.' You can't fit me into any of your pigeonholes! But I like your eyes. When I woke and found you looking at me, I



Drawn by Howard Giles

"I DON'T NEED OTHER PEOPLE'S THOUGHTS; I'VE GOT MY OWN"

said, 'There's a pair of warm eyes; she won't try to patronize me.' Then I said something saucy to you because if you startle a woman she becomes real for a moment, and if you begin real you may get somewhere. And you see I had to find somebody to-day—I'm so beastly tired—somebody intelligent enough to help me in *my* way. You're wondering if I've had anything to eat. Well, I had some luncheon. It was bad, indigestible food, and I hate bad food; it makes me ill. But I've money enough to buy more to-night, so don't think of *that*."

She leaned back and shut her eyes for a moment, and, as her eyes closed, a guarded, knowing smile appeared about the corners of her mouth. She was, it was evident, determined that I should not see her face relaxed, defenseless.

I could only repeat, somewhat self-consciously, "Go on—talk to me."

"Well—" She folded her arms, crossed her muddy shoes, and eyed me boldly. "Well, I can talk to almost any one. What do you want to hear—the truth? I usually start with the truth, and if I meet with a blank look I follow it up with lies. The truth's only for those who can stand it."

I was looking at her hands as she spoke; I have theories about hands. Hers were long, flexible, at once capable and sensitive. She caught my look.

"I'm not a criminal type? Really, I've not any Lombrosial points. Now what shall I tell you? Do you think I'm a waif—homeless? Well, I've a place to sleep in—one of those demoralized streets east of lower Fifth Avenue; one of those diverted sections where shady brown-stone lodging-houses are hedged between loft-buildings. The street is very dirty. They only care for the garbage-cans when they please. No traffic but trucks and delivery-wagons, no children, no hucksters. Now and again a knife-sharpener ringing his bell. In my block there's a woman's trade-union, a very shady table d'hôte, a Yiddish delicatessen shop, and about nineteen houses where Jews make collars and waists and petticoats.

"Well, I've got a top hall bedroom in a house where very queer things happen—very queer, but I don't mind. I'd be queer myself if I wanted to be. Don't wince. I don't want to do that sort of queer thing. I don't want to marry, either. Oh, I was engaged once! That was before mother was ever arrested. He was a friend of my father's—a professor in the City College. He had a bald, cone-shaped head, small eyes, the longest nose in the world, and a queer stomach—fat and loose. He bought me things, and took me to lectures; and father said, 'For God's sake, marry him, Sophie!' But one day—a cold day; we'd been out walking—he was tired and sleepy, and sat all hunched up before the fire, with his chin tucked in. I couldn't stand it any longer, and I laughed and laughed. He asked what was the matter, and I said, 'Oh, you look just like that funny old bird up at the Bronx—the one with the long bill that sits in the mud and makes a snuffly sound.' I laughed and laughed long after he'd gone out of the room and out of the house and down the street; and then I cried. Father never understood; but mother did. She said, 'Well, he *does* look like a queer bird, only I don't know the one at the Zoo.' That's a funny thing about mother—she's got a sense of humor, yet how can any one with humor steal dozens and dozens of pairs of Lisle-thread stockings when she never wears anything but silk!"

I shivered. "How can you speak so of your mother? Did she really steal?"

All trace of bitter amusement left Sophie's face, and for the first time she looked very young and appealing.

"Of course she stole. She steals, rather. Why should I invent such a horrid lie? I may as well tell you the whole thing. My father was a school-teacher—dead languages—and my mother was—is—what you call a shoplifter. Of course she wasn't *born* a shoplifter; neither was she born a lady. She's rather handsome, only she's got too fat. Father died three years ago, and I have never been able to understand why mother couldn't have gone instead. She's getting worse and worse."

"But don't you know," I interrupted, "that this failing, kleptomania, is recognized as a moral disease? They treat it by hypnotic suggestion. It's like tuberculosis, or any other disease; it *can't* be overcome by force of will."

"I don't agree with you," said my young woman, flatly. "I've thought about it for years and years, and I realize that we all have thieving impulses in one form or another. Some of us want to steal things; some want to loot each other's brains and take ideas and opinions. Most opinions are stolen goods. Some want affection, and take each other's husbands and wives. Some want money, and some—they're deadly—take and use the vitality of others. Oh no! The instinct to take is in all of us, and most of us succumb sooner or later. Now you would scorn to take anything but—"

I jumped up hastily. Somewhere in the building sounded the muffled chime of a clock. I looked at my watch and then held out both hands to my extraordinary young person.

"I must go. And I'll be frank with you. You *do* puzzle me, and amuse me, and touch me. At any rate, I don't want to lose you, you appalling child. Suppose you come to lunch with me tomorrow at one o'clock?" I gave her my card.

"What will your husband say?"

"I have no husband, only a brother who doesn't lunch at home."

"Oh, I might have known you were a widow."

I ignored this remark, and repeated as I gathered up my belongings: "Tomorrow at one o'clock?"

In the morning I was almost convinced that I had dreamed Sophie or that I had read a fantastic tale at the Library in that dim hour when it is difficult to define the real from the unreal. But at one o'clock she arrived, looking amazingly presentable. Her shoes were polished, her scant black frock had been pressed and cleaned, and she had added a really fine lace collar and a pair of long suède gloves. She caught me noticing these additions, waited till Beeman had left the room (it spoke volumes for her appearance that Beeman had accepted her without a questioning eyebrow), then she said, maliciously:

"You thought I'd disturb your butler—your man—didn't you? Well, a tailor lives on our first floor, and he sponged and pressed me in return for two fashion drawings. The collar and gloves mother took long ago, but she wasn't arrested that time, and, as father had to pay for everything, I thought I might as well use them. Oh, don't look so distressed! I sha'n't talk this way at the table." And indeed she did not. It was: "What are you reading—Bergson? Your type of woman adores him."

"Have you read him, Sophie?"

She selected a fish-fork after some deliberation. "I understand he has replaced *Godey's Lady's Book*. Oh no, I don't read him—I've read about him; his philosophy is soft to the touch and smells sweet. I go through the *Chronicle Book Review* every month to see what people are up to. There's nothing being written now that I must read. Our writers are only trying to tickle tired emotions, to supply opinions to the lazy, to dope the minds of nervous people so that they may sleep. Why should *you* read? When you're bored or tired or stuffy try tucking your head under your wing and *thinking* for an hour. It's much more amusing than reading."

After luncheon I took Sophie into the drawing-room and asked her if she would like to look at the pictures, half hoping that she knew nothing whatever about them. I really haven't acquired the showman's manner common to collectors, but we're reasonably proud of our small American collection. Sophie ran a shrewd eye about the walls.

"I know them all pretty well," she remarked. "They're good, our men; there's nothing great. If you had a great picture it would dominate the room, make a distinct sound. I hear only a polite murmur.

Sophie, it seemed, had painted—fashion-plates, miniatures, small pastel portraits. "I paint so badly and get such good likenesses," she said, complacently, "that I could make a living at it, but there are some things we do not permit ourselves to do."

I soon realized that there was little Sophie had not done after a fashion in the twenty-three years of her life. She had begun in a shop and had enjoyed making women buy all manner of things they did not want. "Then mother appeared, and with utter lack of tact stole three yards of machine-made lace. They didn't catch her at it, but of course I had

to go, and mother gave the lace to her laundress!"

She had done newspaper work; she had played companion to an old woman, very rich and very fat, who adored her. "Mother spoiled that, too—came to the house as a book-agent and walked off with a jade snuff-box."

Tea-time came before we knew it, and I was thinking of asking my young woman to stay to dinner when she turned to me and with a sudden movement caught a fold of my dress in her hands and patted it appealingly.

"Listen, please. You like me. At least you're not sure that you like me, but you're getting fond of me and you're interested in me. Now I've a proposition to make." She slipped to her knees on the floor beside my chair and turned up her face—her sharp, malicious, guileful little face—to mine. "I'm utterly tired out—this is one of my 'down' times. The map of me is very mountainous—up and down, up and down. I think it will always be so. I shall have some great climbs! But now I'm very thin, and I've got indigestion from bad food; I'm living up my vitality every minute, and when that's gone I sha'n't be able to carry out any of my schemes. Of course my head is full of schemes.

"Now, if you like, I'll come and live with you for two months—just two! You'll feed me and buy me clothes—I really have nothing left—and I'll amuse you and stimulate you and give you all sorts of new ideas. I promise not to let your brother make love to me."

I smiled at the thought of my sleek, conventional Edgely making love to the little waif.

She caught my smile and nodded wisely. "Oh, he'll want to because I'm different; but *I* promise. Now your instinct tells you that I play fair; I'm perfectly straight with people I like. Of course I can't answer for my mother. She may find me and come to call. There's no use putting her on her honor, for she hasn't got any; but she's a charming person, and I'll watch her if she comes; you can depend on that. It's September and you're not doing much, are you, but suffrage and charity work, which bores you at bottom? What do you say? Two months; and if I find we're not getting on before the time is up, I'll simply fade away. What do you say?"

Edgely said a great deal. "Oh, you new women! You're mood-mad! There's no peace for a man nowadays! I'd like to take you to Turkey and put you in '*purda*' for the rest of your life—a yashmak and a zither and a barred window is what you need, my dear sister! You've filled our house with Polish girl strikers, and suffragettes, and sheep-faced poets, and people with cults; but I'll be hanged if I take a gutter-snipe to live with us!"

I could only repeat: "Wait until you see her. You'll like her; she'll amuse you."

"Well, *you* don't amuse me; you make me sick; you make me tired!" said my dear Edgely, stretching his neck and patting his hair anxiously to see if it was quite smooth, as he always does when he's enraged.

The next day Sophie came.

I shall never forget that first evening at dinner. Sophie, with a bronze fillet in her hair and a smocked frock of leaf-green chiffon, looked about sixteen. We had shopped all afternoon and brought the things home in a cab. For all her cleverness, she could not seem demure, but she was very composed and quiet, alarmingly quiet.

Edgely ate his dinner in sulky silence, and I was too tired and dazed to talk.

After the roast, Sophie looked at me with a glitter in her eye. "Is your brother waiting for me to talk to him?" she asked, in a small, husky voice.

Edgely became extremely pink and muttered something under his breath.

"I've been trying to think of things to talk about," she went on, turning her remarkable pale eyes on my poor brother, "but it is difficult. You see, you're interested in golf and polo and bridge, and money, and I know nothing whatever about those things. And as for sport, the only taste of that I've had was a rather funny swordfishing experience off Montauk Point."

"Swordfish?" Edgely pricked his ears and began to look normal again. Whereupon Sophie folded her long hands on the edge of the table and told her tale. She began quietly, and very gradually worked up to a dramatic pitch which

culminated in the description of the swordfish piercing the bow of the boat, tearing a rent in Sophie's frock, and scaring her father, who had been ill, so that he fell overboard.

She wound up with: "Of course, we lost the swordfish in catching father, and the skipper was very much annoyed. Father lay perfectly flat on deck for a long time, and finally asked in a faint voice, 'Sophie, where is the nasty thing?'"

Beeman was rooted to the floor by the pantry door, and Edgely was so diverted that he forgot all about an engagement at his club and looked distinctly disappointed when Sophie excused herself at nine o'clock and went to bed. She told me later that the only swordfish she'd ever seen was at the Natural History Museum, and that she wasn't at all sure that it was not an extinct species. But the battle was won that night when Edgely admitted, sheepishly, that Sophie was an amusing little cuss.

Nothing had ever seriously disturbed him, and I found myself hoping that Sophie would be the means of violently unsettling my brother. I saw that presently—very soon, in fact—he would have become too settled, too heavy, to be moved at all. But if I expected Sophie to focus her attention on us, I was soon disappointed. She talked to us because an audience was essential to her; but she did not really consider us very much more than she did Beeman, or the cook, or my cat Mahmoud. Sometimes she made me wonder if we have not—all of us—a sneaking respect and admiration for unwavering egotism. I never loved Sophie. But as time went on I grew extremely fond of her, and in a queer way I envied her.

It was not possible really to know her; her frankness was, it seemed, not frankness at all. She recounted bits of her extraordinary life because it amused her to talk, and above all because it amused her to shock me. But she withheld her father's name, her birthplace, her address, and many details which would have enabled me definitely to place her.

Her mother did not appear, and I do not know if Sophie saw her at all. She made frequent trips to her lodging for her mail, and there, too, I fancy, she met the people who were in touch with her at the time. At any rate, she had no visitors while she was with me, and she very shortly made it clear that my friends bored her. Suffragists they were, for the most part, and Sophie refused to meet them.

"What's the use? I always hurt their feelings; and they've got such nice feelings! They are, you know, rather like the Boy Scouts—busy and useful in a way, and beautifully organized; but what of it? This widespread confidence in the power of organization is a stupid thing. Organize a hundred and fifty thousand peacocks and a hundred and fifty thousand cows and a hundred and fifty thousand toy poodles, and what do you have? The deafening racket of a million peacocks and cows and poodles. It may be amusing for them; but what are they doing?"

"Sophie, do you realize at all what these splendid women are working for?"

She waved me aside. "I asked your Mrs. Black the other day what was the most essential thing in the world to work for, and she said, 'The economic independence of women.' Now to me there's something droll about a horde of women working for the economic independence of their sex while they themselves are nicely supported by their husbands and fathers and sons. Women have just discovered that they're individuals. Well, let them prove it practically, and they can do anything they like!

"And this eternal busyness with others' affairs! Why, I'm probably the only woman you know who'll admit that she's more interested in herself than in her sister-kind."

About her ambitions, her schemes, Sophie would say nothing. When I questioned her she gave me a deep look in which affection and malice blended. She vowed that for the time she had only one ambition—to grow fat and strong and calm. "When my hair shines and my eyes shine and my bones are covered, I'll talk of the future—not now."

And indeed she made a business of eating and sleeping and caring for her small, meager body. She breakfasted in bed, walked in the Park, and went to bed early, although she did not sleep till after midnight.

Drawn by Howard Giles Engraved by F. A. Pettit

I WENT TO HER ROOM EVERY EVENING FOR A CHAT

I went to her room every evening for a chat and found myself looking forward to that hour, which often stretched itself to two or three—a time of strange confidences and stranger reticences when Sophie, becapped and wrapped in a rosy gown, sat hugging her knees in the middle of the bed. She looked adorable in cap and frills; in fact, she wore everything so charmingly that we spent days in the shops. I bought lavishly; then Sophie turned the tables and declared that I needed clothes myself.

"Why do you try to look artistic? It's not your type at all—traily things and lumpy beads, and your hair in loops! Now you're essentially modern, and should wear ultra-smart things—pearls in your ears, and smart hats, and your hair dressed by Maurice. I'll make you look as an English duchess should and doesn't, in no time."

In years I had not been so extravagant, and I was vastly pleased with the result. Edgely wasn't. He said, "You don't look decent, somehow, sister. What have you been doing to yourself?"

"That's just it," crowed Sophie. "Only an utterly respectable woman can afford to look like that. Now I'm not respectable—I must always be conservative in my clothes."

Sophie made Edgely squirm in every fiber of his being. She shocked him, she took his breath away, she seized his pet convictions and his orderly prejudices and turned them inside out. She left him red and floundering; but when he'd got his breath he came back for more.

Men had played strange parts in Sophie's life; but she had, to the best of my belief, given them nothing. She used them craftily; told them that she was using them, and so disarmed them. One touch of sentiment had come to her in her eighteenth year in the person of an anemic young socialist, a pupil of her father's. They had gone off for a day in the country with a box of sandwiches and Henry George's *Social Problems*.

It was springtime, and the sky was gray after a morning of heavy showers. The ground was quite muddy, and, as Sophie put it, all the green things looked like salad that had soaked for a long time in French dressing. They sat on a rock, and could not read; they opened their lunch-box, and could not eat; they tried to talk and found themselves uttering inanities.

"He touched me once and his hand was quite clammy. I wanted him to kiss me awfully, and he wanted to; but he didn't, and I cried all the way home. I never saw him again, because I found that he made my mind feel cloudy—and he was too poor to be anything but a socialist—ever."

After a long pause Sophie went on, briskly: "Father still hoped I'd be a teacher; he wouldn't see how absurd the idea was. I tried to show him how I felt, and my views upset him very much. I said that I thought the printing-press had been responsible for more madness than the wine-press; and I refused to aid, abet, or in any way encourage the present criminal system of education. Then father said, elongating his upper lip, 'Well, Sophie, perhaps it is wiser that you do not undertake the career of a teacher.' Mother said: 'Do anything you like. You've got brains enough, only I hope you won't marry. It's annoying to have a resident critic in the house all one's life. I know you'd find it annoying, Sophie.' That was rather rough on father under the circumstances, but mother was right in a way.

"Then I went to an art-school for a year, but they wouldn't let me talk; they're a deadly bloodless lot, those art-students, anyway. I decided that the time had come for me to try my personality, to see if it would serve me properly with all kinds of people. So I went into a shop. I found it worked very nicely; I could sell almost anything, and the women used to ask for me. I seemed to know instinctively just the right word or look to rouse a woman's interest in me, or my lace, or her own self, as I chose. It was good practice, but I was really quite ready to go when mother took that piece of insertion."

Sophie had not, I gathered, always lived in New York, and she did not mean to stay. "It's not my field—too full of waste matter. We say New York is the place to live because it's the center, because every one who is doing anything real comes here sooner or later. We forget the hordes of people who come to live vicariously on the activity of others.

For every busy person, there's a score of parasites lapping up the overflow. Now these creatures get in the way—always under one's feet. They disturb one's calculations, and there's no earthly way to use them!"

In the weeks that followed, Edgely was completely demoralized. He was rude to Sophie and very rude to me. He lost his appetite and his pinkness, and he threatened to buy a monoplane. I was not in the least sorry for him. All manner of unsuspected things were struggling to the surface of Edgely, and for the first time in my life I found my brother interesting as a human being.

Sophie grew sleek; one by one she announced the departure of her "dear bones" as they disappeared under a layer of rosy flesh, a layer so charmingly, so cleverly spread that she lost nothing of delicacy. Plump she could never be, and I saw that she would not lose her hungry look, which was the physical mark of her greedy spirit. She was hungry, she said, for everything but sensations—"They're so cheap." She stretched her long arms in an immense gesture, and gloated, "Oh, life—life's so fat, so rich, so luscious, so bursting with things, that I must live a hundred years!"

I had by this time realized that when the two months were ended Sophie would not suggest a longer visit. Having got what she wanted, she would go, and her leave-taking would be as casual as her coming. By no possible chance would she come to me and say: "I must go. You've been awfully good to me, and I'm sorry to leave." She was incapable of gratitude, and consequently of ingratitude. I remember her saying: "Why are people always embarrassing each other with thank-you's? One does what one can, and that's the end of it." She had amused, interested, and upset us to an extent which more than paid for our hospitality, and she would not be sorry to go. Already she showed signs of restlessness.

One day early in November—a bleak, gusty afternoon—I came home at the tea-hour and went directly to my sitting-room fire. From the library across the hall came the sound of voices. I listened deliberately as I took off my furs. Sophie's treble carried distinctly. Edgely's low voice sounded a troubled, vehement note new to my sister-ears.

Sophie was saying: "Oh no, you don't; you couldn't want to marry me. Mother would get away with the wedding-presents under the noses of the detectives. And, anyway, I don't want to marry." Edgely broke in violently; then came Sophie's cool protest: "I can't, and I won't—I don't want to. You're not amusing enough, and I don't care to arrange my life that way. You see, there's nothing you can think of that will do. If I stayed here any longer you'd kiss me again, and your sister wouldn't like it at all. I shouldn't, either. So I must go—just disappear."

Edgely's voice came faintly, resignedly, and then:

"I'm sorry to leave your sister; she's a dear. I've done a great deal for her. It's almost impossible to shock her now, and she's not so faddy as she was. She'll have to get along without me. And you, you nice thing, will grow pink again very soon; you're naturally a pink person. You'll never forget me as long as you live. Good-by! No, stay *just* where you are, please. Good-by!"

I heard the library door close, and Sophie's footsteps sounded on the stairs. Beeman was dressing for dinner, and the new maid was foraging in the pantry ice-box, so Sophie let herself quietly out of the house.

After a few moments, I listened at the door of the library, but Edgely made no sound. In Sophie's room I found her trunk and valises assembled at the foot of the great bed from the depths of which she had spun her nightly drolleries. Everything was locked and strapped and neatly labeled, "To be called for." I looked about the charming room, half hoping to find a note, a word for me, but there was nothing.

That night we dined alone with an empty plate between us. After the savory, Edgely said, frowning (he always frowns when he lies):

"Where is Sophie?"

I looked at my dear brother steadily for a moment before replying, "Where, indeed?"

And that was the end of that.

The Colleges and Mediocrity

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

Assistant Professor of English, Yale University

THE writer of fiction may be said, with only a pardonable exaggeration, to put himself in the place of the Almighty. Venturing to create a man, he shapes the character of his creature, molds and refines his brain, and prepares a living instrument by which events and circumstances can be controlled or directed toward a reasonable destiny. If he is a bad writer the results deceive only children. But if he is modest enough to study life and imitate it, then he shares the mysterious power of creative evolution and earns his tribute of respect.

The teacher also feels—at least in his remote subconsciousness—that he shares or should share this power. He, too, must make character, brains, efficiency; and if the part he plays is relatively small, at least when he labors over a boy in whom the man is still uncreated, he is engaged in no work of the imagination merely. Except for the parent he is the only professional on the job; and next to the parent he is held most responsible for the result. The praise usually goes to the amateur elements in the task—friends, college spirit, the rigors of athletics, and environment; the blame falls upon the professional educators—the parents and himself.

I am not much concerned with the justice or the injustice of his claim for services rendered. This is one of the questions that must go up to the Supreme Court of the Last Judgment, for no sublunary arbitrator can disentangle the evidence. I merely wish to explain the earnestness with which each college professor accepts his responsibility, and asks, as he looks over his entering classes, "Who among you shall be saved?"

He means, of course, "Who among you shall be educated?"—that he identifies salvation and education is due to his professional bias, and may be taken for what it is worth. When a college education became fashionable, when the little file of the sons of ministers and lawyers entering the college gates was joined and submerged by the multitude of everybody's sons—rich, poor, stupid, brilliant, ambitious, and the opposite—his question first became acute. Now it is burning. Shall the colleges spend their abundant energies and their great, if not too effective, powers upon the few fit, or upon the mass, the multitude of the mediocre? Shall we seek quality or quantity? I know that the question has been answered a hundred times in history; but it has not been answered for twentieth-century America. For America just now provides the greatest exhibit the world has ever seen of successful mediocrity.

There are no contented poor on this side of the Atlantic except in the backwaters of the East. There is no single class content to recognize the intellectual or material superiority of the rest. Every one is pushing onward and upward. The poor man, as we are told every day, may be rich to-morrow; the ignorant goes to night-school and will learn; the drummer hopes to run the business for which he is traveling; the hired man will own land as good as that he plows; the clerk will be a partner in the firm. Even in the universities no institutions like the fellowships of Oxford and Cambridge can exist. In America not even the scholar is willing to stop at such a position. He must go on—or try to go on—as far as the rest. Never before has a nation exhibited so complete a spectacle of millions of insects all swarming upward toward the light.

This view may be optimism. I do not think so. For in nine hundred cases out of a thousand the goal of all this striving is mediocrity. Your son nowadays does not hope to be President. He climbs

toward a much lower round in the ladder. The laborer wishes to reach the middle class. The middle class wishes to be richer. The upper class—if we have one—hopes to make sure of its perch. Our cities reflect the spirit. They rise like the wind from the empty prairie or the dense forest into a reasonable similitude of the "business district" of St. Louis or Chicago, and then stick at a level of ugliness which is not the less ugly for being metropolitan. Our homes show it. A semi-colonial with porcelain tubs and hardwood floors bounds the imagination of all but the artistic temperament or the millionaire. Our literature shows it most distinctly of all. American newspapers and magazines maintain a higher average of composition than is to be found elsewhere, perhaps, and seldom rise above that average. We show it ourselves; for consider how much the speech of one American business man resembles that of another. You can sojourn for days in smoking-cars, hotel corridors, or cafés without encountering an idea which descends to the naïve ignorance of the peasant or rises above mediocrity. Even our multimillionaires, the characteristic "great men" of America, although in the manipulation of natural resources they have risen above the ordinary, seem to be mediocre as personalities. The newspapers are generous of space to every episode in their domestic history; yet what could be flatter than their remarks to strangers who entertain royalty unawares in a broken-down automobile; what less illuminating than their comments on success in life; what less interesting than their lives when once the millions have been made? As a nation we are mediocre.

This may be pessimism. I do not think so. It is the very essence of the American experiment that a vast body of men and women should be raised *as a whole* to a level of comfort, of intelligence, of happiness, which, if far below the best, should be also far above the worst. And this involves, this requires an enormous increase in the total amount of mediocrity. Democracy and free immigration combined inevitably make for such a result. It had to come; and our day's work is still to bring more and more of the illiterate, the incapable, the unfortunate up to the level of the mediocre, even though the burden weighs us down, and the result seems to point toward a future that is drab and dull and commonplace. No race can escape from its circumstances, and these, in part by choice, in part by the chance of inheritance in a rich and undeveloped continent, are ours.

I would not deal so freely in generalizations if I did not feel that they were self-evident; nor would I write of this subject at all if I did not believe that it lay on the very heart of the American colleges. I do not suppose that the college is more vital in American life than any one of a dozen agencies committed by nature to idealism and usefulness. But I think that no individual confronts more inevitably the problem of the mediocre than the professor in an American college.

For see the mass of undergraduates that, drawn from all the social classes, but chiefly from those that have already attained mediocrity, are flung at his head. Among them, to be sure, are a few of the brilliantly ambitious who will use more than can be given to them; but in far greater numbers are the brilliant and unambitious who will use nothing unless it is forced upon them, the stupid but well-meaning who have to be fed with a spoon, and the backward and unmeaning who must be cudgeled along after the rest. Where shall the bewildered teacher apply his goad? Whom shall he permit to fall behind? How shall he keep pace with the leaders without scattering the herd?

There can be no question as to personal choice. I have heard more than one man of experience remark that there is no pleasure in teaching an undergraduate whose grade is below seventy-five per cent.; and, while I do not believe it, I have seldom heard the statement contradicted. Indeed, in the universities, the best scholars on the faculty, unless they love teaching for itself or are controlled by necessity or circumstance, gravitate generally toward small and selected classes or graduate work. And it would be easy and pleasant for all of us to concentrate upon the exceptional students—to educate them, even if the rest

should go unwashed by the waters of knowledge. When circumstances are favorable, the forcing of a needle into soft iron is not more difficult than to push one really new idea into an immature brain. But if circumstances are unfavorable, if there are thirty brains of all ranges of capability to be manipulated, the difficulty is multiplied. I can give one or two men with good minds and a good environment behind them—I can give them, if they want it, a comprehension of the strange and moving literary force called romanticism, which, springing from obscure reactions in the psychology of a race, spreads through thought and speech and action until it transmutes into literature and becomes a rosy semblance of the life men would desire to lead in a world shaped by their imagination. Or I can try to give the same conception to all, knowing that half the minds will be as blank as before, that most of the remainder will return confused and broken images of the truth perhaps less valuable than blankness, and that the few fit will profit less, because, of necessity, less has been given them.

The literal-minded will probably reply, "Don't try to teach romanticism." Well, I do not—to elementary classes. But this merely alters the terms of the problem—the solution will be the same. It would be easiest, it would be pleasantest, it would seem to be most efficient in the American colleges, to sacrifice the mediocre to the able, to dismiss quantity and hold fast to quality. And yet every one knows that this is precisely what we do not do. Every one knows, or can find out for the asking, that in our schools and all our undergraduate departments nine-tenths of our labor is spent upon those least able or least likely to profit by the results.

The cynic will remark that our perversity is due to the attitude of the powers that be, who, in the contemporary college, are almost as sensitive to the merits of quantity as the "boosters" of a Western town. The cynic would be partly right. We are still in the pioneering stage in the college world—or think that we are—where sheer numbers seem necessary in order to hold down the investment. And yet the pressure supposed to be exerted upon the underlings in order to keep classes large is so much less—at least in colleges of a high rank—than is popularly supposed, that I am inclined to think this motive unimportant in the problem.

It is not a crude desire to keep the college "big"; nor is it weak human nature, hesitating to eliminate a nuisance when that nuisance is a friendly, fresh-spirited boy; it is the American passion for democracy that makes us lavish our energies upon the multitude of the mediocre. For a belief that the right to an education is as universal as freedom is ingrained in the American mind. The college professor may never have recognized this as the cause of his perverse devotion to the mediocre. He may never have said, he may never have thought, "If the republic is to be saved it is by raising the average of intelligence." But his actions prove that somewhere in his subconsciousness this belief is stirring. It is this hidden passion that manifests itself in the attitude I have called perverse.

This passion for democracy is the most sincere and possibly the most valuable quality in our whole educational system. When I glimpse its subterranean motives I know why my heart is sore if the ninety-and-nine average men are unmoved by my teaching, even though the hundredth man has responded beyond my hopes. But when I calculate its effects I realize that it is responsible for some of the difficulties in which American education flounders. It is the quintessence of a noble idealism; but we have followed it blindly; and sometimes it has led us into the mire.

Everywhere but in so-called graduate work, and in some measure even there, this desire to do something for every one has made us neglect the exceptional man and actually favor the mediocre. There is no question, I think, as to the fact, and a comparison of the best products of English and Continental training-schools with our own graduates will bring it home. They permit fewer men to call themselves educated; but these men are more highly trained, more efficient intellectually, than ours. In science, in scholarship, as in literature, we still look eastward for leaders.

In the past our deficiencies were due to inferior equipment and less extensive resources. But now we can offer neither poverty nor immaturity as an excuse. Our failure to provide the best possible education for the best men can be attributed only to our desire to give every man his equal chance, a desire which, more deeply interpreted, means that we have preferred universal mediocrity to an aristocracy of brains and a commonalty of ignorance. We educate a class, not individuals. We boast of the type, of the average our colleges produce. In my own university one hears far less of Jonathan Edwards, of Evarts, of Calhoun, or of Stedman than of the "Yale man." This indirect evidence, I think, is ever more significant than the results of matching Harvard with Oxford or Columbia with Berlin.

Are we wrong? Am I absurd when I feel that my class must come forward as a body—the lazy millionaire's son, the earnest child of an uncouth immigrant, the able inheritor of sufficient brains—must come forward, all of them, or the year's work is not well done? I do not think so—for I believe in the American experiment. I believe in the passion for democracy—even when misguided, even when blind.

But it is blind. That is the chief criticism one has to offer. The French of the Revolution were so afraid of aristocracy that in the new republic they reduced all titles to "citizen." We have been so afraid of slighting the democracy that in the colleges we have reduced all education to an average. The needless folly of limiting ourselves to such a programme is manifest. We have energy enough and to spare, and money to make the mare go faster and farther than any one has yet driven her. It is perfectly possible to give signal ability its proper opportunity without failing in our duty to the multitudinous mediocre. This is not an argument for aristocracy in education. It is common sense. For we need leaders in the American experiment quite as much as a continuously rising democracy. And in the next stage of development we shall need them more.

The establishment of "honor" schools and "honor" courses is a tardy and so far rather imperfect recognition of this fact. I have no programme to propose for their development. The details must be worked out in the class-room, not in an essay. But when we see that our admirable loyalty to the democratic ideal has held us back at the same time that it has kept us true to destiny, we shall put more intelligence into our reforms. The college must continue to be an institution for the increase of mediocrity, for mediocrity is infinitely preferable to ignorance; but it must also provide the exceptional man with the training by which he alone can profit. Like the Yankee contrivance which can be used for both ladder and chair, it must perform both the functions demanded of it, even at the risk of being less than best in one of them.

The worst fault, however, into which our age-long service of mediocrity has led us is a weak-kneed, pusillanimous deference to mediocrity itself. The college has borrowed the vice from every-day American life. For example, the most deadly weapon in the yellow journalist's armory is the term "high-brow." A politician may be called "grafter," "boss," or even "muckraker," and escape unscratched; but if he is denounced as a "high-brow," and the label sticks, his career is ended. A playwright or a novelist may be written down as "cheap," he may be said to plagiarize, he may be shown to be vicious or unclean, without serious damage to his reputation; but let him be proved a "high-brow" and the public will fly from him as if he were a book-agent. Now the widespread American belief that knowledge makes a man impractical is responsible for some of this curious odium; but far more is due to our servile deference to mediocrity. The weight of public opinion is usually against the expert, the specialist, the thinker, the exceptional man in general, for public opinion, whether right or wrong, is always mediocre; and there are few among us who do not in this respect yield somehow, somewhere, to public opinion. The doctor distrusts the advanced political theorist, the politician distrusts the advanced dramatist, the dramatist sneers at the innovations of science. We are all made timid by

the enormous majorities which uphold mediocrity.

The college is like a salt-pool on the ocean shore, where young sea-things are growing in the gentle wash of waves that come from the world without. There is a public opinion in college which is as like the public opinion without as a microcosm can be to a macrocosm. And just as the public opinion without favors mediocrity in everything but making money, so this public opinion encourages mediocrity in everything but athletics and social advance. No need to dwell upon this. The fact is better known than the gradual change which has come over college ideals in the last decade, until now the minority in favor of culture, knowledge, mental keenness, and other attributes of a high civilization is comfortably large.

But the majority still exists, and its burden weighs heavily. It is curiously difficult for a teacher who is no mental machine, but human, to estimate at his true intellectual value a fine young fellow who already possesses the "push" and the "punch" which are still sufficient for a reasonable financial success in America. It is enormously difficult to insist upon standards of intellectual accomplishment above the mediocre level with which the public is content. Let the graduate be deficient in some category that even mediocrity has mastered —say, spelling, or letter-writing, or punctuation—and opinion howls him down; but in the higher departments of theoretical knowledge the world outside is quite content with a fifty or sixty per cent. efficiency, and deprecates more as an accumulation of material not readily transmutable into cash.

All this the teacher feels, and as his class become personalities to him, he inclines further and further toward their own opinion, the college world's opinion, everybody's opinion of what a student should do and know. Then, at the crisis, the insidious, unrecognized passion for democracy, the subconscious feeling that it his *duty* to raise this deadweight as much as may be permitted him, enters to complicate the situation. He begins to overestimate mediocrity, knowing that he must serve it. His pride dictates, "The results, all things considered, are not so bad." He blames himself for a meticulous idealism. He makes the fatal error of assenting to mediocrity, and thereby ends his career as an agent for raising it. Or he violently reacts against the service required of him, antagonizes his class, and becomes equally valueless, except for graduate work. Here is a familiar college tragedy.

It is easy enough to fulminate from without against the "low standards" of the colleges. Try to raise them and you will find that America is on the other end of the lever. It is difficult to meet such a situation without truckling to mediocrity; it is very difficult to fight the mediocre while loving democracy.

It is difficult, but not impossible, and the difficulty would be less if those chiefly concerned—the faculty, the undergraduates, and the parents—could see the situation for what it is, and, so far as weak human nature permits, direct themselves accordingly.

The faculty, unfortunately, are not exempt from the circumstances of the age in America. If you prick a college professor he will show mediocrity as frequently as his fellow-Christian. But he has this advantage—his profession must bear the brunt of the struggle to attain that comfortable average of intelligence which the American experiment demands. His profession must also sweat and toil to train the leaders without whom that experiment must fail. If responsibility breeds strength, then he cannot remain mediocre. But it is not of his occasional mediocrity that I complain; it is of his frequent and unnecessary lack of vision, his failure to see that both of these ends must be sought. As a class, the teaching profession is most reprehensible for the first of the two errors of democracy which I have discussed in this essay—the failure to encourage the exceptional man.

Those faculty meetings whose rumblings echoed in our undergraduate world present to the philosophic mind a spectacle of earnest scholars anguishing through precious evening hours over Reilley's deficiencies in history, or the hopeless befuddlement of Jenkinson in the presence of untranslated French. The capable undergraduate who is doing

his work, and beginning to profit by his education, has little place in their deliberations, which, to paraphrase Dogberry, seem often to have for text, "If a man can learn, let him alone lest he learn more; but if he can learn nothing, let him be taught." And yet beneath this haze of cross-purposes there lies, as I have tried to show, an intuitive perception of a great service. They have pledged themselves, these scholars, to the democracy, and nobly, if sometimes blindly, they are laboring in its behalf. When their vision clears they will spend not more, perhaps, but certainly as much energy upon the intellectually predestined as upon the mentally unregenerate in the American colleges.

The undergraduate and his parents are guilty under the second count of the general indictment. They cater to mediocrity. As I talk to the loyal, energetic undergraduate outside of the classroom, where he is not afraid to be himself, and as I meet his parents in the course of every-day life, I am convinced that here again the difficulty is quite as much a defect of vision as the pressure of unescapable circumstance. If the undergraduate could see the situation as it is, what would happen? If he could see what the time spirit sees, that he has consented to be part of the dead-weight of crude Americanism, to be raised with infinite pains to an intellectual level only a little higher, where he may view the world only a little more broadly, with but a trifle more of truth! Would he be content with his part? I doubt it. For if there is one thing experience in an American university teaches it is this, that the undergraduate (who, after all, is a picked man, not the average of his race) is not so mediocre as he seems—is not nearly so mediocre as the education he seems to desire.

And the parents!—if they could glimpse what even the college sees: that when they send us their children with injunctions to think well, but not *too* well, they are bowing down to the leaden calf of mediocrity. If only they could realize that their boys are held back by such influence, are caught fast in the sands of mediocrity! If they could know that the college which loves their sons and daughters fears them often enough, as counterweights in the slow uplift to which it is pledged! If they saw all this, would they be content with their part in American education? More than one encouraging experience makes me sure of the response.

And we need their aid—the aid of the parents and the aid of the undergraduates; for, until democracy reaches the level of its opportunities, or is proved a failure, the problem of mediocrity will continue to exist. We cannot solve it by educating the best men only. We cannot solve it by slighting the able. We cannot escape it by pretending that mediocrity is good enough. We must bear the burden. But as we push on toward a distant and uncertain victory a clearer sight of the path we have chosen would save us from stumbling blindly and stupidly beneath its weight.

The Return of Martha

BY ALICE BROWN

MARTHA JAMES and her sister Lucy were moving back into the old house at Bosford. It was early spring, with the taste of winter in it still, overlaid by beguiling hints of coming warmth and beauty. The "going" was so bad that Martha really thought the load of goods might be stuck on the way from the station. Yet the birds were singing so remindingly and the sound of running water was so loud and free that she concluded recklessly it would not matter much if the goods stayed all night by the way. Some of the happy abandon of her youth had entered into her with the sight of the old home and the feel of spring together, and she told Lucy, who only looked at her in a mild wonderment, that she hardly cared what did happen. Martha was a woman of middle age now, but so intrenched in the endurance of her wiry type that she hardly ever had to consider how far she had left her youth behind. She was slim and straight, with a fine, clarified face and an abundance of rich brown hair. Perhaps she had never been pretty in the enchanting ways of youth, but now there was an added appeal in her clear eyes, and often she did look young, in a grave fashion, like a maiden given to serious thoughts. Lucy was different—blond, wistful, and like a child.

This coming back to the old homestead a year after their mother's death had been Martha's impulsive decision. She had seen that she must give up her work in the shop, since mother was no longer there to be with Lucy, who was pathetically not herself, and had not been since the time, years ago, of what Lucy proudly called her "accident." That, at least, she did remember. The horse had run away, and Lucy had been thrown out, and since then, though she had kept her full measure of strength, her mind had never been the same. Other sadnesses had followed the accident. Martha had told Jason West that she couldn't leave Lucy to marry him, and he had gone away, hot with rage, swearing she never had cared about him at all, or she wouldn't have allowed even Lucy to stand between them. So Martha had proposed letting the old house and moving to Mill Village, where it would be easier to make a living and, her grieving heart told her, where she would not be reminded of Jason at every turn.

About three o'clock of this spring day the furniture came, and the Peabody boys, who looked middle-aged when Martha was young, brought it in and disposed it in its wonted places. They were silent, round-shouldered men, with faded thick hair that had once been red, and they were glad to have Martha back. She watched them in a dream as they set up the old clock in the corner and put mother's worn sofa between the east windows, without a word from her. It seemed to her, hearing the birds and the rush of liberated streams, that something had come back with the spring. The Peabody boys were silently rebuilding for her the house of life as it had been. She almost forgot Lucy, who wandered up and down, a little shawl over her shoulders, and seemed, in a puzzled way, to be trying to acquaint herself with the face of long-past days. But after the Peabody boys had gone and the sisters had drunk a cup of tea, the dusk and stillness began speaking to them in a moving way. Martha felt the pang of loss. This was the time of day when lonesomeness walks in with the dark and you must be very happy or hopeful to meet it. Lucy, she saw, was not going to be able to meet it at all. Lucy sat rocking back and forth by the front window, looking out on the moss-rose bush, and moaning: "I want to see mother. I want to see mother."

Martha, going back and forth in the familiar rooms and over the worn stairs, flouted at every step by the ghosts of memory, heard the lament echoing in her own heart and wondered if she could bear it. She stopped on the way downstairs and leaned against the wall, staying herself by her outstretched hands.

"I can't stand it," she said, aloud. "I can't stand it another minute."

But she did get hold of herself because she must. The dusk was coming faster, and that itself might frighten Lucy if no one were near to touch her hand and say little things in a steady voice. She straightened, went down the stairs and into the sitting-room.

"Lucy," said she, in that tone of comfortable cheerfulness she and her mother had learned to use to her—"Lucy, don't you want a bite o' suthin' more 'fore we go to bed?"

But Lucy hardly noticed her. She did look up eagerly when Martha entered the room, but only to drop her eyes again to her lap where her hands lay clasped. Now she varied her lament, but only to make it the more poignant.

"I want my mother," said she; "I want my mother."

Martha drew up a chair and sat down opposite her, so that their knees touched. Lucy, in contrast with her, ashy white now, and with a piteous look of the eyes, seemed little more than a child. Martha bent forward and laid her firm hands on her sister's trembling ones.

"Lucy," said she, "you hear to me. Mother can't come just now. She's left us together. Don't you want to behave nice and pretty same 's mother'd want we should?"

But Lucy shook her head and kept on with her unhappy moaning, "I want my mother."

"I don't see what's the matter of us all of a sudden," said Martha. She was despairing, and two tears ran down her cheeks and splashed her hands. "You never missed her so 'fore we come here."

Then she knew. It was the house. The spell of memory was on them both. She herself was walking among the ghosts of the dead days, and Lucy, too, through her cloud, was getting confused messages. Mother had been the center of the house when they were happy in it. It was she the walls were calling for. Martha made one more trial.

"Lucy," said she, "don't you think you could behave like a good girl same 's mother'd want us to?"

But again Lucy cried out in answer, and though the words were unchanged, they rang more piercingly, and Martha caught away her hands from those weaving fingers and clapped them to her ears. She got up and ran out of the room and up-stairs again, to stand before the old mirror that had used to hang in this very place, and looked at herself, because it seemed to her she must meet sane human eyes, if only her own, before she could encounter that lament again. Then she spoke aloud:

"I look for all the world as mother used to. It won't take much more to make me look like her at the last—not much more."

Hurriedly, and not quite knowing why it was to comfort her, she pulled down her hair, parted it and brought it smoothly over her ears and into a coil behind. And then she ran up into the attic to the chest of mother's clothes that had just been set there out of the way so that Lucy should not come upon them, and took out an every-day gingham, an apron, and wide collar of the sort mother wore. She had been old-fashioned in her dress, and Martha had laughed at her for it, yet with a fond certainty that no other mother looked so sweet. Martha went down to her own room again and took off her dress. She slipped on the gingham and clasped the embroidered collar with mother's cameo. That was in her own bureau drawer, and so were the gold-bowed spectacles mother had inherited from Grandma True. For a long minute Martha looked at the spectacles, and then she went to the hearth and laid them on it, and carefully pounded out the glass. This troubled her a little. She spoke as she did it, and it seemed to her that mother must certainly hear.

"I've got to do it. Don't you see I've got to? You'll be willin' when you see why."

She swept the powdered glass into the ashes, and slipped on the empty bows. Then she looked in the mirror. It was darker now, but the figure she saw there

startled her. "My soul!" she said in wonder. Then she went down-stairs.

Lucy was not lamenting now. She was always a little timid in the dark, and wanted some one by her until the lamp was lighted. But she did look up, and Martha, who did not dare to hesitate lest her courage fail, walked quickly forward. Lucy gave a little cry:

"Oh, mother, you've come back!"

Martha was sure she had done well. She sat down again in the chair opposite Lucy's. This was as mother had used to sit, to wear away the twilight. "Yes," she said. "Now don't you want a mite o' suthin' to eat?"

Lucy laughed a little. It was a pretty laugh, not a silly one. She had pleasant ways still when she was at ease.

"Cookies," she said. "I know where."

She got up and went in her light yet drifting way into the kitchen and straight to the corner cupboard where the old cooky-jar used to sit. And by some miracle, Martha thought, it was there still. It had survived their exile and was back again, though there were no cookies in it. Lucy opened it and put in her hand. But she was not disturbed to find it empty. It had often been empty in the old days. Perhaps that made it seem the more familiar. She laughed a little. "To-morrow!" she chanted, hopefully.

"Yes," said Martha. "To-morrow we'll make some more."

So they ate quite happily some odds and ends they had brought with them, and then they "fastened up" and went to bed. Lucy, as she brushed her long hair—for this she did faithfully and as if it were an absorbing game—sang a little in her sweet, thin voice, a song about Long Ago, and when she was in bed she called out to Martha in her bed across the entry, "Mother!"

Martha raised herself on her elbow. Her heart beat thickly. She wondered if the spell would last. "What is it, Lucy?" she called back.

Lucy laughed. It was her little joke, an old one Martha knew. "Good night! That's all."

Next day the neighbors began to run in. The first was Miss Annie Lovett, who had been the village dressmaker even in their mother's time. She stopped on her way home from Briar Lane, where she had been sewing. Martha, meeting her at the door, was struck by its being so queer that Miss Lovett had not changed at all. She had always been withered and dry of speech as of flesh, and she was no more than that to-day. Martha had forgotten her own masquerading costume until she saw Miss Lovett was standing still and staring up at her with no pretense at shaking hands. Miss Lovett's voice came to her in a crackly rush.

"Why, Marthy James," said she, "this ain't you?"

"Who 'd you think 'twas?" said Martha, with a clutch at pleasantry.

"Why," said Miss Lovett, "I thought for all the world 'twas your mother. And then it come over me she'd passed away. It give me quite a turn."

Martha had recovered her rather humorous calm. "I've been said to resemble mother," she remarked, soberly. "Walk in, Miss Lovett."

Miss Lovett did come in and laughed a little still. "I can't get over it," said she. "You're the very image of her, and you ain't more'n forty-three, and she was seventy if she was a day. How old was your mother?"

"Seventy-three this June," said Martha. She drew forward the rocking-chair and took her visitor's little sewing-bag, as she persuaded her to sit.

Miss Lovett accepted the chair, but she sat on the edge of it and stared at Martha. "Well!" she said at length. "Well! When I see you standin' there in the dusk, you could ha' knocked me down with a feather."

Martha sat in the big arm-chair, her hands folded in her lap. Having entered into her part, she was quietude itself. "Yes," said she, "I feel pleased to think I resemble mother. Lucy takes real cómfort in it."

Miss Lovett caught herself back from her wonder to meet the formalities of a call. "How is Lucy?" she asked.

"Lucy's about the same."

"I thought maybe she'd be here and I'd have a word with her. I always liked Lucy."

"She's gone to bed," said Martha. "She goes early. Some days she's tired as a child."

They sat in the dark and talked of one and another incident of the neighborhood life, and it was nine o'clock before Miss Lovett got up to go. Martha lighted the little kitchen lamp to see her out, and Miss Lovett, the minute she saw her in the light, was transfixed again.

"I can't get over it," said she. "You do look so like your mother. Why, Marthy James, you hain't got any glass in your spe'tacles."

"I broke 'em," said Martha, calmly.

"Well, I should think you'd miss 'em. When d'you expect to have 'em fixed?"

"I dunno," said Martha. "I can't leave Lucy long to a time."

"But how d'you expect you can sew?"

"I don't have much time for sewin'."

Miss Lovett was vibrating in an ecstasy of interest. "But Marthy James," said she, "if you don't use your spe'tacles, for mercy sakes what makes you wear the bows?"

"Folks get used to their spe'tacles," said Martha. She kept an innocent and unmoved front. "Spos'n' you hadn't got any glass, don't you think you'd like the feelin' o' the bows?"

"Well," said Miss Lovett, vaguely, "I dunno. Seems if you'd changed more'n any of us. In a way you hain't. And then again you have. You've got a real good complexion, same as you always had, but I can't get over the way you've fixed yourself up. Why, you might be a hunderd!"

"Oh no," said Martha, "I ain't a hunderd." She held the light to show Miss Lovett the step. "You better tell the neighbors," she called after her.

"Tell 'em what?" Miss Lovett called back. She was finding her way past the thicket of moss roses.

"Tell 'em how much I look like mother, and how I might be a hunderd. Then when they see me they won't be so struck up and we sha'n't have to go over it all again. Good night."

Martha went back into the sitting-room and walked up to the mirror. She held the lamp so that she could see plainly. She looked at first seriously, and then with a little smile. It made her face quite sweet and tender. "I guess," said she, "it's goin' to be a comfort to me, too."

From this time neighbors kept calling, but they were all tactfully silent over Martha's changed looks. She judged Miss Lovett had prepared them, and she was glad. She found a strange restfulness in her sober masquerading. Her own trials seemed to have ceased. She had taken on mother's calmness with her dress.

So life went even happily until the day Jason West came back. He walked past the rose-bushes up to the front door with his old hurried stride, and Martha knew him at once. It was, she thought in that minute by the window, because he had never worn a beard and was clean-shaven still. He was a little more intent of gaze, but that was all. He had kept the look of youth. She stepped back from the window before he lifted his eyes to hers, and when he knocked she stood immovable, crowded into a corner, her hand at her heart. Lucy looked up from her work of sewing patchwork squares—a pastime she loved, doing it sometimes well and sometimes ill.

"Mother," said she, "there's somebody on the step. Don't you want me to go?"

So Martha went. She looked at Jason through the screen door, but she did not open it. He started a little when he saw her. The look cut her to the heart.

"How do you do?" he said. "Is Marthy to home?"

To her surprise, Martha found herself unreasonably stirred at this. She was changed, and by her own act, and she was full of an honest desire that he should go away without knowing her at all. Yet, because he did not know her, she was hurt. "If you mean Marthy James," said she, "I'm Marthy James."

Jason smiled suddenly, the old flashing smile he had had years ago when he teased her. "Why, Marthy," said he, "I never should have know ye. How you've changed!"

The red ran up over her face. Tears burned her eyes. But she recovered herself. "Well," said she, "of all the old neighbors you've changed the least. Won't you step in and see Lucy?"

"Why, yes," said Jason, as if he wondered that she could ask, since that was what he came to do. "Course I'm comin' in."

Drawn by C. E. Chambers

"WHY, MARTHY JAMES, YOU HAIN'T GOT ANY GLASS IN YOUR SPE'TACLES"

And Lucy knew him. She greeted him, Martha thought, as if he had been in every day without a break.

"Jason," said she, "d'you bring me an orange?"

He took an orange out of his pocket and gave it to her. Martha thought it was like witch-work.

"I used to fetch 'em to her when she fust had her accident," said he. "Don't you remember?"

"How'd you come on oranges this time o' year?" asked Martha. She was glad he had remembered. "She hain't had one since last March. Then I got a dozen."

Jason began to talk—all about himself—and Lucy sat and ate her orange peacefully. Jason had a great deal to tell. He had done very well in the West, and now he had come back to the old place to develop water-power in Dog River, about five miles from here, to start an electric plant. He said astonishing things—blunt, reckless things, exactly as he had twenty years ago.

"What do you think, Marthy?" said he. "It ain't more'n a couple o' years since I've got over bein' mad with you."

Martha blushed under mother's cap, but she answered, primly, "I don't know as anybody's any call to be mad with me."

"I was," said Jason, "mad as fire because you wouldn't give up everybody —you know—and come and foller me. I never begun to see your side of it till about two years ago, when mother had her stroke. I guess that kinder softened me up, and I see how 'twould be if anybody wanted me to go off and leave her. Why, I wouldn't do it, that's all."

"I understand," said Martha, stiffly, "your mother's passed away."

"Yes. Last February 'twas. But if she hadn't, Marthy, I was comin' just the same. I was goin' to say, you bring your mother 'n' Lucy and I'll bring mother, and we'll pitch our tent together."

"Mother passed away some time before yours did," said Martha. She wondered what else she could have said. But Lucy innocently broke the awkward moment.

"Mother," said she, "where 'll I put my orange-skins?"

Martha got up and took them; and when she came back to her chair Jason was looking at her frowningly, shaking his head and pursing up his lips. That meant some quick emotion in him.

"She called you 'mother,'" said he.

Martha nodded, with an effect of hushing him.

"I s'pose she misses her," said Jason.

"Not now," said Martha; "not since she's begun to think—"

"George!" said Jason, "I believe you've dressed that way a-purpose."

"There! there!" said Martha. But Lucy had not noticed. She was rocking and singing her little song of Long Ago.

"By George!" said he again. There were tears in his eyes. "How's anybody goin' to make up to you for all them years?"

"You hain't changed a mite, Jason West," said Martha, tartly. "You speak quicker 'n you think."

"Well," said Jason, also in a flash, "what I say I'll stand to." But he went off into talk about the old neighbors, and he knew more, although he had been home but a day, than Martha did after her four weeks. It was not until he got up to go that he told her he had actually come for good. "I'm stayin' over to Taylor's," said he. "Remember that bobtailed cat they had twenty years ago, and the one-legged gander? Well, they've got a bobtailed cat now, and if I look round a little I expect I shall see the gander."

Martha went ceremoniously to the door to bid him good-by. He shook hands with her. Then he looked at her hair.

"Marthy," said he, "you hain't got a gray thread. Don't you remember how I used to tousle up your hair to make you mad? Hanged if I wouldn't like to do it now to get it back up over your ears and make you look as you used to."

"I ain't concerned about my looks," said Martha. But her cheeks were burning so that she was ashamed of them, and when she went in she stopped before the glass. She stood there staring at herself until Lucy asked:

"What is it, mother?"

Martha did not answer. She heard Jason whistling along the road and

thought she was angry with him. It seemed to her time had hardly touched him, while it had brought her hair down over her ears and clothed her in the fashion of a bygone day. And then she remembered it was she herself who had drawn her hair down, for Lucy's sake, and that she had felt it a happy thing to be wearing mother's clothes.

Lucy was singing Jason's name in a little chant. "Jason West," she sang. "Jason West."

"There," said Martha, when the chant hurt her, jarring out old memories, "never mind. He won't come again."

But he did come, nearly every day, chiefly at dusk, after his running here and there, engaging workmen and laying out his plans, and always he behaved as if he and Martha were old friends, confirmed in an assured relation.

He was very good to Lucy, too. He brought her presents, none of them costing much, but such as to keep her in a delighted expectation. She was quite at ease with him, and, perhaps because he treated her like a woman and not a child, she was every day more like her old self. He put quiet questions to her, and she would answer sensibly.

"I never'll forget it in you," said Martha, impulsively, when she went to the door with him one night. "Never, so long's I live."

"What?" asked Jason.

"Bein' so good to Lucy. You're kinder bringin' her out."

"Lucy never'll be what she was, but she's got a good deal left," said Jason, gravely. "Folks hadn't ought to treat her as if she wa'n't growed up. You give me a word with her now and then alone, Marthy, and see if she don't set up and answer like a major."

Martha did it the very next night. She went off into the kitchen to sponge bread, and from there she heard the even flow of Jason's voice. He was telling Lucy a story, she judged, for now and then Lucy laughed a little. It sounded very cozy and pleasant, and she took a long time to sponge the bread.

Jason, at the window, heard Martha lay down her knife and spoon in the sink, and then he put his hands on his knees and bent forward a little. "Lucy," said he, "you look at me."

She looked at him, smiling in her pretty way.

"Lucy," said he, "where's Marthy?"

Instantly her face drew itself together into a little frown. "Marthy?" she repeated, helplessly.

"Yes," said Jason. "Where's Marthy?"

Lucy gazed at him in a wistful appeal, as if, having thought of Martha, she would beg of him to find her. The step in the kitchen neared the door.

"Never mind," said Jason, with his ready cheerfulness. "We'll find her. Some other day. Mother's comin' now."

But Lucy was still troubled, and Martha, seeing it, went to her at once.

"What is it, dear?" she asked.

Martha was not much used to tender words, but mother had been, and they were every day more natural to her tongue.

Lucy looked at her still from a cloud of doubt.

"I guess she thought she'd lost somethin'," said Jason, carelessly. "Didn't you, Lucy?"

"Your knittin'?" asked Martha. "Here 'tis." And Lucy had forgotten what it was that troubled her.

Day after day Jason snatched at pretexts for a word with Lucy alone, and every time he talked about Martha. Once he was quite explicit, in a careless way, painting before her the picture of Martha as she had been. This was a late afternoon when Martha was safely away for half an hour, helping Miss Annie Lovett take her finished quilt out of the frames. Jason, lounging in the big chair by the window, casting a glance at Lucy now and then, looked very purposeful. Lucy, happily sewing her patchwork and vaguely aware of a pleasure in it because the orange-colored square was laid against a blue, glanced up at him from time to time and answered in an absorbed, contented way.

"Lucy," said Jason, "we used to have proper good times together, you and Marthy and me."

"Yes," said Lucy, smiling.

"You remember that time I clim' the old nut-tree and fell half-way down, and Marthy screamed out: 'I'll ketch you. I'm holdin' my apron'?"

"Yes," said Lucy, "I remember."

"Then there was that time your mother went to camp-meetin' and stayed through the week, and Marthy kep' house, and I come to supper every night."

"Yes," said Lucy, delightedly. She was holding up her squares to the light, and Jason could not tell whether she was content over the recalling of old days or the sunlight through the orange and the blue.

"I never minded your mother's goin' away and stayin' a week at a time," said he, "if only Marthy'd keep house. I was glad to have her go and get a rest."

"Oh yes," said Lucy. "So was I, Jason; so was I."

Then Jason put his unfailing question. He leaned forward and compelled her glance. "Lucy," said he, "I want to see Marthy. Don't you?"

Lucy had laid down her patchwork. She looked at him in a puzzled questioning. "Yes," said she. "Yes, Jason. You find her."

"That's about it," said Jason. "We've got to find her. You do it, Lucy. When mother comes in, you ask where Marthy is."

While Lucy was still regarding him, now with a frightened gaze, Martha did come, warm from her walking, a wholesome veil of pink over her cheeks. First her eyes sought Lucy, though in passing she gave Jason a smiling nod. But Lucy could not wait for any greeting. She stretched up trembling hands to her. "Mother," said she, "where's Marthy?"

Martha stepped back a pace. Then she looked at Jason. He met her eyes gravely.

"Yes," said he, "she's kinder homesick for old times. We've been talkin' 'em over. I don't know what she's goin' to do if you can't find Marthy for her."

Perhaps it was the steadying suggestion of his tone that kept Lucy to the point. She was holding Martha now by both hands, and her face fell into pathetic lines. "Oh, mother," she cried, "you find Marthy. If you don't find Marthy I shall die."

Jason rose from his chair.

"All right," said he, cheerfully; "we'll find Marthy. We won't be long about it, either. You sit here like a good girl, and fold your patchwork up, and we'll see what we can do." He turned about and held the door for Martha, and they left the room. Jason shut the door behind them. Then he took Martha into his arms and kissed her. He laughed.

"Marthy," said he, "your eyes are big as saucers. You've got awful pretty eyes. Now I'm goin' to pull your hair down, and you run and do it up same's you used to. And take off that collar and stick on a bow or somethin'. Put on the youngest thing you've got. You don't want Lucy to set there cryin' for her sister when you could put the clock back twenty year if you wa'n't so set. George! I never see so much hair. You roll it up on the top o' your head and be down here 'fore Lucy has time to cry her eyes out."

Martha ran up the stairs without a word. He heard the door latch after her. Jason stood in the front doorway and looked off over the moss-rose bushes. He was not sure she would come back at all, but he stood there and hoped. In a little time she came. She wore a white dress, and her lovely hair was coiled on the top of her head. She even had a blue-ribbon belt, and that was exactly like long ago, for Jason had given it to her. This he did not know, but it moved him in some way not clear to him, and the tears came into his eyes. Martha, soberly, yet not hesitating, came down the stairs. Her eyes were steadfastly upon him, and he could see her breath come fast. Jason felt as if he were there to receive his bride, and he held out his arms. He kissed her softly, and Martha received the kiss like a wife who has learned the expectation of love. Then they went in to Lucy. She had been obedient. Her patchwork lay exactly folded, and she was watching the door. At the sight of them her face flushed all over in its lovely pink.

"Oh, Marthy!" she cried. "You've come back, hain't you? Don't you ever go away any more." Then she saw that Jason was holding Martha's hand, and that they stood there together not quite as she had seen them. "Why," said she, "you hain't got married?"

"No," said Jason. He drew Martha forward a step, so that he seemed to be giving her to Lucy. "No, we hain't. But we're going to be in a few days."

In Shakespeare's America

BY WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY

OLD English and Scottish popular ballads are not the only legacy of the Old World to the New that time has kept more or less intact in the dark hollows of the Kentucky hills. Sink a shaft almost anywhere in the obscure social and spiritual strata of that secluded section and you will make striking, often startling, discoveries. The very language itself, far from being, as is too commonly supposed, a mere uncouth dialect, preserves in many respects the obsolete idiom of our ancestors, and is starred with interesting and significant survivals.

It is said that when the mountaineer begins to read at all, he displays so marked a preference for Shakespeare that it is invariably the works of that poet that have most frequently to be rebound in any library to which he has access. The reason he himself gives for this predilection is that the things Shakespeare makes his characters do always seem so "natural."

So also must seem the things he makes them say. Words and turns of expression employed by Shakespeare and in the King James version of the Bible are of such common occurrence in the mountain speech that it is quite possible for a native student of his own people's peculiar characteristics to argue, with no small show of reason, that "the purest English on earth is that of the Kentucky mountains — however unpolished and crude it may be grammatically. Another asserts that this racy idiom is the one real literary dialect as yet produced in America.

A teacher in a settlement school told me that her greatest trouble was getting the children to talk "good English." Yet the natural, untutored speech of these children (and of the grown people as well, when they have remained uncontaminated by outside influences) is of a pristine poetic quality seldom found save among the very primitive.

Just because the mountaineers are, for the most part, either illiterate or able to see few newspapers, they have no stereotyped forms of expression. For them the language is in the same state of fluidity and flux that it was for Shakespeare and his contemporaries, so that they are always free to vary and invent, and are often forced to feel around, as it were, not only for the *right* word, but for their *own* word, which, since they have a natural esthetic instinct for verbal shapes and sounds, gives their speech a remarkable sense of freshness and stylistic distinction. Moreover, the very fact that their vocabulary is extremely limited tends to foster a fanciful and figurative form of expression, as in the case of the old preacher who, referring to the white-haired among his auditors, called down a blessing upon those "whose heads were bloomin' for the grave."

There is much that is coarse and crude in the mountaineer's method of expression, reflecting, frequently, the conditions under which he lives.

But what at first sight appears most corrupt or colloquial often proves on closer acquaintance to possess unexceptionable linguistic credentials. What, for example, could possibly have a more bucolic or Bœotian flavor than the use of the verb "to talk" in the sense of "to court" or "to woo"? Yet, in "King Lear" we find Regan saying, precisely:

My lord is dead; Edmund and I have *talked*.

In Shakespeare also we find "holp" for "helped," a form of the preterite very common in the mountains, as are also "whup" for "whipped," "wrop" for "wrapped," "clomb" for "climbed." If a mountain man becomes suddenly bereft of his senses, it is said of him that "he's tuk a franzy spell," and this rustic pronunciation has the authority of no less a poet than Sir Philip Sidney.

There is also sound logic, if not literary authority, for "ary" and "nary," which are nothing more or less than contractions of "e'er a" and "ne'er a"—corruptions, if one chooses, but notably euphonious and convenient—and the forms "farder" and "furder" for "farther" and "further" have exactly the same justification from an etymological point of view as "murder," which used to be written "murther"; while the impersonal pronoun "hit" is no mere cockneyism for "it," but the original Anglo-Saxon form of the word.

It is the custom of the city-bred to scorn the provincial; but words, or the uses of words, so labeled in the dictionary, are often those which best repay the attention of the student. Thus the visitor to the Cumberlands is sure to be struck by the use of the word "generation" without temporal significance and as an exact synonym of "breed" or "race." For example, "Thar's a powerful generation o' them Holmeses." But this is merely a forgotten Elizabethan use of the word, and might be made to throw an interesting light upon the exegesis of the text in which Christ characterized his hearers on one occasion as a "generation of vipers."

The quaint, picturesque, and archaic "begone," which Shakespeare could put in the mouth of a king issuing orders to his loyal lieges, is now used only when addressing a dog, and never even to the humblest man or woman.

Old customs naturally preserve traces of an ancient terminology. Thus the mountain marriage observances, which have kept intact an unusual element of traditionalism, even for this conservative section, present the word "infare" as the name for the bridegroom's frolic. This precedes the wedding proper, celebrated the following day at the home of the bride's parents, whither all repair on horseback, the bride seated on a pillion behind her future lord and master. The attendants of the bridal pair are termed "waiters" and "waitresses."

Another use of the verb "to wait" is "to attend," as in the case of a nurse or a doctor, while still a third is "to say grace." This last is a wholly exotic or "fotcht-on" custom, and is rarely found save in those families affected by outside religious influences. But if you are a guest in a mountain home, and are thought to be a "missionary" (since "Bible readers" and "missionaries" are almost the only visitors in certain remote sections), you are quite likely to be asked to "wait on the table," and you will not be able to escape the performance of this rite, although in some cases your host may politely inquire in advance whether you "follow talkin'," so that you can ask a blessing or not, as you choose.

If he is one of those who are accustomed to ask it themselves, he will take a preliminary look around the table and caution the children to "act pretty," just as, when you have arrived at his house, he said he was "proud" to see you looking so "stout," and asked you to sit down and make yourself "pleasant" while waiting for dinner.

The most common and familiar words often express a most uncommon and unfamiliar shade of meaning in the mountains, where "nice" means "sober" (in the alcoholic sense); where to be "ambitious" is to be "angry" and ready to fight; where "to cook" is "to boil," "to boil" is merely "to heat up" on the fire, and to roast is "to smother." Where "ivy" is "laurel," "laurel" is "rhododendron," a "flower-pot" is any kind of bouquet, and "lilies" are "roses" (of Sharon); where "worried" or "worritted" means "tired"; where "death" may be merely a temporary loss of consciousness; where a "funeral" is quite different from a "burying"; where people always speak of "*these* molasses" in the plural, and of a "creek o' land," just as they do of a "nap o' sleep" or a "meal o' vittles"; where a "limb" is a "branch," and a "branch," like a "prong," is but the "fork" of a creek; where "several" is "plenty," and "plenty" a number past all computing; and, lastly, where, if a man tells you he doesn't "keer" to do a thing, you may be certain that he really wants to do it!

The mountaineer still retains the word "house" in many combinations from which we have long since dropped it as no longer necessary to express our meaning. Thus we continue to say "schoolhouse" and "court-house" (as well as "bath-house," "ice-house," "smoke-

house," etc.), but the mountaineer, more logical and consistent, says also "church house" and "jail house."

A traveler arrived at a certain county-seat. Seeing several men seated along a rail fence, he asked them which house was the hotel. They told him, and he invited them to join him and have a drink. All accepted except one, who retained his solitary seat on the court-house fence.

"Why doesn't he come?" asked the stranger. "Doesn't he want a drink?"

"Oh, that feller!" exclaimed the spokesman. "He knows I won't let him. You see, stranger, he's in *jail*, and I'm the jailer!"

In mountain usage, present participles have the full force of adjectives, and one never hesitates to treat them as such by coining a superlative for them upon occasion. Thus I have heard men called the "talkingest," horses the "single-footingest," girls the "smilingest," and certain kinds of wood the "lastingest" or "lastiest." The stranger never fails to be afforded additional surprises in this particular *genre*. One commented to a mountain woman on her skill in knitting as she walked along the rough mountain roads or climbed the steep trails.

"Oh, that's nothing!" the woman exclaimed. "Now ther's Aunt Mandy. She's the *knittingest* woman ever I saw. She takes her yarn to bed with her every night, and ever' now and then she throws out a sock!"

The mountaineer, moreover, makes many compound words. Thus he never refers to a mouth specialist save as a "tooth-dentist," and children who see a certain exotic fruit for the first time, have been known to christen it an "orange-apple," and in the same way we have a "Bible-book," a "pallet-bed," and a "poppet-doll."

Mountain dolls are cut out roughly from a block of wood with a knife, and their hair is of wool or of hemp dyed red, yellow, or black. All mountain toys are of similar household manufacture, as were those of children a hundred years or so ago generally.

The mountain boys make their own marbles, or "marvles," out of what they call "black limestone." To do this they roughly shape a piece of stone by knocking it against another stone. Then they make a hole in a large rock and, putting the small stone in the end of a split stick, they work it round and round in the hole until it is perfectly smooth and spherical. It takes about six hours to make a single marble.

The children also have a great variety of games, most of which are clearly traditional, and have been identified with English games whose names are often but slightly altered in the mountain version. Thus "Blind Man's Buff" has become in Kentucky "Blind Pole" (Fold); "Chickamy" has become "Chickie My Cranie Crow," and "Round and Round the Village," "Round the Levee," "Hooper's Hide," "Hoop Hide," etc. But the most popular of these mountain games, as far as my own observation goes, is one whose title, "Old Bald Eagle," seems to indicate that it has an American, if not, indeed, a local, origin:

Old bald eagle sails around,
Daylight's gone.
Watch Miss Maggie sail around,
Daylight's gone.
Back and forth across the floor,
Daylight's gone.
Swing your partner on the floor,
Daylight's gone.

Another favorite with the children, though it is not a play-song, strictly speaking, is "The Swapping Song." Part of this—the first part—is the nursery rhyme which everybody knows:

When I was a little boy I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I had I put upon the shelf . . .

But in the mountain version the real fun doesn't begin until after the termination of this introduction by the wheelbarrow catastrophe. For then the hero, left with a useless wife upon his hands, trades her off for a horse, which in turn he exchanges for a cow, the cow for a calf, the calf for a sheep, the sheep for a goat, and so on, until he finally ends with nothing at all. Each distich ends with a nonsense refrain, as here, at the end:

Then I traded my mouse for a blind old mole,
And the daggone thing ran straight for its hole,

A WAYSIDE COTTAGE IN THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS

With a wing-wang-waddle and a jack-straw-straddle,
And a John-fair-faddle, and a long way home.

On the whole there is a notable absence of ritual and ceremonial observance connected with traditional holidays, such as May Day and Hallowe'en, for example. A trace, at least, of the orgiastic May Pole revelry has, it is true, been ingeniously detected in the words still sung to the tune of one of the popular "country dances":

One and one are two,
Two and one are three,
Winding up the maple-leaf,
Busy as a bee.

Here the word "maple" is unquestionably a corruption of "May-pole."

But the most remarkable survival of this sort is the so-called "Old Christmas." In Trinity Churchyard, in New York, there is an elder-bush that was brought to this country from Glastonbury, England, and whose anticipated breaking into bloom is awaited each year about the sixth of January by those familiar with the legendary Yule-tide lore of Old England. This lore is well-nigh universal in the Cumberlands, where Old Christmas is still observed by thousands, and where children who have never heard of Santa Claus, and hardly even of the Christ story, believe implicitly that, just at midnight, not only do the elder-bushes bloom, but the cows and oxen kneel, lowing, in their stalls.

The attempt has been made to connect these beliefs with the old English observance of Twelfth Night, since Old Christmas occurs just twelve days later than the customary celebration of Christ's nativity. But this, of course, is absurd. Old Christmas is merely the Christmas that was celebrated in Shakespeare's day, before the change that was made in the calendar about the middle of the eighteenth century. Many at that time in England refused to accept this "impious" change, and among these, no doubt, were the ancestors of the early settlers in Kentucky; unless, perhaps, a truer explanation is that these early settlers, already buried in the wilderness when the change occurred, have re-

PRIMITIVE BUT GENEROUS HOSPITALITY MEETS THE WAYFARER EVERYWHERE

mained unaware of it in many cases until the present day!

Now often both Christmases are observed in the same community—Old Christmas by the old folks; New Christmas by the young people, who have undergone outside influences and rebel against the tyranny of separate traditions. But while the former make of their festival a "mighty solemn occasion," sitting and holding their hands all day and refusing to eat, the latter celebrate theirs in a lively fashion with frolics of all sorts. Indeed, the 25th of December has become in many sections of the mountains a day of marked disorder, when, more than at any other time, the men and boys drink and shoot up the settlements. So that the peace of the Cumberlands has not, on the whole, been promoted by this belated rectification of the calendar!

The mountaineer is a great believer in signs and portents. It is interesting in this connection to recall that it was in the person of a mountain man, Owen Glendower, from the wilds of Wales, that Shakespeare himself, with delightful humor, satirized such beliefs in his own time:

> At my nativity,
> The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
> Of burning cressets.

So spoke the Welsh chieftain, forerunner, in this respect, of the great Wallenstein. And so also, a glare in his eye and his speech shot through with apocalyptical splendors, spoke the old man who told me that he was born the "night the stars fell." Only his explanation of this meteoric phenomenon that marked his natal hour was quite impersonal, and had nothing to do with his own humble destiny. The angels of the Lord, he said, and the angels of Satan, had fought a great "surgin'" battle. The latter was defeated and flung headlong from heaven. But as he fell, "the

old Sarpint," seeking to do one last "devilment," clutched at the stars and "drug" one-fourth of them down with him from their places in the "firmament."

Nor is there one of the ingredients in the broth brewed by the witches in "Macbeth" unknown to the mountain wizards and warlocks. For the state of Massachusetts and the town of Salem have had no monopoly of the magic arts in this country.

Less than fifty years ago the belief in witchcraft had quite a following in the Kentucky mountains. Nor has it died out yet. There are numbers and numbers of women and men in the mountains who are credited with the powers of witchcraft, and who believe themselves to be gifted with those strange powers.

So writes Mr. Josiah H. Combs, himself a mountain man, in his valuable little treatise entitled *The Kentucky Highlanders*. Personally, I confess I never happened to meet any one who claimed to be a witch or a wizard, though I knew several who were said to possess charms of one sort or another. There was still living not long ago, in one locality which I visited, an old woman who asserted that she could cure almost anything, including cancer. She said that in order to work a cure, however, she must first know the full name of the person, together with the "nater" of the trouble, and that then she had to go out and look at a green apple-tree, saying a few "words of ceremony."

These were her secret. She could not reveal it to another woman without losing her power. For a woman could tell it only to three men, and a man to three women. She herself had been taught the charm many years before by an old man who, in turn, may have received it from another woman, or from the devil himself. For there are those in the mountains who are supposed to have sold their souls quite in accordance with the best Faustian traditions.

In the Cumberlands there has never been felt any of that *odium theologicum* toward witches found elsewhere in modern times. They have, it is true, been feared; and, if we are to credit the tales current in the country, individual witches have, when taken, been subjected to cruel punishments—even put

THE BRIDE REPAIRS TO THE WEDDING SEATED BEHIND HER FUTURE LORD

to death. But there has never, so far as I have heard, been any systematic persecution of those suspected of diabolic practices; and this accords with the simpler and more natural sentiment on the subject in primitive Catholic, rather than Protestant, countries, where there are always adequate means with which to combat this particular spiritual evil.

There are, of course, no priests in the Cumberlands to make the sign of the cross, sprinkling a little holy water on the infected place or on the person suspected of suffering from a *maléfice*. But there are almost as many witch doctors as there are witches, and their charms make it very dangerous for the latter to attempt anything serious against human life. Besides, witches are always liable to painful accidents in the pursuit of their unhallowed profession.

Many years ago [writes Mr. Combs] a man's wife, who was a witch, went one night to attend a meeting of the witches. In the guise of a black cat she came home to where her husband was sitting by the fireside and threw her paws upon his knees. Not especially in love with the salutation of this strange visitor, he chopped one of her paws off, and immediately the hand of a woman lay upon his knee. The next morning his wife complained of sickness, and was not disposed to get out of bed. The husband was suspicious and asked her to reach out her right arm. She did so, and the hand was missing.

I myself have heard this story told in varying versions. I have also heard another of the same sort, concerning a woman who every night turned a young man into a horse, and rode him so hard that the following morning he was exhausted. A stranger who happened to be staying in the house where this occurred observed the young man wasting from day to day, and suspected the woman of sorcery. So he lay awake one night and saw her come to her victim's bedside, shake a bridle over him, and say three times, "Up devil; put on bridle!" Then, as he changed shape, she leaped on his back and dashed through the door. The next night the stranger turned the tables on the enchantress; and, when he had changed her into a mare, rode her straight up the creek to a blacksmith's shop, where he dismounted and gave her a full set of shoes. Then, after riding her all night, he brought her

A HUMBLE CABIN IN THE HIGHLANDS

THE FAMILY DINNER

back to the cabin and restored her to her proper form. But the shoes still remained fixed with cruel nails to her hands and feet.

The imagination of the mountain people is very limited. It is hard for them to visualize things and events beyond the narrow range of their exceedingly restricted personal experience. But at the same time this narrow imaginative faculty is very intense and clothes the most extraordinary incidents with the matter-of-fact colors of reality. This, as we have seen, is what gives the homely, racy touch to their ballad literature, recreates this, and imparts to its traditional treasures something of the value of original expression. And in the same way it gives to these folk-tales, whose motives are among the commonplaces of popular imagination, a real savor of the soil, a richness of racial genius. The humble mountain cabin, its gallery or "dog run" hung with saddles, bunches of onions, and bundles of broom-corn, —this is the customary setting for stories that are worthy of Grimm, and that will perhaps some day find a Grimm to collect them.

For the most part, the operations of mountain witches are confined to such simple tricks as spells cast upon cows, which can easily be counteracted either by putting a silver dollar or half-dollar in the churn, or else sharpening the edge of the coin on a "grinding-stone" and cutting the afflicted beast's tongue with it. Still, there are interesting instances of the survival of "sympathetic magic," so-called, where the magician seeks the life of his enemy through the agency of a simulacrum. Mr. Combs reports such an instance from Knott County. There, once upon a time, a wizard became jealous of another man. This man suddenly dropped dead between his plow-handles one day while plowing in his corn-field. When those who ran to his aid lifted him up, his head fell back and a "witch ball" rolled from his mouth. The case was "investigated," and it was found that the wizard had gone into the woods, drawn a picture of his enemy on a tree, and shot it with a ball made from the hair of a horse or a cow.

The anecdote makes a curious contribution to the study of the Cumberland vendetta. It seems odd at first that men accustomed to fight with fists and with guns should have recourse to such secret methods of assassination. But, then, is it so strange, on reflection, after

all? Is the *envoûtement*, practised as a form of private vengeance, any less secret, really, than the shooting from ambush which has been so characteristic of this country, and which has so severely taxed the skill of its apologists?

Not that he has always fought this way, by any means, or feared to meet his foe face to face. From the earliest days, when the rifle had not yet entirely superseded the old-fashioned "fist and skull" fight, down to the present, for the settling of disputes and the assertion of personal prowess, the Cumberlands have not lacked their "bullies" or "champions," and anecdotes concerning them not infrequently have the true ring or flavor of the Iron Age.

Thus a Knott County man rode over to Hazard in Perry County one court day. There was a big crowd around the court-house, trading horses and waiting for court to begin. A citizen rode up to him and said:

"You're Bill Judd, hain't you?"

"Yes, sir," replied the first man.

"Well, I've heard you're the best man in Knott County," continued the second.

"I've heard it, too," was the quiet answer.

"I'm the best man in Perry, and a better man than you," came the challenge.

"That's for you to say and for me to find out," was its acceptance.

"Will you make it ten or twenty paces?"

"Ten."

So they backed off ten paces and drew. They fired five or six times at each other, until the Perry man got a bullet through his body and fell over his horse's neck.

"Paw got one through his stomach," said the son of the Knott County champion, who told the story, "and had a right smart trouble with his eating for some time arter."

Even among the incontestable "bad men" of the Kentucky mountains there is to be noted at least one striking survival of chivalric psychology or senti-

A TYPICAL HOME IN THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS

THEY BACKED OFF TEN PACES AND DREW

ment. In Shakespeare's "King Henry IV.," when that monarch, "great Bolingbroke," has chided his son for his wayward courses and his time wasted with wastrels, citing the high example of Harry Hotspur for his confusion, the young Prince Hal, stirred with a sudden sense of shame, announces his resolution to reform and, in especial, to humble Harry Percy. "For the time will come," he says,

"That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf."

Now this sentiment, which is expressed by both Prince Hal and Harry Hotspur, the flower of chivalry in their day, and which perhaps springs from some primitive religious instinct that you actually appropriate the virtue of your victim and make it yours, is precisely the motive of the mountain "bad man" who, stirred by the blood lust, instinctively seeks some one with a "record" even longer than his own, so that he can, as it were, annex it—add as many notches on his own gun-barrel as the other had on his. In such strange forms, and in such unexpected, out-of-the-way places, do those ideals and aspirations still survive that once shaped history!

Roscoe the Invincible

BY ALICE COWDERY

TOM PARKER burst forth from business and joined the crowd of home-going commuters. Tom was thrilled; he had an idea—the first in two weeks. The very opening words, the very closing ones of his story had sprung out sparkling and seductive. He stopped just short of the curb, drew out his pen and an unpaid bill, intending to scratch down the possibly immortal things; but he did not. The blast of a siren in his left ear precipitated him upon the sidewalk. As Tom turned an irate eye upon the enormous limousine rounding the corner, he was conscious of another fixing him through the window of the car.

Tom shook a fist at it, automatically, and was about to continue his sparkling phrases from the haven of the sidewalk. But again he did not. A hand slapped down on his shoulder with a vigor that completed the nerve-shock of the siren blast, and a voice, loud and exulting, cried:

"Well, well, Tom Parker! To think that my new sixty-horse-power gas-wagon nearly ran *you* down!"

Tom, thoroughly irritated, turned and glared at his accoster.

"Never thought in the old days I'd be able to, eh?" The fatuous joy of the speaker merged into amazement. "Say, I believe you don't remember me!"

"Well," said Tom, still resentful, "I won't forget you." He looked at the other grudgingly. "Prep school, wasn't it?"

"Sure. Phipps—Roscoe Phipps."

"How are you, Phipps? You've—enlarged," Tom added by way of apology.

The other protruded his portly front proudly: "Should say I have—all round," and he slapped his pocket knowingly. "And to think," he added, "that I pay my man two hundred a month to run down my old pal!"

Pal! What rot! A fat-headed, fat-legged, full-fed youth, years Tom's senior, who had hung on at school until the authorities had passed him in desperation to get rid of him.

"Well," said Tom, false but polite, "glad to 've met you again. So long. Catching a boat."

"Hold on! Hop in," cried Roscoe. He propelled Tom toward the car. "Come have a drink."

Tom didn't want a drink. He didn't want Roscoe. He wanted to make his boat, and Constance, and his evening of writing. But there was a persistency about Roscoe.

Roscoe was full of his new car. He snapped buttons exposing desk and dressing-table, he bade Tom note the bunch of orchids, the pale gray and silver fittings, the chinchilla robes. And his apartments! Tom would be astonished when he saw those. Tom, with a firm resolve never to do so, sat back in his corner, emitting an occasional grunt to be interpreted as admiration if Roscoe chose. Roscoe did choose.

"How did all this grandeur come about?" asked Tom.

"Aunt Martha and wool," Roscoe beamed, exultingly. "You, by the way, went in for—?"

"Banking."

"Ah!" Roscoe's glance that had been shifting along the streets that it might miss no effect of his progress on passing notice, came back to Tom with respect. "Thought it was to be the army."

Tom explained that his father had died, and that he had had to go to work immediately. "Bank clerk," he explained, shortly.

"Clerk!" Roscoe stared at him. "Too bad," he murmured, "too bad. Hard lines. Times changed, didn't they? By Jove!" he added, buoyantly, "and I pay a mere chauffeur two hundred a month. Well, well! Married?"

"Yes," said Tom, again, shortly.

"SAY, I BELIEVE YOU DON'T REMEMBER ME!"

"So'm I. Most beautiful woman in San Francisco. Pure gold, her hair, sir, and sixty-nine inches long. And dress! *There* is a woman who can show money. We'll have to get together, all of us. Mustn't let you mould away over in the suburbs."

Tom, resenting decidedly the "moulding away," admitted vaguely that they must all get together, but meanwhile he had missed his boat. He must telephone his wife he'd be late for dinner.

"Have dinner with me," said Roscoe. "My wife's away till to-morrow."

"But she takes such pains, you know." Tom was impulsive before the vision of Constance. "She's getting to be the greatest little cook."

"Cook!" Roscoe's tone was commiserating. "Tell her to come over, too," he called after him. Tom reappeared briskly from the telephone-booth.

"She can't make it. Well, so long."

"See here; *I'll* phone her. What's the number?" Roscoe plunged into the booth. He reappeared, beaming. "It's all settled. You're both coming to dinner to-morrow. And I told her I'd keep you now." Tom glared speechless at Roscoe. He began to understand how Roscoe had achieved limousines and things. Roscoe propelled him through dinner, theater, and supper, shot him down finally in time for the last boat. The great story seemed a flat, dead thing. Possibly he would get fifty for it when he had worked two weeks upon it. Roscoe had spent half that in this miserably wasted, head-splitting night.

At two o'clock Tom left the station and went up the one hundred and eighty steps that led from the lower road to the bungalow he had leased for this first year of their married life. A light came through the trees. He wondered if Constance were still awake. The front door was ajar in rural custom. He could see

into the bedroom as he stepped across the living-hall, and the sight held him silent. On the floor, in a litter of scraps and feathers and artificial flowers, sat Constance in her nightgown. The electric light shone on her lovely little face, her dark hair was tousled and askew. She frowned and stared before her, and then she reached forth and picked up some article from the maelstrom, thrust it at arm's-length, dropped it again. Thus occupied, she did not see Tom until he stood in the doorway.

"What in thunder are you doing?"

Constance held up a large black object. "I made it," she said. There was a curious mingling of triumph and disgust in her tone.

"What is it?"

"Oh!" Constance pealed in momentary mirth. "A hat, idiot! When Mr. What's-his-name rang up I had just time to go down to the village and get some wire and buckram, and I cut up that old black velvet skirt of mine, and ironed it, and—" Constance arose, trailing robes of whiteness, and went to her mirror. She crammed the hat down over her tousled hair, powdered her nose, and turned to him. "Isn't it becoming?" Triumph and disgust still hung in the balance.

"Well—" Tom hesitated a fatal second.

She hurled the hat from her across the room. "It isn't!" she cried. "It's loathsome! Oh, I'm so tired, and I had such a good dinner for you, and you didn't come, and I haven't a thing to wear to-morrow night." And Constance abandoned herself to her pillows. Tom looked at her helplessly. He confounded the poverty that wouldn't let him say in manly, husbandly fashion, "Here, go buy yourself something." Instead he repeated:

"To-morrow night? That confounded dinner? We won't go, darling."

Constance removed an eye from her eclipse. "We don't have to?"

"No," said Tom, sturdily. "And what's more," he reiterated, "we won't."

"How can we get out of it?" asked Tom, waking abruptly after four hours' sleep. Had he been asleep? Sunlight trickled through the curtains, but there under the electric light by the mirror stood Constance, the hat on her head. He rubbed his eyes and stared. "You been there all night?"

"I've been planning what to do with this thing almost all night," said Constance, petulantly. "Buying buckram, and losing sleep and everything— Of course we'll have to go—to use it."

Her reasoning seemed logical. It held Tom silent a moment. A whistle sounded from the cove below.

"There's the six-thirty boat," he cried, leaping forth. "Half an hour for mine. How about breakfast?"

"Get it on the boat."

"My darling, I can't charge it on the boat. I've just enough to last me for lunch." Tom went out to build the fire and put water on for shaving and coffee.

"Where's my dress-suit?" he shouted from the kitchen. Constance turned to the closet, fumbled a moment there, and then emerged, guilt on her face, holding an odd bunch of garments. She felt Tom's eye from the doorway.

"They must have slipped off the hangers," she murmured, apologetically.

"Good Lord!" cried Tom. "*Yours* never slip off the hangers, *do* they? You take good care of that. That means," he added, gloomily, "taking 'em to a tailor—more expense. Then up to some feller's room to change—more bother. Twenty minutes," he shouted, chattering now under a cold shower. "Hurry up with that toast, Constance!"

"You're lucky," said Constance, tensely, as, kimono-wrapped, she evolved a sketchy breakfast; "you don't have to make your clothes yourself and then wear them."

There was a passionate five minutes of suit-case, studs, ties. "Look on the closet floor where you keep my suit," shouted Tom, "or in the coal-bin!" His sarcasms flying, his hair erect, Tom always struck Constance as screamingly funny under stress. "No sleep to-night, either," he muttered. "See here; what was our object in coming to the country, anyway? To be let alone, wasn't it? To economize in peace; cut out all this café, theater, dress-suit stuff, wasn't it? Now, wasn't it?"

Constance, convulsed with mirth and

the necessity for suppressing it in those tense moments, lest it rouse more ire, scramblingly got him off at last. He kissed her in a quick, hearty grasp.

"Now, remember, darling — never again. Be firm next time. I must have my sleep and my evenings. There's the boat. Go'-by. Meet you at the ferry. For Heaven's sake, try and be on time."

Constance, with a sigh, went back to her hat.

All that day she sat in the maelstrom—beds unmade, dishes unwashed, bath-room littered as only Tom could litter a bath-room; now shedding a few nervous tears, now fierce and determined, making and remaking her hat. The five-thirty must be caught, tailor suit pressed, spot removed. One shoe lacked a button. At four she ripped the black-and-gold cord from her tea-gown and wound it about the hat. She looked with hatred on her costume. Even if she wore her lingerie gown, like a school-girl, she had no suitable wrap. And then, the rain! The roads turned to rivers of mud; the 'bus leaked.

As she got off the boat brooding upon her wrongs and that damp car ride through the rain with Tom, she noticed a limousine drawn up at the curb. Some happy being, fresh, French-hatted, rain-proofed—not to be unwrapped like a damp old bundle from a rummage sale. And where was Tom? Why wasn't he waiting? Did he expect *her* to wait? She was concentrating emotionally when Tom himself stepped forth from the limousine with a grin.

"He sent it for me to pick you up.

ON THE FLOOR, IN A LITTER OF SCRAPS AND FEATHERS, SAT CONSTANCE

Awfully decent—but—I'd like to furnish my own conveyance."

"Put these galoshes in your pocket," said Constance. "And this soggy veil and these old gloves." She lay back with twenty-four hours' deferred relaxation in her sigh. As they sped up the glistening street they suddenly leaned toward each other and kissed.

"If we were only going some place we wanted to go, in this—just you and I!" sighed Constance.

They went through the gilded halls up to Roscoe's apartment. A valet opened the door; beyond him, Roscoe, shining and expansive, greeted them exuberantly.

"Thought we'd better meet here than at the restaurant; want you to see our rooms—just done over, absolutely perfect."

"Why, Roscoe, they're not at all what I want, and you know it." With this thrust at her husband, a large blonde turned to greet them calmly. Roscoe, nothing dimmed by her rebuff, surveyed her proudly, watching the others also to note her effect. She wore a black velvet skirt and a jet girdle, and her sixty-nine inches of golden hair was crowned by a hat—oh, a perfect hat! As Constance absorbed that hat the last shred of faith in her own went down before it.

"See here, Tom; come over here. Guess you never saw anything like these, did you?" Roscoe rolled back the panels of a bookcase and paraded the ranks of immaculate *éditions de luxe*. "Look at 'em! Not one cost me less than fifty." He passed a volume with elaborate carelessness to Tom.

Tom touched the uncut leaves with the contrastive awe that seemed expected of him.

"They cost; but they fit—all this; eh, my boy?"

"Show 'em that lace, Clarisse," he added. Clarisse languidly led the way to a piece of filet. Her white fingers caressed it lightly.

"Two women went blind making it, mother and daughter. I bought it the last time I was in Italy. You can't get *anything* over here." Roscoe beamed proudly. "Perfect taste, my wife's," he assured Tom in a voice that was meant to carry. Clarisse graciously accepted it.

"All of this," she confided to Constance, "is, of course, just temporary. Roscoe's interests keep us here. But there's nothing in America for me." Her tone implied such martyrdom that Constance looked as sympathetic and as doubtful of America's possibilities as she could. "I just live," continued Clarisse, in a louder tone, and glancing at Roscoe, "for my next trip abroad."

For an instant it seemed that Roscoe was inclined to take issue with her on this point, but his proud smile shone out again. "Did you show her the pin we got this morning?" Clarisse exhibited rather wearily a large cluster of diamonds on her shoulder.

"Lovely!" cried Constance. Tom muttered his appreciation and turned abruptly away. The tiny diamond he had saved up for, through so many months, looked like a baby's first on Constance's finger.

A maid brought in a tray. Clarisse, as she nibbled a caviare sandwich, kept her violet orbs on Constance, and Constance knew that no thread of her apparel escaped that luminous gaze.

After dinner they entered the limousine. Rain had ceased, but the windows were kept tight shut. Through the park and along the beach. Back along the beach and through the park. Roscoe acted as if he owned the park, the cliff, the very waves.

"What do you two do on Sundays over there?" he said, concluding his patronizing of the light effects.

Tom, coming out of a moody trance, was indiscreet. "Why, nothing," he replied. "Just loaf around after breakfast; take a tramp, usually."

"You won't *have* to tramp this Sunday," cried Roscoe. "I'll bring the car over; we'll go for a long ride and have lunch somewhere." He turned a beaming face to the others.

"But—" Tom searched for Constance's foot with his own to press warning and alarm.

"No, no," Roscoe continued; "no trouble at all. We'll come over on the ten. Air 'll do us all good. Eh, honey?" to his wife.

"Anything for a change," murmured

ROSCOE, NOTHING DIMMED BY HER REBUFF, SURVEYED HER PROUDLY

Clarisse, wearily. And Roscoe's last words were:

"Sunday. Ten sharp. Now remember."

Saturday afternoon, sleepy and dissatisfied, Tom came home and plodded up the one hundred and eighty steps. It seemed unbelievable that they had contracted for a year of those steps. And where was the usual zest of an anticipated Sunday in the spring fields with Constance? Was it true, or was it some hideous nightmare, that he must sit through more weary hours listening to Roscoe's prosperity?

Constance, flushed and tired after a day of thorough and belated housecleaning, was in the kitchen. She greeted him reproachfully. "We won't have to have them here for supper tomorrow, will we? If you do want 'em—"

"*Want* 'em!" cried Tom, flinging his evening paper upon the table and pacing about the kitchen. "*Want* 'em!"

"If you do," continued Constance, slamming the oven door, "it's too late to order. You'll have to go down to the village and get beer and cheese and ginger-ale and some cold meat and olives and—"

"Good Lord! I'm tired."

"Very well. *I'll* go."

"Don't be ridiculous."

Constance shrugged a shoulder, and, holding a saucepan full of carrots over the sink at arm's-length, screwed her face away in distaste, and poured off the boiling water.

"It's easy for *her*," she murmured. "*She* just pushes an enameled button."

"See here"—Tom stared at her gloomily—"you knew what you were getting into when we married. Now didn't you?"

"No," said Constance, stirring butter viciously into the carrots.

"You knew," Tom paused by the stove and fixed her with a stern eye—"you knew we were going to cut out all this darn foolishness—give me a chance to work on my stories—"

Constance shrugged a shoulder and pounded at the potatoes with a slim, hot hand. Tom took a turn from the stove to the sink.

"And why do I want to work on them—why? To get out of debt. To get money for you—for *you*, so you won't have to do this sort of thing. You know that, don't you?"

Constance raised a slightly misty glance to his.

"If I had a thousand ahead, I'd throw up that infernal bank—"

"Oh, Tom, do stop! If we only did have that! When I think of what I've wasted at home, with mother—" Constance cast a reminiscent eye on past extravagances.

"Where are the chops?" asked Tom, abruptly. "I'll fry 'em."

"No."

"And *I'll* do the dishes."

"No."

"Yes." Tom dumped the chops into the frying-pan. Suddenly they leaned above the sizzling stove and kissed.

"As for the Phippses," said Tom, emphatically, "to-morrow we'll get rid of them for ever. Won't we, darling?"

Constance nodded, but doubt lingered in her eye.

Sunday morning from sun-up to ten o'clock, Constance, glowing with sacrificial hospitality, sang about her housework. She longed to get off alone with Tom for a picnic lunch on an emerald hill, but she made her little house beautiful with wild flowers, and laid out her supper-table with her best bridal linen and silver. It would be her first real supper-party. She drew her dining-room curtains and lit her yellow candles about a centerpiece of flaming poppies, and then called Tom to see it. It did look gay and happy, they agreed. Constance blew out the candles.

"Maybe they'll seem nicer over here," she said, hopefully.

"There's the car now," said Tom as the siren ordered them forth.

"Hop in," cried Roscoe after the preliminary greetings. "Did you see her take the hill? Great car!"

"Don't you want to come in and see our bungalow first?" asked Constance.

Clarisse, over her corsage bouquet of orchids and valley lilies, raised the tortoise-shell lorgnon she affected and surveyed the lowly cot. "Charming," she said. "So really quaint. But I won't get out now, dear."

"It's *sweet*," said Constance, a little defiantly. Tom gave her a quick smile.

"Nice little place," said Roscoe. "Hop in, hop in." As they hopped, Roscoe recounted at length his idea of buying a large estate some day. He implied that he'd show 'em what a country home should be—as he'd shown 'em what hats, books, diamonds, limousines, apartments should be. The car leaped forward until golden fields, purple fields, luscious greens were a vague, impressionistic blur.

"Some car, eh?" cried Roscoe, exulting. Oh, he'd show 'em what country rides should be, country luncheons—yes, and road-house suppers.

"But we want you to have supper with us," faltered Constance from where she lay entombed by Clarisse.

"Don't you bother about supper," said Roscoe.

"But I thought—I'd planned—" murmured Constance, biting her lip before the vision of her softly shining little table, to keep back a quiver. Again Tom turned and smiled at her.

"Just you wait and see," said Roscoe. "I'll give you a supper!"

And the four little candles were snuffed out in the glare of road-house lights.

"Well," said Tom, buoyed to briskness at sight of home once more, and handing Constance out, "thank you."

"Couldn't you stay to-night?" asked Constance, roused once more to hospitality. "We've couches."

"I haven't a thing to dress with," said Clarisse, and her tone precluded the possibility of Constance's having sufficient.

"Good night, then," said Constance. "And thanks for a lovely time." Tom joined in the pæan of gratitude.

"Hold on. I nearly forgot." Roscoe stuck out his head. "I got tickets for us all for the 'Green Pig,' Tuesday. Come over to dinner."

Tom touched Constance's foot with his, and she faltered, "Tuesday we're —we're dining in town with mother."

"Too bad," murmured Tom. "Thanks just the same."

"Only a family party?" insisted Roscoe. "Then you can meet us later. Here." He took two tickets from his pocket-book. Now that's settled. You can leave a family dinner. Where's your mother live? I'll send the car for you."

"No," said Tom, "we—"

"All right. But we'll do the show, anyhow. Now remember!" Roscoe shouted above the car's chug. He thrust the tickets upon Tom. "We'll take a spin after," he shouted back again as they went down the hill.

"I *was* firm, Tom," said Constance. "No, don't tear them. Now," she moaned, "we've begun to lie."

"Thanks; oh, thanks," muttered Tom, savagely, as he stalked ahead into the house.

"Thanks—that will be lovely," he muttered as he prepared for bed. "Thanks. How wonderful!" he continued to mutter at intervals, pounding his head into his pillow. "No!" he cried, fiercely; and then, in a weak falsetto, "Oh, lovely. Thanks." He stuck his head forth and glared at Constance, brushing her hair. "If I have to thank Roscoe again, I'll—Are we weak-minded, or what?" he cried, abruptly. "I don't see that we make ourselves so blamed fascinating."

Constance vented slightly hysterical mirth. "We're the perfect contrast—poor, but not too embarrassingly shabby. He wants some one to make him feel *big*."

"And he gets what he wants, does he?" cried Tom. "By heavens! he won't get us again, I tell you." Tom's eye fell on the tickets lying on the table, and his glance shifted gloomily to his watch. "He permits me five hours' sleep to-night," he murmured, with infinite sarcasm.

They began to dread the sound of the telephone lest it summon them to some new festivity. Constance's energies were concentrated on keeping a city wardrobe in repair for emergencies. Bills increased subtly. Roscoe was served up for breakfast and dinner. Domestic conversations became little more than indignation meetings. The awful truth confronted them that, in the parting burst of craven gratitude, you couldn't adequately rebuff the occasion for further gratitude—an interminable chain.

"I can't bear to think of it," wailed Constance. Life seemed to resolve into one hundred and eighty stair-steps at midnight. "But we've certainly got to ask them here for dinner, very soon."

Tom hooked an aiding arm through hers.

"It's the only way we have," continued Constance, wearily, "of repaying them."

"Repaying!" cried Tom, fiercely. "He's spent over five hundred on us already, besides the car. I counted it up to-night."

"Everything's comparative," said Constance. "You compare the work it 'll mean for me, and the extra cost—"

Tom stood mulishly. "How much extra cost?"

"Oh, a Jap for the evening, and roast and wine and cigars and caviare and cigarettes, and all that sort of thing."

"I'll be—"

"And listen, Tom," she cried, inspired. "Roscoe 'll have to thank *us*."

Even in the darkness a certain calm seemed to emanate from Tom. "By Jove!" he exclaimed, softly.

The dinner set Constance two days back in her housework, and Tom a week in his living expenses, but, seduced by the idea of evening things up, he was recklessly genial. Roscoe, too, was genial; approved of them as toy housekeepers, admitted there might be something, after all, in simple country life for a man of the world whose liver wasn't quite all a liver should be. Clarisse de-

clared it a real little picnic. As the last toot of the departing limousine floated back up the hill, the exotic joy of being thanked still glowed in the Parker hearts. They hurled themselves into each other's arms on the moonlit road and did a one-step. The clatter of the Jap washing up was sweet, luxurious music. They sat long before the wood fire, relaxed to the calm of a great debt liquidated—at least comparatively.

"Roscoe told me," murmured Constance, dreamily, "that he's going to do something for you—stuck in that old bank."

Tom flung away his cigarette and sat upright. "He is, is he?" he cried, immediately irate. "What?"

"Just mentioned it."

"Well, he won't. I'll manage my work in my own way. And now let's settle this thing definitely. We've worked 'em off. Very well. Now when they ring up to-morrow, what are you going to say?" There was cold challenge in Tom's tone.

"I shall say," replied Constance, firmly, "that we're engaged."

Tom sniffed. "You've said that before, I believe. And when they ring up the next day, what 'll you say?"

"Ill."

"And when you thank m for the flowers and books occasioned by your illness, what 'll you say?"

"Still ill—engaged."

"Rather raw, eh?"

"Then I shall say, frankly—"

Tom snorted.

"I shall say," continued Constance, with dreamy eyes on the fire—"I shall say—" She turned to Tom earnestly. "But we've got to say the same thing."

"You're going to do the talking," said Tom. "I'm too busy."

"I shall say, 'Roscoe—or Clarisse—Tom and I are going to be frank. Life is impossible without frankness.'"

"Very well. Go on."

"'We must all be frank together. We must—er—give all this up. We live in different spheres. We're poor, and very busy; you're rich, with lots of spare time.' You know, Tom—make it seem they're too grand—it 'll soften it."

Tom nodded, appreciatively. "You better memorize it."

"I'll write it out and put it by the phone."

"Then we can be natural again. O Lord! how good it will seem!" Tom yawned, stretched, hugged her, then dropped his arms abruptly. "But suppose you have to say it to their faces?"

They looked at each other doubtfully. Suddenly Constance jumped up, grabbed a pillow from the couch. "Put that under your vest," she commanded.

Tom stared.

"Put it so. Now—clear your throat. Patronize." She faced Tom, smiling alluringly. "Now, dear Roscoe, you're so *big*, you'll understand"—Constance's voice became a seductive coo—"Tom and I have decided to be frank—"

Tom rose to the spirit of the affair and became Roscoe brilliantly. Then he took out the pillow and crowned himself with Constance's despised hat and became the proud, weary Clarisse. The air of the bungalow was saturated with unyielding frankness.

At five-thirty the next day the telephone rang. Constance picked up the phone and glued her eyes to the formula she had prepared; she felt slightly nervous, but still very frank. At five-forty she slammed up the phone, lit the fire with many slams, slammed on the kettle, slammed on her hat, and slammed down to meet Tom. Tom, already relaxing to the glory of anticipated victory, came out from the throng, grinning.

"She says," Constance flung the words at him in breathless staccato, "they had such a good time last night over here that Roscoe's gone crazy about the country. She says he wanted to surprise us, but I must come over to-morrow and help her select furnishings—"

"Furnishings?" Tom stared at her, his thoughts all concentrated to a dark foreboding.

"They've taken a house-boat in the cove for the summer, and the yellow cottage on the beach for the servants, and they're going to get a steam-launch, and—" They plodded up the nine thousand and ninety-nine stairs.

Roscoe anchored the house-boat where the vista up the stairs commanded a full view of the Parker bungalow. Stairs

EXPANDING PROUDLY AS HE AWAITED THEIR PLAUDITS—AS IF HE HAD MADE THE MUSIC!

were no barrier to Roscoe. He got a megaphone and a yodel—got them a megaphone also in which to shout back their prompt and merry acceptance of what treat he might devise. A great van preceded them, laden with furniture, awnings, exotic plants, chests of linen and silver, butler, maid, cook. A decorator transformed the interior into a glowing boudoir. Clarisse moaned at everything, but Roscoe dominated all by his liver and his sudden passion for simple outdoor life. And every night the summons yodeled forth.

They were spared the agitation of renewed hospitality. Roscoe made it clear that he intended to be perpetual host. His was the natural center of gravitation, not only because his liver—not to mention his stomach—made it easier for them to come down than for him to climb up, but because he had all the concomitants of festivity on perpetual tap.

Constance looked about her own porch that had hitherto seemed so simple and desirable. "It looks dank—buggy," she said.

"The *nerve* to come to our own country and show us how much better they can do it—the *nerve*," muttered Tom. But every night the summons yodeled forth. They scrambled through dinner—when they were permitted to have it at home—left the dishes, were dashed up to San Quentin in the launch, and then back to hear the phonograph. Roscoe fell easily into habits. These things pleased him. But at the sight of a phonograph—for ever after a glint of hatred would shoot through Tom's eye. Tom was smoking entirely too much. It was all that kept him quiescent before that figure of Roscoe, beaming, as he inserted disks and needles and wound the machine hour after hour. Roscoe frowned, indignant, if a word was spoken while he played. He reduced them all to limp silence, bowing at the end, expanding proudly as he awaited their plaudits—as if he had made the music! To be sure, he had bought it. It was all one to Roscoe.

One night as they crossed the wharf and went up the stairs Constance began to weep softly.

"It's that steady roar of canned music, and not being allowed to talk, and a toothache," she sobbed, bitterly.

"Can't I even have a toothache by myself?"

"No, poor child," said Tom, with equal bitterness; "no."

"I could go home to m-mother," sobbed Constance, "and y-you could get a r-room in s-some slum—"

"He'd find us."

"C-can't we even get a S-sunday off?"

"We'd only have to come back." There was no denying that.

But it was Clarisse who brought the first gleam of hope into those dark days. She had all the ports of the house-boat closed against the nerve-racking air-currents, and shut herself up on the divan in the *salon*. She refused to be comforted, and made continuous moan for Paris and new fall clothes; dwelt in subtle, ceaseless manner on foreign spas as the only hope for a liver growing obviously worse.

On that glad evening when the heaving van crawled down the road to the ferry, the Parkers clasped and clung on the hill above; and they flung the megaphone far into the night. Three months of freedom had been promised them.

False dawn—mirage. Was it freedom, with the thought of that return hanging over them, when postals inundated telling of future reunions?

They had news of Roscoe's illness in Paris. They dared not meet each other's eye, where lay the guilty hope of further respite. Two weeks more, and a telegram told of Roscoe's death.

They spoke of him now in mellowed, kindly tones.

"He certainly wasn't *close*," said Tom.

"It was the only solution," said Constance. "It's awful we can't feel worse about it."

"Poor Roscoe! he was never *close*," reiterated Tom.

"We're sorry it had to come that way, aren't we, Tom?"

"Sure. But we're free of him, at last. *I* couldn't beat him," admitted Tom. "He was beaten," he added, sententiously, "only by death." But Tom was mistaken.

Constance met him at the station a few evenings later. There was a strange light in her eyes, a stranger twist on her lips. She got him away from the crowd and handed him a letter. As Tom read it the same strange light came into his eyes, the same twist about his lips. He folded the letter gently and, fixing his gaze on the far tip of a redwood, he murmured, "Roscoe, you win."

Roscoe had indeed won. He had left Tom two thousand dollars. It took more than death to beat Roscoe.

When Life Comes Knocking at Thy Door

BY LUCINE FINCH

WHEN Life comes knocking at thy door,
O, Servant,
What wilt thou give him for his portion—
Thou, his servant?
My young, cool heart!
My little heart
For his warm hands to hold.

When Death comes knocking at thy door,
O, Servant,
What wilt thou give him for his portion—
Thou, his servant?
My wild, wild heart!
My flaming heart
For his quiet hands to cool.

Recent Experiments with Homing Birds

BY JOHN B. WATSON

Professor of Comparative and Experimental Psychology, Johns Hopkins University

UNTIL the advent of telegraphy the most dependable quick bearer of news was the now almost unnoticed bird, the homing - pigeon. Few of us realize the vast influence this bird exercised in its day over the destinies of nations. Historical references show that the pigeon was known and used in very ancient times (500 B.C.). Even as early as A.D. 1200 the "pigeon post" had become a well-established institution over Persia, Servia, and Egypt. The cotes were owned by the government, and attached to each cote was an official post-office and postmaster.

Probably the use of these birds in times of war, and especially in besieged fortresses, is best known. So important was their function in this respect that until 1850 almost every army post and fort had its cote and was supplied with pigeons from other military stations. Indeed, the French army extended the use of the homing pigeon to the field by equipping the cotes with wheels (traveling-cotes) and training the birds to return to these rolling habitations, regardless of their location. The French navy established cotes on board war-vessels, but the experiment was given up, largely because the pigeon does not home well over water from distances greater than two hundred miles. The commercial value of the pigeon post has been very great indeed. Practically all of the boards of trade in the large cities of Europe were supplied with these pigeons. Their use in obtaining advance information concerning crops, local insurrections, rumors of war, etc., can hardly be overestimated. Newspapers likewise were supplied with pigeon posts. After the introduction of the microscope and photography very long messages could be sent. The material was written out and then micro-photographed. Some fifty thousand words could be sent in one despatch, and the total weight of the paper and the carrying-quill was less than 0.5 gram. The recipient of the despatch could read it with an ordinary low-power microscope.

Although the telegraph and the telephone have robbed the homing-pigeon of his utilitarian value, the mystery of how he effects a return over mountain and valley, over trackless waste, forest, and stream, is possibly as unsolved today as it was in the twelfth century, when his commercial value was highest.

During the last few years many experiments have been tried which have had for their purpose the unraveling of the difficult and delicate problems connected with homing. In a previous number of *Harper's* (October, 1909) I gave a brief sketch of some work I had been doing on homing in Dry Tortugas, Florida, under the auspices of the Marine Biological Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. The Dry Tortugas group of islands lies well out in the Gulf of Mexico, some seventy-eight miles due west of Key West, about four hundred miles south of Mobile, and nine hundred miles east of Galveston. To Bird Key, one of the tiny islands composing this group, a vast colony of noddy and sooty terns comes annually for its nesting season. These birds are quite similar to the gulls which one sees in almost every harbor. On account of its insular position Bird Key is wonderfully suited for carrying out experiments in homing. The work there has been continued by Dr. K. S. Lashley and the writer.

We have been primarily engaged in testing to what extent the "visual-landmark theory" will account for the facts of homing. It may be mentioned that

there are many theories of homing, such as the *magnetic theory* of Thauzies; the *contrepied* ("back-tracking") *theory* of Reynaud, and the *inherited memory theory* of Kingsley, as well as a host of others; but to all of them, with the exception of the visual-landmark theory, there are fatal objections. The visual-landmark theory, on the other hand, has been widely accepted and is today the prevailing one. Possibly the best way to give a clear understanding of both the good and the bad points of this theory is to consider it in connection with certain experiments which are now going on.

In all of the work on homing a distinction is made between what is called *proximate orientation* and *distant orientation*. Proximate orientation refers to the method the animal uses to get back to the goal (goal is a general term to cover nest, burrow, cote, etc.) when the goal itself, or objects in its immediate neighborhood, lie within the range of vision or of some other sense organ. This on first sight might seem not to involve any problem of return. It does not in the case of a homing-pigeon which lives in a large and visually prominent cote, but if we consider other birds the problem presents difficulties. In the case of the sooty tern, one of the species of tropical birds nesting in Tortugas, proximate orientation is a life-and-death matter. These birds dig a small round hole in the sand which they use as a nest. These holes are dug usually in the open stretches of the island. The nesting-areas are greatly congested—one nest lying often less than ten inches from its neighbor. During the nesting season the birds are quarrelsome and guard the small areas around their nests jealously. A given bird, having gone out for food, must, on its return, pick out its own nest from a thousand others. To the human observer this seems to be an almost impossible task, yet the birds do it with extreme accuracy and with great rapidity. At first sight there seem to be no guiding signs or landmarks which can aid the birds. In my preliminary study I was not able to find out how the birds accomplished it. I found that I could dig the nest up and then remake it without disturbing the bird. Yet if I obliterated the old nest and made another only a few inches to the right or left of the old one, the bird invariably went back to the original nest-site, and only by degrees learned to take the nest in its new position.

Recently Dr. Lashley has made a thorough study of this problem. He finds that the birds do not necessarily use the objects immediately around the nest in proximate orientation. When the birds fly in from the sea they direct their flight by the more prominent features of the island, such as the buildings, prominent bushes, etc. This leads them to the general area in which the nest is situated and to a fixed *alighting-place*. Once at the alighting-place, the rest of the journey is made partly through using certain small, inconspicuous visual objects as guides, and partly through the use of the *muscular sense*. Thus in a crowded locality where vision could only lead it astray the bird relies upon the muscular sense somewhat as does the blind man, or as the normal man does in passing through a familiar room in the dark. These experiments of Lashley's seem to show that in short flights the birds do not need any mysterious "sixth sense" to guide them. Vision, aided by the muscular sense, will account for the facts.

Yet it may be asked what bearing such experiments have upon the more distant flights—upon the factors involved in *distant orientation*. The bearing is very close indeed. Many investigators argue that since the birds can form habits of reacting to the nest itself, to proximate landmarks, etc., and can be guided back in this way from short flights, the same process, elaborated, will account for the longer flights, or in general for so-called *distant orientation*. It can be gathered from this that there is in the minds of many a serious doubt as to whether there is any such thing as true *distant orientation*. The adherents of the visual-landmark theory maintain that the method of training the pigeons for long flights finally gives the bird as great familiarity with the whole country as the ordinary animal has with the surroundings of its home; hence, that when a bird is trained and then sent one thousand miles away,

A COLONY OF SOOTY TERNS NESTING IN THE SAND—BIRD KEY

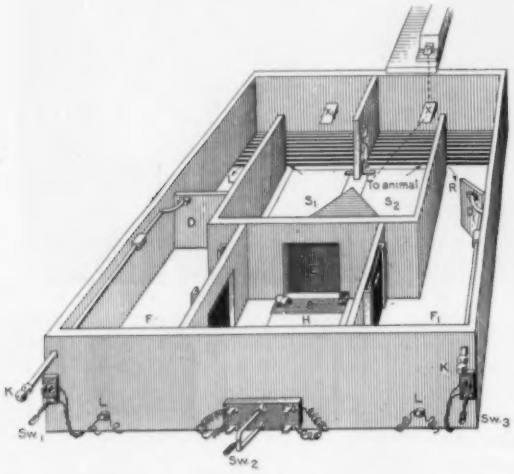
on release it makes for the first familiar landmark, say a mountain-peak one hundred miles away. Arriving there, without breaking the flight, it goes toward the next landmark, say a large city. By following back these landmarks it finally arrives in a neighborhood where it can see the cote. To one familiar only with the flights of the homing-pigeons this theory seems eminently sane and reasonable on first sight; more thorough examination of the flights of the homing-pigeon, however, leads us into difficulties.

We are led into still deeper waters when we consider homing and migration in other birds. Let us glance for a moment at the present world-record flights of homers and at the way in which such birds are trained. In 1901 the world record for time and distance in the case of the pigeon was one thousand miles in about nine days. Since that time the fanciers in Fort Wayne, Indiana, have obtained some startling records.

The present world champion is Bullet D-1872, owned by Mr. O. W. Anderson of the above city. The bird was hatched in 1909. When four and a half months of age, training was begun. She was taken first two, then five, eight, fifteen, twenty-five, forty, and then seventy-five miles away and allowed to return. (This training was distributed, of course, over several weeks.) She was then entered in the one-hundred and two-hundred mile races. In 1910 she was again given the above preliminary training races, and allowed to compete in the two-hundred, three hundred, four-hundred, and five-hundred mile races. In 1911 and 1912 she was given the same amount of training. In 1913, after the preliminary flights, she won the two-hundred and the five-hundred mile races, flying the five-hundred-mile race in about eleven hours. Shortly after this flight the bird was sent to Abilene, Texas, one thousand and ten miles (air-line measure) from Fort Wayne. The bird was liberated at 4.30 A.M., July 11, 1913, and homed at 4 P.M., July 12th, the flying time being one day, eleven hours, thirty minutes, and six seconds. In this same race a bird belonging to Mr. John Schilling homed at 11.30 A.M. the following day (July 13th), and a third bird, belonging to Mr. F. Nahrwald, a half-hour later. All of the above races were flown under the rules of the American Racing Pigeon Union. The best previous record for one thousand miles was made by a pigeon belonging to H. Beech of Fort Wayne, in 1912, the time being two days, nine hours, and some odd minutes. And this record lowered the time made in 1910 by a bird belonging to Mr. L. Gebfert of the same city, this time being three days, eleven hours, and some odd minutes. Such

records will probably never be beaten except by happy combinations of strong favorable wind and clear, warm weather.

Even in such amazing flights as these the supporters of the visual-landmark theory find nothing really more wonderful than what we see every day around a pigeon-loft—*viz.*, the bird flying first to one familiar object of sight and then to the next one. Hachet-Souplet, one of the ablest supporters of this theory, has recently made some experiments with the homing-pigeon which lend some slight support to such a view. In order to test whether the birds can return over areas unknown to them he resorted to the use of traveling-cotes. Before any final tests were made, the birds, through experiments in other localities, were made thoroughly familiar with the outside of their own cotes. In a given test the cote was taken first into a strange locality and allowed to remain there for two or three days. We shall call this point A. Several birds were then put into a basket and left at A, while the cote was driven on some four or five miles to a point B. The birds at A were then released. The birds, on release, mounted rapidly in the air and, spying the cote, at once flew to it. Repeated tests showed that the distance between A and B could be increased up to about seven miles before the birds lost the ability to return. If the distance was increased to *eight miles, none of the birds returned.*



APPARATUS FOR TESTING THE SENSITIVITY OF BIRDS TO LIGHT-RAYS

After determining this distance, the experiment was modified: Upon arriving at point A, two birds at a time were tethered to the cote by means of a cord one hundred feet in length and allowed to fly to that height and survey the surrounding country. This was repeated for two or three days, then, as in the test above, these pigeons were left at A while the carriage was sent to B. It was found after many experiments that such birds as were allowed preliminary observation could return to the cote when the distance between A and B was sixty-five miles. Hachet-Souplet believes that the birds' view from the carriage at A gave them a set of "visual memories" which enabled them to fly to the cote even when the latter was not directly visible. The birds probably first flew to one distant familiar point, and then, if the cote itself was not visible, to another, etc., until at some point the cote became visible.

These experiments were made only a short time ago and have not been confirmed by other experimenters. While they were inadequate to bring out the facts for which they were planned, they serve to show quite clearly the method by which the adherents of this theory would attempt to explain even the long flights obtained in the world records.

Some of us, however, are not satisfied that such a theory will account for the facts of homing and migration. Even in advance of actual facts to the contrary, there happen to be obvious theoretical weaknesses in the theory of Hachet-Souplet. In the first place, our laboratory experiments have shown that the bird is exceedingly slow in forming visual habits of a kind to aid him in such flights. Certainly those of us familiar with the laboratory display of ingenuity in this bird can hardly convince our-

selves that the few training flights such as we have already witnessed in the case of Bullet, the present world's champion, can give the bird such a rapid command of so vast a territory as would be called for in her later performances. In the second place, convenient landmarks are not always at hand. When we consider the distance at which objects can be seen even by the sharpest human eye (and the human eye is probably much keener than the bird's eye) we become still more skeptical. Mathematical considerations show that if the bird is at a given distance from its cote it must fly to a certain height in order to see it.

To point out the difficulties in the way of this theory, Dr. Lashley and I have recently made a series of calculations to show the height to which the bird, at a given distance from the cote, must fly in order to see the cote. We have made our calculation (allowing for refraction) to suit the conditions at Tortugas. The birds nest there on or near the ground, which is not much above sea-level. On one of the near-by islands, however, there is a lighthouse one hundred and fifty-one feet in height. In order to be fair to the theory we must suppose that the birds use the upper part of this as a landmark. As a result of this calculation we find that when the bird is one hundred miles away it has to fly approximately nine-tenths of a mile high; when two hundred miles away, approximately three miles high; when five hundred miles away, twenty-five miles high; and finally when nine hundred miles away, eighty-five miles high! When we consider how rarefied the air becomes, and how low the temperature of the air is, at even two or three miles above the earth's surface, we may be sure that few birds (certainly few tropical birds) ever reach even a height of one mile. As a matter of fact, the homing-pigeon rarely rises above six hundred to nine hundred feet, and the terns at Tortugas usually fly at a height of less than three hundred feet.

Certain investigators (*e.g.*, Duchâtel), realizing the danger to the visual-landmark theory from this source, have been driven to the extreme position of maintaining the view that the bird does not use ordinary rays of light for vision; but that its retina is sensitive to *infra-*

NESTING AFTER A SUCCESSFUL FLIGHT

The post and attached tag may be seen in the background marking the nest from which the bird was taken.

luminous rays and sensitive especially to the long rays (infra-red). They suppose, further, that the infra-red rays follow the surface of the earth. An animal using such rays could see its goal directly from great distances—the curvature of the earth not interfering with the continuity of vision. Such a theory is based upon poor physical grounds. Had it been based upon the assumption that the bird is especially sensitive to the short, or ultra-violet, rays, it would have been physically more defensible. The violet rays undergo greater refraction than the other rays by the earth's atmosphere, and it is conceivable that a bird having a retina very sensitive to such rays might see its goal by rising to a slightly less height than man.

A BIRD THAT HOMED NEARLY SIX HUNDRED MILES ACROSS THE GULF OF MEXICO

The markings—three bars across the bird's head — are distinctly visible.

We have recently entered into a somewhat elaborate test of the general question as to whether birds use rays of light to which the human retina is not sensitive. The experiment was carried out with the apparatus shown (page 460), which is used as follows: The apparatus is set up in a dark room; through a small window one allows a beam of colored light (monochromatic) to fall upon the plaster-of-Paris surface X; the other plaster-of-Paris surface, X_1, is not illuminated. The animal is kept in compartment H in darkness. The door E is then raised, and the animal allowed to go either toward X, the lighted side, or toward X_1, the unlighted side. If he goes toward the lighted side he may pass on around through the door D_1 to *food* in compartment F_1. The door D_1 is then closed behind him. After a moment the animal is let through a side-door again into H for another trial. If, on the other hand, the animal goes to the unlighted side, he finds the door D closed. Before obtaining food he must retrace his steps and finally pass through D_1 to the food. The apparatus is so arranged that the light may be made to fall either upon X or X_1. The animal must learn to go *always* to the *lighted* side.

The homing-pigeon and the chick learn to do this very readily after a few trials, rarely making an error. We usually train the animal upon green. When perfect upon this we gradually change the wave-length of the light—*i.e.*, pass successively through yellow, green, orange, red, etc., until we come to the deep red. We finally reach a point where the animal "breaks down"—*i.e.*, goes as often to the dark side as to the light side. This point gives us the limit of spectral sensitivity in the red. We next retrain our animal upon green until he is running perfectly, and then gradually shorten the wave-length—*i.e.*, pass through the blue into the violets, etc. After a long series of such experiments we have found that the pigeon's spectral range almost exactly coincides with man's. Duchâtel's speculation therefore falls to the

ground. If we are to explain homing in terms of the visual-landmark theory, we cannot assume any superhuman powers of vision for the bird.

Such unsatisfactory experimentation upon distant orientation as we have here set forth led us to consider possible ways of making a crucial test as to whether birds can home from great distances over a territory which can offer no familiar landmarks. We decided that under the ordinary conditions of training and flying homing-pigeons we could never reach dependable results. If the pigeon could home over long stretches of water there would be no difficulty in making such a test. A moment's consideration, however, will show that the pigeon cannot possibly home over water for a period longer than twelve or fourteen hours, and the distance covered in a day's flight is rarely more than four to five hundred miles. This limitation is forced upon the pigeon by reason of the fact that it can neither sleep upon the water nor can it obtain food while flying over the water. To make such an experiment we must use birds which are as much at home upon the water as upon the land. Fortunately, as we have already noted, the conditions at Tortugas are almost ideal for making such an experiment. In the first place, the noddy and sooty terns are tropical, spending their winters along the shores of the Caribbean Sea. On or about the 25th of April they leave that region in a body and fly north to Bird Key. They remain there until the activities connected with nesting, brooding, and the rearing of the young are complete. While nesting they rarely leave Bird Key for distances greater than twenty miles. Consequently it becomes possible to send the birds anywhere north into a region never before visited by them. In the second place, Bird Key is the last point of land between Key West and Galveston, which is about nine hundred miles distant. This gives us a magnificent opportunity to test whether the birds can home over a nine-hundred-mile stretch of water which can offer apparently no possible visual landmarks. With these birds in this locality we can realize conditions which cannot be realized in any homing-pigeon loft at the present time.

In my previous article in *Harper's* I gave the results of some successful test where the birds were sent one thousand miles north to Cape Hatteras. Three out of five birds sent to this point homed with ease and in a time which was then below the world's record for the homing-pigeon. These results were found to be out of harmony with the visual-landmark theory. Several of the adherents of this theory wrote to me, however, and tried to explain the returns by assuming that the birds had been sent into a country colder than that to which they were accustomed, and that they instinctively flew along the shores of Florida toward a warmer region. Arriving in the neighborhood of Key West, they were able, in high circling flights, to see Tortugas (seventy-eight miles distant). Possibly such a theory of their return is correct, but it must be said that this explanation does not lend any support to the visual-landmark theory.

At that time I had not been able to get any successful flights over the nine-hundred-mile water stretch between Galveston and Bird Key. Our last season's work in Tortugas was successful in this respect by reason of the fact that our early unsuccessful efforts led us to establish a better technique of capturing and marking the birds, feeding them *en route*, etc. In considering these experiments on the terns it must be remembered that we did not have to deal with a tame pigeon which is used to a shipping-basket and to being fed and watered by man. The terns are wild birds, wholly unused to man and to the ways of civilization in general. Furthermore, they are water-birds, drinking sea-water, and getting their food by picking up live minnows, which, when attacked by large fish, spring out over the surface of the water. Methods of capturing the birds, and especially of caring for them on their long journeys, had to be learned by bitter experience. On a given day when we had made arrangements for shipping (always a difficult task) we began to capture the birds. As one passes over the island the boldest of them stay on the nests, or, if they do leave, they fly back while the experimenter is standing close

to the nest. These bold birds are the ones always captured.

Before passing over a given area for the purpose of capture, stakes about twelve inches long and one inch square are made. A large Dennison tag and a small tag are attached to the end of the stake, the small tag being attached loosely. The two tags bear identical legends. The large tag will have written upon it in waterproof ink, *e.g.*, "Sooty, Galveston, removed May 16th, marked with scarlet lake, 3 bars on head and neck." When a sooty is captured the stake is pushed down into the sand; when a noddy is taken the tag is tied to a convenient twig. The small tag, bearing a duplicate of the above legend, is pulled off. The bird and small tag are handed to an assistant, who ties the tag around the bird's neck and puts the animal into a portable cage. When enough birds have been collected the lot is taken back to the house and the birds are marked with oil-paints as indicated by the card attached to each bird's neck. The illustrations (pp. 461, 462), show the clearness with which the markings appear after the return of the birds. The two birds shown in the photographs actually homed from five hundred and eighty-five miles over open water. After the birds are thus captured and marked they are put into a shipping-cage and sent to Key West, where a large supply of minnows is obtained for feeding them *en route*. On the trip in which successful results were obtained Dr. Lashley took the birds in charge, and at Key West boarded the Mallory steamer which sailed directly for Galveston. The birds were released at two points intermediate between Bird Key and Galveston, and also in Galveston Harbor. Ten birds were released when *five hundred and eighty-five miles out;* eight of them returned to the nest. Two birds were released at night in a driving rain when *seven hundred and twenty miles out*. Both returned. Twelve birds were released in Galveston Harbor, *eight hundred and fifty-five miles* from Bird Key. Only three birds returned. That only three birds returned is not surprising, in view of the fact that by the time Galveston was reached the birds were in poor condition—they had to be forcibly fed. When released they flew at once to the shore to rest, and many were doubtless captured by the hawks which line the Galveston shores.

This is certainly the most astonishing record of returns ever obtained under experimental conditions. *We have here large numbers of birds returning over open water from all distances up to approximately nine hundred miles.* Here there can be no question of flying high enough to see Bird Key directly, nor of an instinctive following of a coast-line into a warmer climate, since Galveston lies in approximately the same latitude as Bird Key. Nor can there be any question of visual landmarks in the customary meaning of that term. That reasonable landmark theory which, if it were true, would explain all of the flights of homing-birds on the ordinary grounds of habit formation seems here to break down completely. We are left apparently with the inference that there is such a thing as *distant orientation*, but without any explanation of how it is effected. Strange as it may seem, this does not discourage us; the mere establishment of the fact that there is a genuine problem in homing will give to scientific investigators a stimulus to further work which has been lacking before. It is unbelievable that the problems connected with homing and migration can long resist the combined attacks of scientific students.

Mr. Durgan Rides Down Cupid

BY MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

AS I look back on that particular stage of Mr. Durgan's courtship of me I cannot make up my mind how much of what occurred he really planned and how much just happened. The one thing I am sure of is that there is always something new that we can learn about the ways of love.

I had always said that lovers' misunderstandings were so silly. The two have a little quarrel that a few plain words would set right, but they go around with their heads in the air, not seeming to know how to say the words, and making themselves unnecessarily wretched. Another thing I could not understand was the vagaries of jealousy. Of course, now and then Mr. Durgan has made me uncomfortable by paying too much attention to a girl, but that wasn't jealousy; it was only my feeling that he oughtn't to waste his time on people not worth his while. What most disgusted me in love-affairs was the way the cooler-headed of a pair of lovers would call out that unreasonable passion of jealousy to further his or her private ends. He, or she, wishing to bring the other one to heel, would begin to pay violent attention to a third person. I have always said that I did not see how any lover could be so deceived.

I did not say much about my theories to Mr. Durgan, for I was too busy trying to combat his methods of courtship, which were too much like the methods of business. He insisted on definiteness, and from the very day he addressed me he wanted me to tell him the exact day and hour when I would marry him.

He would bring up the subject at all sorts of unexpected times. As I look back on it now, the most decisive conversation on the point, and, indeed, the most momentous event of my life, started one day when we were coming back from the Ragged Mountains. Randall Craig was on the road, and he turned back and rode half a mile with us. I never saw any one look so well on a horse as Randall—he's so big and triumphant.

"And to think," Mr. Durgan said, after Randall had left us, "that that man is a minister! Why, he ought to be a warrior, riding down bloody enemies."

I never can get used to the unreasonableness and set ideas of men. Randall Craig did ride down enemies of sin and pain, but just because he did it with a smile, and in a big, powerful way, Mr. Durgan felt he had no right to be a servant of the church, but ought to be in Wall Street, or some place else, doing the devil's work.

I might have said something if I had not seen, through the trees, a figure in a habit I knew well. I gasped.

"Honey," I said, "I do believe that's Annabel Carson come back! No one else would have the courage to wear a scarlet riding-habit."

Annabel was walking through a path in the woods, her horse's bridle over her arm. Her blue eyes were shining out of her pale face like radiant, far-off stars, and her mouth was like a flower. I thought she would stop and speak to me, but she only said in her softest voice:

"To-morrow, Sallie. Aunt Edwina is waiting tea, and I can feel in my marrow how cross she is."

I could see her absorbing Mr. Durgan. As for him, he stopped his horse and gazed after her as she went sidling through the green trees.

"Sallie Rives," he sighed, "that girl is a queen. She's the sort to make even another girl gasp and look again hard, to see if there isn't some imperfection. She's the sort to make a married man think, 'Oh, if only I were not married!' and the average engaged man think, 'Oh, why was I in such a hurry?' and a free man to think, 'I've met my fate this time. Lead me to her.'"

"I can lead you to Annabel as soon as you like," I remarked, coldly.

"I said 'the average engaged man,'" Mr. Durgan reminded me. "If you lead me to her, I'll show her a peach beside whom she is a prune."

I was just thinking that behind his deplorable language Mr. Durgan had pleasant meanings, when he said in a snappy tone:

"But if I have to be an engaged man much longer, riding horseback, and getting indigestion from miserable cooking, and never knowing where any of my things are, by Jove! I'm going to such distraction wherever I can find it!"

"It's only," I said, fibbing a little I am afraid, "that I want to give you time to get used to the idea of a church wedding and a big reception afterward."

"Well, I'm used to it," he returned. "Only, I'm not going to wait much longer for you to name the day."

"If I haven't named it in three weeks, honey, you can name it for your own self," I promised.

Mr. Durgan was so pleased that he began to gallop, and we flew over the ground. But by and by he said:

"Sallie, I can't get your Annabel Carson out of my mind. She's wonderful."

Then I saw that I must put Mr. Durgan right as to the sort of person Annabel was. "Don't call her my Annabel," I said, coldly; "she is not at all an admirable person."

"Tell me," Mr. Durgan begged in that eager way men show when they scent news which approaches the scandalous.

"Annabel Carson lives with her aunt Edwina," I told him. "Her aunt eloped long, long ago with Randall Craig's uncle, and was miserable ever after until Annabel's parents died and she took her. Annabel, as you see, has some good looks, and 'most all the young men went mad over her, especially Randall Craig and Philip Fleury. Her aunt Edwina never did let her see them alone, because she didn't trust men, on account of her own experiences. And she'd forbid men the house on very slight pretexts. She forbade Randall to come, because he was his uncle's nephew; she forbade Phillie Fleury to come, because he was what you would call an idler, and what Annabel and I call a man of leisure. It certainly did annoy Annabel. So one evening she eloped with Phillie. Randall Craig met them, and made her come home. Her aunt Edwina took her abroad the very next week, and none of us have seen her since till to-day. Phillie went away soon after, and has never come back."

"How did it all leak out?" Mr. Durgan asked. "Craig doesn't look like a man who'd tell he had been bashing love's young dream."

"Oh, of course he wouldn't tell," I said, right shocked. "It all came out through her aunt Edwina's negroes. Aunt Edwina talks loudly and clearly when she's angry, and of course the servants were at the keyholes. Then they told other people's negroes. It's a strange thing that while no one would dream of listening to servants' gossip, yet sometimes they begin things before you can stop them, and then, of course, you have to let them finish, in order to tell them that they must be mistaken, and must be sure and not repeat what they said to any one else."

The next day Annabel came to see me just after dinner, and at once began raving about Mr. Durgan. When he rode up, a few minutes afterward, looking so straight and strong, she let so much admiration show in her eyes that she appeared right silly. One would almost have thought she was his fiancée. The surprising part of it was that Mr. Durgan seemed to respond to her admiration. When she had at last gone he told me that he thought she was even more attractive than she had seemed at first.

"She hits me where I live," he said.

"I certainly agree with some of what you say about her face," I told him, "but I have my doubts about her soul."

"What do you mean—soul?" asked Mr. Durgan, blankly.

I felt a little relieved, for when a lover isn't thinking of anything but another girl's face, his fiancée may feel safe.

"Honey," I replied, "you will admit, surely, that there is something—not nice—about a girl who elopes, or tries to elope. A marriage should be solemnized after deep thought, and before all the close friends of the couple. When a girl thinks so lightly of her future as to run

Drawn by Walter Biggs

"ONLY, I'M NOT GOING TO WAIT MUCH LONGER FOR YOU TO NAME THE DAY"

away from her friends and surreptitiously marry, there is something wrong with her character."

"Oh, she only tried to do it," said Mr. Durgan, easily, "and that makes her all the more interesting."

I decided then and there that I did not intend for Mr. Durgan to see much of Annabel; not that I was afraid of her, but I knew she would not be a good influence for him. But in less than twenty-four hours I saw that I should have not only Annabel to reckon with, but Mr. Durgan. Annabel came to my house every day; every day Mr. Durgan dragged me up to her house, or else he went alone.

I do not think I was really jealous, for it did not seem like Mr. Durgan could possibly care more for Annabel than for me. Yet I did have a queer, miserable sinking of the heart whenever he spoke of her. What especially worried me was a change in his opinion as to what her future should be. In the beginning he said he hoped she would some day marry Craig. But later he said that a girl like that should not marry. She ought to remain a beautiful, unattached creature for ever, to teach young men the ways of love, and to afford recreation to jaded married men. That worried me, for I am acquainted with that kind of unattached woman, and I know she can make good wives miserable. She's somehow worse than a widow.

Meanwhile, we all went to call on Annabel's aunt Edwina, for she was not exactly reticent. She spoke to her friends with great freedom and bitterness about Annabel. She said she had carried her to the most beautiful places in Europe, and that Annabel had walked through it all like an automaton. Annabel had refused to be presented at court, and she wouldn't say a word to the young men that swarmed at her feet. If she wasn't to be allowed to marry Phillie Fleury, she said, she wouldn't marry any one; instead, she would improve her mind and become as unattractive as possible.

Annabel's aunt Edwina also said that she was worn out dragging Annabel over the Continent like a block at the end of a rope, and supposing, after four years, that Phillie Fleury was safely married, she had returned. Then, to her great disgust, she found that Phillie also had been away traveling. For all she knew, he and Annabel may have been in communication. At any rate, she wanted the news spread far and wide that if Annabel married Phillie Fleury she would never see her again and never leave her a penny. We spread the news for her.

I was riding one day with Mr. Durgan, wishing that Annabel had never come home, and wishing that Craig, who seemed to be avoiding her, would renew his old devotion, when Mr. Durgan said, suddenly:

"Seems to me I've never before seen the man that's riding toward us."

I 'most fell off my horse, for there, cantering up to us, was Philip Fleury, whom I thought of as on the boulevards of Paris, when I thought of him at all. He stopped his horse and leaned over to shake hands with me.

"Here's your bad penny turned up again, Miss Sallie," he said.

"Phillie Fleury!" I cried.

As I introduced him to Mr. Durgan I could see he didn't like him.

"Come and see me right soon, Phillie!" I called. "Come this evening to supper."

"Nothing I'd rather do, Miss Sallie," he said.

"So," said Mr. Durgan, as we rode on, "that's your Phillie Fleury! I had a feeling he was a loafer; I bet he never did anything harder than raising those supercilious eyebrows of his up to his curls. Phillie Fleury—nice flower-garden sort of name."

I smiled absently. I was thinking that, now Phillie Fleury had come back, maybe he and Annabel would renew.

When Mr. Durgan left me at my gate, he said: "I guess I'll ride up to Annabel's and tell her not to come to supper here to-night. Now that I've seen Fleury, I'm not going to let her waste herself on him. I don't mean to bring them together."

Before I could reply he rode off. I sat staring after him, and I was still staring when Randall Craig rode by. Seeing him, I had an inspiration. If I could put two men on Annabel's trail, she'd certainly not have very much time

left to devote to Mr. Durgan. I told Randall that Phillie had come back and that I had every reason to believe that he would again press his suit with Annabel. Randall had always confided in me.

"He won't if I can help it, Miss Sallie," he said.

I went into the house to give Mammy Rose some orders for supper. Then I put on my prettiest dress. If Mr. Durgan persisted in calling Phillie Fleury "mine," I meant to make a real effort to have him look like mine, at least temporarily. Just after Phillie came, a negro boy brought a note from Mr. Durgan saying that Annabel was upset with the news he had given her, and he thought he'd stay to supper with her and comfort her.

The next day when he came to see me, I acted like I felt dignified toward him, but he did not seem to observe it.

"Sallie Rives," he called, "what do you think? Annabel Carson was seen out riding this morning with your Phillie Fleury."

I was so excited that I forgot to be cool. "Honey, hush!" I cried. "Who told you?"

"Why—er—old Uncle Henry mentioned it when he brought round my horse this morning."

"Did he say where they went?"

"I don't know anything more about it," he said, right sulkily.

He really was cross, and when Randall Craig rode by he called out to him, and said he'd join him in a gallop. I was right disturbed, for Mr. Durgan is naturally sweet-tempered. I couldn't help thinking that if only I named the day, like he wanted me to, he'd be amiability itself. But about noontime he came back, mighty sweet-tempered, and with a look on his face that told me something had happened to interest him.

"Sallie Rives," he said, after we were sitting on the porch, "guess what chanced after Craig and I left you!"

I had a disagreeable premonition that it was something about Annabel, but of course I said I couldn't imagine, for when a man asks you to guess what has happened he expects you, if you guess at all, to guess wrong.

"Well," Mr. Durgan went on, "Craig wanted to make a short cut among the butternut woods, and so I agreed. I was riding pretty nearly flat on the saddle through a tangle of trees, and I thought I heard voices ahead of me. When I got to a cleared place I sat up. There, if you please, were Annabel Carson and Fleury, standing by their mounts; and there was Craig, sitting on his, as still as a statue. And Annabel Carson was talking.

"Whatever was she saying?" I cried.

"These, Sallie Rives, were her words: 'How do you do, Keeper Randall Craig? Are you still at your self-imposed task of shepherding what you regard as little fool sheep from what you consider danger?'"

"Fleury laughed in a hateful sort of way. Craig took off his hat, and said, 'Good morning, Annabel; I am glad you have come back home at last.' And she said, 'You haven't answered my question. Are you spying on me again?' Craig's face got red, and he said, 'I certainly don't intend for any harm to happen to you, Annabel, as long as there is life in my body.' Then they appeared to see me, and stopped talking."

"What did you say, honey?" I asked, breathlessly.

"Oh, I talked about the weather, of course, and said it was a fine day for riding. Then Craig said to me: 'It is, indeed, and I am sorry that your engagement with Miss Sallie prevents you from going farther with me. I'll join Annabel and Fleury.' So of course I backed out of there, Sallie, and fled to you."

"Mr. Durgan!" I gasped, "that's a mighty funny way for Randall Craig to behave. Do you reckon he means to force himself on them?"

"It looked that way to me," Mr. Durgan said, "and Phil-lillie Fleury isn't big enough to stop him."

"But Annabel is twenty-three now," I said, "quite old enough to know her own mind. If she wants Phillie Fleury still—"

"She oughtn't to want him," interrupted Mr. Durgan, gravely. "Don't you see, Sallie, that if Craig interferes, it's not only because he'd like the girl himself, though that's plain; it's because he knows Fleury — knows something about him that goes to show he wouldn't make Annabel Carson happy!"

"I reckon so," I said, doubtfully.

"Craig is pretty thoroughly in earnest about this," Mr. Durgan said. "He told me he was giving up his church in Charlottesville to take a little pastorate up in the Blue Ridge Mountains—a quixotic trick, of a piece with his general scheme of life. Why, that man could make thousands in a New York church!"

"But, Mr. Durgan," I said, "this is very unfortunate. Randall can't keep Annabel and Fleury from meeting; and if he joins them when they do meet, he'll put himself in a ridiculous position in the eyes of the whole county. Somehow I'd like to save Randall the mortification," I murmured.

"And so you shall," Mr. Durgan said, with a self-sacrificing air.

I drew a long, inward, miserable sigh. If there is anything that ever clouds my perfect happiness with Mr. Durgan, it is when he begins to play Providence. Almost I was tempted to say to him:

"Honey, let's let other people alone, and think of ourselves. How should you like us to be married three months from to-day?"

I didn't say it, but I wish with all my heart I had. For the next two or three days gossip fairly hummed. Then things changed, and gossip hummed harder than ever. Annabel was seen no more with either Phillie or Randall, but she was seen constantly with Mr. Durgan. One evening when I was expecting Mr. Durgan he did not arrive till 'most supper-time, and then he came in beaming. "Sallie," he said, "I've found a way out of Annabel's difficulties. I've had her out in the car. What I mean to do is to teach Annabel to run the car, and then lend it to her."

"You mean the car will take her mind off Phillie?" I asked.

"Precisely," said Mr. Durgan, blandly, "for the car is new to her, and Phillie isn't!"

"I hope Annabel is a bright student?" I asked.

"Well, no, no," said Mr. Durgan, in a measured tone. "She's a bit slow. I'd not dream of giving so much time to her if Fleury was not with you so much. I know you won't be lonely."

It was true that Phillie spent almost as much time with me as Mr. Durgan did. I did not, of course, flirt with him, but I let him confide in me, which is the next thing to flirting, I reckon.

Mr. Durgan found it necessary to spend hours with Annabel every day, driving her all over the country.

"Honey," I said to him, "don't you reckon the neighbors will be talking about how much you are driving around with Annabel?"

"Why should they? I'm driving with her, but I'm thinking of you."

Of course, after that there was nothing for me to say. It was not till the following week that I began to feel right unhappy. For then Mr. Durgan was with Annabel far more than he was with me. They would spend the whole day driving, and sometimes at night Mr. Durgan would come to see me and tell me all they had seen and said, and sometimes he would send a note by a negro, saying he was too tired to call, but would be at my door-step early in the morning. Mr. Durgan sent me splendid gifts every day—out-of-season fruit, and books with wonderful bindings—but his manner when he was with me defied my analysis. He seemed as affectionate as ever, but he was one shining, slippery surface. Questions and suggestions rolled off him ineffectively. He did not seem to consider that he was doing anything unusual, and he did not seem to notice any change in my manner.

What hurt me most of all was that the three weeks were more than up at the end of which I had said that he might name the day if I had not already done so, and he had made no allusion to that conversation, nor, indeed, to our future together. My pride would not permit me to do so. I was perfectly wretched, and what I was afraid of was that I would get to the point where I didn't care who knew it. I hated to believe that Mr. Durgan was falling in love with a person so unworthy of him as Annabel Carson, and yet he certainly wasn't acting as if he were in love with me.

One night Mr. Durgan told me that he had lent Annabel the car for a week without reservation, because she said that she and her aunt Edwina wanted to go into Charlottesville 'most every day to shop. The next morning she drove past my house alone; a little while after,

she repassed, with Phillie Fleury beside her. I could not repress a malicious smile. If Mr. Durgan had wanted to separate her from Phillie, he had not succeeded; and, moreover, he had arranged matters so that Randall Craig could not act as watch-dog. No horse could keep up with Mr. Durgan's car.

That evening and night and the next morning Mr. Durgan spent in Charlottesville, talking business with some of his Wall Street friends. Just before noon I was right surprised to see him galloping down the road to my house, leading his second horse.

"Sallie," he said to me, not even dismounting, "I want you to have this horse saddled and come for a ride."

"I have a headache, and I don't feel like riding," I said, coolly, "and if I did I'd ride my own horse. Besides, I've had no dinner."

"I don't think you have a headache, Sallie," he said; "and I not only want you, but I need you. So please be as quick as you can. I've some sandwiches which we can eat as we ride."

I don't know why I did like he said, but I did, with a queer sense of premonition, his manner was so strange. I wondered if he meant to carry me out of sight of all the dear places where we had been so happy, and tell me that he no longer cared for me.

We set off in the direction of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and Mr. Durgan certainly was in a hurry. Much as he hates galloping, he galloped all the horses could stand. He didn't speak a word, and neither did I, but I marked, as we passed them, those places in the road which were endeared to me because they meant something in our love. An hour passed without a word from Mr. Durgan, two hours, and then three hours. Never had we ridden so long and so far together. When we struck into a steep road leading up one of the Blue Ridge Mountains, I ventured to speak.

"Mr. Durgan," I said, "our horses won't be able to get us back to-day if we go much farther."

"I know, I know, Sallie," he said, his eyes on the road.

It was a steep road, possible for carts, but I thought I saw upon its mud the recent impress of a tire. On we went, and at last we stopped at a little settlement. Mr. Durgan dismounted and went into the small log house that served as post-office and grocery-store. Presently he came out.

"Sallie, are you pretty tired?" he asked, and there was a wistful, cherishing note in his voice that 'most brought the tears to my eyes.

"I can go as far as you like," I said, in a choked voice, "but we have to think about the horses and getting back."

"That's my brave girl," he said. "It 'll be all right about the horses; they say we can get two at Johnson's place, five or six miles on. I thought we could get them here, but Craig took the only one."

We rode on side by side, still in silence. Presently Mr. Durgan said, gently:

"Don't cry, Sallie; don't cry. I've been waiting to fight down my temper till I could tell you. I've been such an infernal fool! The fact is, I—I'm pursuing my car!"

"Your car?" I cried.

"Yes; and if I'm any judge of the road, in a few miles we'll come up to that car, all right. The fact is, Sallie, Craig telephoned me from this little place we've just passed. This morning Annabel Carson's aunt Edwina sent for him. She said that last night she saw Annabel and Fleury in my car. Annabel saw her, too, and I guess the old lady felt she had to uphold her own authority. Anyhow, she forbade Annabel ever to speak to Fleury or to use the car again. She said if Annabel had anything more to do with Fleury she could take her things and leave, and the money should go to charity. Annabel said she was sick of hearing of the old money. All this was after breakfast. Annabel walked out of the house and drove off in my car. Half an hour later the aunt saw her and Fleury driving off together in this direction. She sent for Craig and told him, and begged him to stop them. Craig was quick-witted; he took the train as far as it went, and that gave him an advantage. They were ahead of him, but he traced them to that little store where we stopped awhile back. Then he telephoned me to get you to follow him and them and bring Annabel back."

Drawn by Walter Biggs

"ARE YOU SPYING ON ME AGAIN?" SHE DEMANDED

"I don't see why we should stop them," I murmured.

"Because—because I don't want Annabel to marry Fleury," Mr. Durgan said, and he actually laughed.

Maybe I ought to have felt wretched, but in some way I was rather cheered. It seemed to me that Mr. Durgan's reason for wanting Annabel not to marry Phillie could not be purely personal. Yet, as I discovered later, in one way it was personal.

The road grew steeper and steeper. Mr. Durgan frowned and muttered prophecies about the state of his car.

"Besides," he said, exasperatedly, "where were they going, anyhow? Why in thunder didn't they light out for Richmond or some civilized spot?"

At last we reached Johnson's place, only to find the house shut up.

"Well!" exploded Mr. Durgan.

"You won't get any horses here, Mr. Durgan," I said, with a calm I was far from feeling. "Evidently these people have gone away, like such people sometimes do, to visit their kin for a few days. If they hadn't, there'd be dogs around. They've ridden their own horses. You go to the barn and see."

When Mr. Durgan came back he said: "Don't you worry, Sallie. I don't see that it's really necessary to get back to-night; but if it is, we'll find horses somewhere."

I said nothing, for I was too confused and depressed to know how to answer. But of one thing I was determined, and that was that I should go back to my own house that very night. We picked our way for maybe another hour, and then it began to rain. And such a rain! Mr. Durgan put his coat over me, and there was something in the way he did it that made me feel he was blaming himself.

"Never mind," I whispered; "we'll get to a cabin soon."

"You're a trump, now and for ever," Mr. Durgan said, and I am almost sure he added "darling."

We were not in the worst of the rain for more than fifteen minutes. For as I was plodding along behind Mr. Durgan I heard him give an exclamation that sounded like a curse. Then he added, with a short laugh, "Well, here's some sort of shelter, anyway, Sallie."

The shelter consisted of Mr. Durgan's own car, palpably stuck. Tied to a tree near by was a horse. Inside the car, and sitting as far from one another as possible, were Annabel, Phillie, and Randall."

"Hello!" said Mr. Durgan in a casual tone, but with a broad smile. "Room for any more?"

Randall gave us a welcoming, if rather painful, smile; Phillie scowled, and Annabel screamed.

"Come, come," said Mr. Durgan to Phillie, "you mustn't mind my getting into my own car."

He helped me in, and went off to tie our horses. Annabel at once laid her head on my shoulder and began to cry and say incoherent things. By the time Mr. Durgan had joined us I was able to make out her words:

"And three weeks has been more than enough to prove to me that, whether or not I loved Phillie four years ago, I don't love him now. And he doesn't love me, either; he just wants to spite Aunt Edwina. And I only meant to assert myself to Aunt Edwina when I let Phillie come along to-day. And he took the wheel after a while. And then he wouldn't turn back, for he said I had to elope with him. And I didn't know what to do. And I tried being angry and coaxing and everything. And then I tried jumping out. And I tried screaming, but nobody heard."

Annabel sobbed a little longer and continued: "And if any one thinks I ought to protect Phillie, I don't, and I won't. He hasn't acted like a gentleman, running away with me against my will like this. And he says we never can get back to-night, and that I'll be hopelessly compromised. And I know Aunt Edwina, with her queer, old-fashioned view, will think so. And I want to go back to Aunt Edwina, and stop quarreling, and inherit her money, for Randall says a person can do so much good with money."

It took Annabel a long time to say this. The rain was pouring down and it was beginning to get dark. While I had listened to all she said, my mind fastened on but one point. "Mr. Dur-

gan," I said, "you can drive us back, can't you?"

Mr. Durgan shook his head. "Can't be done, Sallie. Mr. Fleury, Esquire, has been a none too careful driver. We can't get back to-night if we tramp the ten miles or so between us and possible horses."

I shivered a little. For our little community is conservative, and no story of broken-down cars would quite suffice.

"It's fifteen miles to a horse, I am afraid," Randall said in a worried voice.

"Then we must just go to some cabin," I replied, resignedly.

"The trouble is," Randall said, "that there is no cabin within several miles. Fleury took the wrong road — an old timber road."

Then Annabel wept more loudly than ever; the rain dripped on the roof of the car, and the horses drooped wearily.

"We've got to spend the night somewhere. We can't sit up in this car all night," Phillie said, sulkily.

I really felt that silence from him would be appropriate.

"I've got it!" Randall cried. "My new church! I know a short cut to it, of perhaps four miles — pretty steep mountain paths, but the girls can ride. I can make a fire to dry us out, at least."

There was little discussion, and within a few minutes we were on our way to Randall's church. I shall say nothing of the difficulties of that dreadful journey. At eight o'clock we arrived, and in half an hour after that we were sitting around a fire, eating Mr. Durgan's sandwiches.

Then Mr. Durgan gave me a surprise which nothing else can ever equal. He had been speaking to Randall, and they had been examining a piece of paper. They passed it to me. It was a marriage license in his name and mine.

"You know you said I could name the day, Sallie," he remarked.

Annabel screamed. I certainly don't like that girl.

"Oh, do! You mean marry her now, don't you, Mr. Durgan? Oh, that will make it look all right to Aunt Edwina, Sallie. Oh, we can say that Randall wanted you to be the first couple married in his new church. Oh, you can say Mr. Durgan didn't want a fuss at his wedding, and so you did it quietly. Oh, save me, Sallie!"

"I will never do it," I said; "but if I should, it wouldn't be to save you, Annabel, but to please the very best man in the world."

Then I wept a little, and Mr. Durgan put his arm around me, and Annabel went over and wept on Randall's shoulder, and there didn't seem anything for Phillie to do except go outside and see if it was still raining. To this day I don't know why I consented, when I remembered all I had said about the quality of a girl's character who would elope. But I knew Mr. Durgan would never remind me of it, and it did seem a relief not to have to get my house ready for a wedding reception. Annabel kept on babbling of what an advantage it would be to her and to me, and how Mr. Durgan and I could go straight off to Europe. Mr. Durgan didn't say one word, but his arm about me was eloquent.

So Randall put on his surplice, and Mr. Durgan and I stood up before him and were married. Nobody said much, and it really was very sweet and solemn. Then Phillie announced that it had stopped raining and the moon was out. Annabel and I mounted the two horses that were least tired; Mr. Durgan led mine, and so we set out for our first wedding journey. It was three in the morning when we came to the nearest railroad town. There was a freight due at half-past three. We got that, and were home in an hour. I took Annabel into my house, while Mr. Durgan went to his and packed a trunk. I sat up, packing, too, and at six he called for me again, in a borrowed car, and we drove to Charlottesville, whence we were to go to New York.

I sat up beside Mr. Durgan, and I know my face was more plain and old and tired than it had ever been, but I know it was lovely to him.

"Sallie," he confessed, "I more than half planned this after we got up in the mountains. For I just began to despair of getting you."

"If only you'll just always keep me," I whispered, putting my head against his shoulder.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

A DAY is a natural thing. It records by means of its light and darkness the rotation of the earth on its axis; and a year is a natural thing; it records the earth's revolution round the sun. In a poorer way, in the way of timing the relations of such an inferior luminary as the moon to ourselves, a month is very well. It is something natural, actual, not to be spurned as an artifice, the weak invention of man to help him get through his history. But what is a week? What, worse yet, is a century? Palpable conventions, makeshifts of the mind, with no more reality in them than the excuses one offers for not accepting an invitation to dinner. To-day, yesterday, to-morrow, are tangible experiences; but what is a week, with its division into seven parts named after heathenish deities? One is never in doubt whether this is to-day or to-morrow, but how often do we hear distracted mothers or fathers of families asking, "Is this Thursday?" and when told it is Saturday, saying, "Dear me! I thought it was Tuesday." This alone shows that there is no such thing as a week; and as for centuries, even the few men who, in spite of rum and tobacco, live to see one in and out, have nothing but the almanac to support them in their pretension that there is any such division of time. Yet the rest of us go on glibly talking of this century and that, and feigning that one morally or materially differs from another according as it is, say, the nineteenth or twentieth. Does anybody who has lived round the corner of the last century feel himself at all another man in his conditioning and circumstancing, except as he is better or worse, or richer or poorer, by his own doing? Yet it is but a little while ago, a few of those honest days of the honest years, that we were feigning something thinkable, something tangible in the close of the century that is gone; and a very good riddance in lots of things. The French phrased this attribution of mood or quality to those last days or years, and we called it, after them, *fin de siècle*. The notion took our fancy so much that for the time we began to believe in it; but when the end of the century had come and gone, who would have known it, if it had not been for the German Emperor's contention that the new one began in 1900 instead of 1901?

For these reasons (they seem very like reasons to us) we are glad to have Mr. Gaillard Hunt call his very interesting book about *Life in America One Hundred Years Ago* by that name instead of some name recognizing the nineteenth century as divisible in character from the twentieth. He is often obliged to say this or that was so in 1816 or 1817 instead of 1815; but he saves himself by frankly dating the facts, instead of loosely assigning them to a conventional period. He does not urge the nineteenth or twentieth century upon the reader's consciousness, but leaves him comfortably to those hundred appreciable years, free in their play of a few less or a few more, to imagine how it was with us in our growth from provincial to national life. The appearance we made to ourselves and to others; our means of getting about from place to place, or from this part of the country to that; the sort and fashion of the things we wore; the songs we sang, or tried to sing; the plays we saw; the sins we committed and the vices we indulged; the punishments we inflicted upon one another, and our attempts to reform our fellow-criminals by putting them in prisons which we began to call penitentiaries in recognition of the regret they were supposed to instil in the convicts; our advance from a spelling-book and a dictionary of our own to a literature of our own; our methods of dealing with the sick by means of medicine, and with the well by a character-

istic cuisine; our phases of poverty and industry; our spectacle of a house divided against itself by slavery, and already tottering; our anomalous civilization disfigured by barbarism: these and many others are the heads of his profitably and pleasantly varied discourse. There is no pose for that effect of picturesqueness or drama which was once the bane of such lighter historic study. It is of a simple and quiet dignity which does not feel itself impaired when it stoops to any detail in our people's life.

Often the record is discouraging and mortifying; we wish we had not been so ignorant and braggart, so swollen with conceit of our present as well as our future; that we had been a little modester, a little honester, a little decenter. But it is best we should see our life as it was then, and the sight may suggest useful question of our life now. Perhaps if the affair were prospect instead of retrospect, the world of 1915 would not show so much better to that world of 1815. Would that bygone date be overawed or overwhelmed by the surpassing beauty and sublimity of ours? If 1815 could speak to 1915, would it be in terms of just subordination, spiritual or material? Leaving out the long tale of comforts and conveniences which this western part of the world began the telling of and has carried forward to no imaginable close, what have we gained over that far-off date of 1815? Is it much to brag of that after a hundred years Europe is again plunged in a universal war more hideous and atrocious than that which it had then just emerged from? Is the German Kaiser an improvement on the French Emperor?

But not to dwell upon that forbidden ground where the feet of this magazine may not stray, is there much to be glad of, to boast of, in the advance of this fair land of liberty, equality, and neutrality? Well, yes (rather unexpectedly to ourselves), we think there is; and in proof we would fain invoke the witness of Mr. Hunt's book in greater detail than is quite practicable. We have not, indeed, got much beyond Washington's ideal of neutrality; he left Mr. Wilson little to imagine of that in circumstances of much greater difficulty. But in those other matters, dearer to the heart, our 1915 is far ahead of our 1815. Not only is chattel slavery an evil dream of the past, but industrial slavery is greatly tempered, and there are visionaries who fancy our waking from it altogether. In the minor morals, which we will suppose are the manners and customs, there is much, very much, to choose between 1815 and 1915. A berth in a Pullman sleeper, especially one over the trucks, is not unalloyed luxury; but what about sitting up all night in a stage-coach, floundering through mud and mire from dark till dawn, and arriving at the breakfast of a wayside tavern? Surely walking forward through at least five coaches and famishing till you can get a place in the dining-car is better than that. If the instance is too crucial, any reader can supply an abundance of others. But it is not in creature comforts so much as in things of the mind and soul that 1915 can look back upon 1815 with complacency. We are really an improvement on that poor period in these, and though we are not yet a burning and a shining light before the nations, we are not such a smudge as our people were then at times.

It may be contended with a great deal of reason that in the matter of public men we cannot claim equality with 1815. We have hardly any such statesmen as that time could boast, but we have a great many more statesmen, and what we want in quality we more than make up in quantity. Generally speaking, our public men do not write as good a style as the public men wrote then, but perhaps a good style is not now so much needed, general education having gone so far with us all that we are able to dispense with a good style in them. We far surpass 1815 in the arts and letters, both qualitatively and quantitatively. We have, or have lately lost, far greater sculptors and architects if not painters; and in the article of novelists there is no possible comparison. We have rather got past having great poets, but we are by way of having them again, we believe, and in 1815 they had in a manner none. In the whole book-world they had only one big-seller, such as we have or have had by the

dozen. Webster's spelling-book sold a million or more, and it must be owned that it was better literature than most of our fiction. Webster's dictionary came later, but as far as simplified spelling went, the public mind seemed riper for it then than now. The good Father Noah was able to stamp the *u* out of all the Latin forms where English reverence for the misspelling of the Norman French had put it; and he elided other silent letters, dumb dogs which served no earthly use, whereas now our recolonizing Anglomaniacs are putting them all back. If they do not restore the *k* to its place in musick and physick, as they do the *u* in honour and labour, it is because the English themselves have dropped it, and they cannot well be more English than the English.

In religion we have no longer the wild revivals of a hundred years ago, but an actual evangelist is able to repeat the emotioning of the camp-meeting in our largest cities, and probably others could do the like. In the mean time we have got rid of the terrible unscriptural New England Sabbath in New England itself; and we do not drink strong waters nearly so much, or chew tobacco, in the North at least. To be sure, some of our women have tried to take up smoking cigarettes, but that is not so bad as chewing tobacco or rubbing snuff.

To turn again to our material superiorities, there was not one sky-scraper in the whole length and breadth of the land in 1815, nor one building heated by steam or lighted by electricity; and now look at them! Our women in 1815 still felt the Greek impulse of the French Empire in their dress, and they did not totter about on heels as high and as creative of callosities as those we now see martyrizing the feet of fashion. Except in the Land of Steady Habits, as Connecticut was called, our actual divorce license was unknown, and the marriage license was more frequent. People married sooner if not in more haste than now, and used a longer leisure in repenting; but whether this was better, upon the whole, is doubtful. Certainly people think, or at least talk, more seriously about marriage in 1915 than in 1815; they seem not to have heard of eugenics then, and our time, until all Europe went about carrying off the effects of them, seemed to hear of little else. We incline to believe that in the article of matrimony 1915 is wiser than 1815, because it could not be more ignorant. Early marriages and large families were the rule then, but as more mothers and children seem to survive now, the theory and practice of 1915 is at least not without its excuses. Perhaps now, if the cannon keeps roaring louder and louder for its food, statesmanship will assume an authority in the matter hitherto left to the church and the conscience. One reads that a doubt is felt in behalf of the women about to become unmarried mothers in the neighborhood of the English training-camps (their number is put at twenty thousand by perhaps wholesale statisticians), and it is seriously questioned whether they ought to be devoted to the infamy that such maternity entails in times of peace. We have made some attempts by public discussion and by statute to abolish white slavery; but in 1815 no such thing was imagined possible or altogether desirable. The other slavery, the black slavery, was almost universally condemned in principle, for the cotton-gin had not yet revealed that an institution soon to become so profitable was divinely ordained. Now that slavery exists only as a fact of history, and as a perpetual warning against any and every form of slavery. In the section which it corrupted and ruined its specter lingers still in the shape of child labor, but even there the law will eventually pursue and banish it.

In 1815 people began to doubt whether they ought not to reform rather than punish criminals, and invented the name in the hope that the nature of the penitentiary would follow. As yet the substance has not overtaken the shadow. The state continues to steal the earnings of the prisoner and to punish his family by depriving it of his support while it tries to reform him. Its methods of reform are otherwise crude enough, and it casts him out at the end of his term a very impenitent sinner, with the reasonable certainty of welcoming him back again and again. But in 1915 it has been imagined in several states that he is the ward of the state

with civic rights suspended, but with human rights in full force with the public, inviolable and irrefragable. This has not been done without some humorous and cynical comment from the public press, or without prophecy of failure in a region where the system of 1815 had triumphed in the indefinite multiplication of prisons and prisoners.

Men, women, and children continue to die in this era as in that, but not so hopelessly as under a system of medicine no less self-confident than ours. Very possibly our own theory and practice will show as grotesque in 2015 as that of 1815 shows now; but in the mean time many diseases have been reduced from the proud proportions of epidemics to those of mild sporadic cases. Every day scores, perhaps hundreds, of lives saved from appendicitis cry against the old dictum that to open the abdominal cavity was murder; malaria has resolved itself into a mosquito which may be hunted to its stagnant habitat and driven away with yellow fever under its wings to perish miserably. Germs, microbes, bacteria, infections, with all their tenements and hereditaments have been hopelessly exiled; and the dread doom of heredity has been recognized as propinquity and lifted, where there had in 1815 seemed no hope of escape from it. We would not be too positive in asserting the advantages of 1915, and we will not say that medicine has conferred more blessings on our time than religion, politics, and morals put together, but something like this we should not mind another's saying. In morals, perhaps the greatest advance has been made toward a reasoned temperance. Nearly every one would be ashamed now to drink to drunkenness, but in 1815 people of all sorts and conditions got drunk not only without shame, but almost without blame. Now in 1915, total abstinence has been ordained in the largest empire under the sun by one of those acts of beneficent despotism which have sometimes enamoured men of the despotic ideal, and you can no more get a drink without crossing from Russia into Germany than you can without going into New Hampshire if you are athirst in Maine. This is an excess of virtue, but without a ukase people have long been turning from spirits to the fermented and malted liquors, and the average man of 1915 no more thinks of drinking to excess than the average woman of 1815.

Mr. Hunt's conscience, however, will not let him flatter our self-esteem to our undoing. He holds the balance between that time and this with an unwavering hand, and we go up or we go down according to our moral weight. In the national characteristic of graft, for instance, we cannot greatly congratulate ourselves from his sparing instances of public corruption. There was graft then as there is now, but it was not an accepted condition. Yet we have not now, to our knowledge, any high officer of our army in the pay of a foreign potentate as General Wilkinson was, a little earlier than 1815, in that of the Spanish king. It was a more brutal time, but apparently not so violent, and murder, if we may trust the report of our daily press, did not rage so openly and constantly. To be sure, the daily press was not so observant of murder then as now, or possibly, indeed, murder was too common for notice. From this conclusion, though, we shrink; we almost prefer to believe that fewer disappointed lovers shot their sweethearts in 1815 than in 1915.

EDITOR'S STUDY

HOW many of our readers, we wonder, attach such importance to the serial novel as to feel a grievous disappointment at its accidential absence from one or even two or three numbers of their magazine?

Good novels, outside of magazines, are to be had for the asking. Few of our readers have read all of them, probably not all those of the current year. The volume of fiction is not diminished in the numbers lacking the serial novel. There are short stories enough—eight or nine in a single issue of this Magazine, and very likely part of a short serial of the lighter sort, in addition—enough altogether to satisfy the most voracious appetite for fiction. What is lacking? What particular exaction is not met?

The unusual break of a tenacious custom leads naturally to inquiry as to the virtue of the custom itself. If "blessings brighten as they take their flight," the momentary loss becomes a test of our appreciation. Many who refuse to read a serial until it is concluded and in covers are glad every month to have the visible reminder of their continence and a tempting glimpse of the accumulating treat in store for them. For the continued story has not been merely a device of the publishers to sustain the interest of readers from month to month. It was such a device and served well its purpose in isolated communities and before books were abundant and accessible—served also to convert a periodical miscellany into some semblance of organic continuity. But readers would have demanded it if it had not been provided for them, for the same reason that they wanted a periodical publication at all—a daily, a weekly, or a monthly; and in early "Peter Parley" times they craved an "Annual" as well. This sort of publication began with the almanac.

The world as an orderly institution was set a-going that way, as recorded in the Book of Genesis—time being divided out to us by the "lights in the firmament." Our living, both in creative specialization and in conventional ordinance, is divided unto us. Hence, in due time, periodical literature—one of the most characteristic functions of that institution being the serial publication of fiction,—at least it came to be that when fiction itself began to be tolerated outside of religious allegory and the didactic moral tract—which was about the time when this Magazine began, sixty-five years ago.

The exceptional reader who refuses to take ten or a dozen bites at his cherry is a very independent person, rejecting the serial tradition. Is there a class of him? And is this class somehow accountable for the growing favor accorded to the short story and the short poem—those pieces of literature for which Poe decreed a reading of at one sitting? But Poe himself seems to have taken a lively interest in the serial novel, as was shown by his brilliant attempt to forecast from its opening chapters the whole plot of *Barnaby Rudge*. By the way, how much of the fascination of the continued story depends upon the problem it presents to an imaginative curiosity as to its dénouement? We have known this suspense to affect the peace of mind of readers who have followed the course of a story nearly to the final lifting of the curtain, but who fear to be cheated of that disclosure by their own demise.

This element of suspense in the publication of a novel makes fiction seem more like life, coming to us in parts, with intervals that give room for the play of imaginative or merely fanciful conjecture. In the mid-Victorian era this method of publication was adopted outside of magazines, as in the case of the *Pickwick Papers* and many novels.

Still we wonder if readers of to-day are as slavishly addicted to the serial

habit as they were fifty or sixty years ago. The organic continuity of a magazine no longer depends upon the serial story. A magazine of any vitality could not long be held in that dependence; it of necessity comes very soon not merely to reflect the life and thought of its time in every important phase of social development, but to be intimately and initiatively participant in movements not distinctively literary. It may become so profoundly and essentially timely as to have no space for the current actualities which belong to journalism, or even for allusion to them, and yet be in no sense "purely literary." But organic it must be, even in the constitution of an individual number—as complexly organic as contemporary society.

The main thing binding the magazine to the serial novel is the imperative necessity that it shall present creatively imaginative work, as it presents Science, in the very making—that it shall be in at the birth. How is it in the case of Science? Here is a new disclosure as to the very constitution of matter, fresh from the laboratory. It may have as yet been unheralded to the world, or only in such terms as have stimulated general curiosity. The class of readers eagerly awaiting such disclosures is not confined to specialists, and it is not a chance happening that some periodical, organized to meet such moments, and therefore counting among its constituency this class of readers, is the direct medium of communication between the laboratory and the world.

By the same peculiar fitness new revelations of genius in creative fiction are delivered fresh from the source through well-developed channels of familiar communication. Such a channel for our most brilliant essayists was offered two generations ago by the Lyceum Lecture, their audiences having a pleasing sense of social community in the reception of this direct ministration. Not so visibly, but no less really, has a bond socially united the readers of any abidingly cherished modern magazine with one another and with their favorite authors, as if they were gathered about the same board for a common festival. The sense of this sociableness has probably done more than anything else to heighten the lively expectation of readers for the serial novel, not as the only attractive course of the feast, but as the especial *pièce de résistance*.

There is a delightful sense of fountain-like freshness when each new instalment seems to come direct from the novelist's mint. In the heyday of the serial novel the publishers themselves had no complete copy of the manuscript beforehand. In fact, three of the most eminent writers of serial fiction—Bulwer, Thackeray, and Dickens—died with work in hand unfinished. To *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* was added that other mystery of its conclusion, which, ever since the sudden interruption of that serial, has busied many active imaginations to unravel.

Fiction, in its main current and impulse, has for a century and a half been, first of all, social, and has become itself inevitably the chief organ as well as the most significant reflex of evolutionary social movement. Only the writers who count in this great reckoning really count at all as distinguished from those who exercise the showman's ancient and honorable, but not essentially vital, function of a passing entertainer. The compass of the short story is not too brief to exclude it from the higher office, if the work is creative, as in George Eliot's *Scenes of Clerical Life* and Margaret Deland's *Old Chester Tales;* but it is not adequate to the delineation of social life on even so limited a scale as that of *Cranford*. A survey of the record of serial fiction in this Magazine will show an unbroken succession of novels from the great masters of the whole period dealing interpretatively with the successive stages of English and of American social development—creations, in most instances, severally designated each as the most eminent novel of the year in which it has thus appeared. Such a record—sustained down to Tarkington's late contribution, and with fair promise of continuance in the serial story begun in the current number—illustrates the working of a principle of selection upon which our readers have learned to depend, and is also the most convincing evidence of the holding value of this form of publication.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

A Dumb-waiter Destiny

BY DANA BURNET

THIRD FLOOR FRONT was a woman-hater.

Mrs. Trimble's Brooklyn boarding-house (references required and refinement guaranteed) hummed like a beehive with the news. Tongues long starved for a bit of gossip wagged furiously through Mrs. Trimble's long, gray, perpetually twilit halls. Ears grown dull with the familiar chatter of the boarding-house were laid with renewed hope to the cracks of the dumb-waiter. Third Floor Front was a woman-hater!

This much had the house gleaned from Mrs. Trimble herself. Mrs. Trimble felt, she said, that any further discussion of her guest's queerness would scarcely be refined; and refined Mrs. Trimble was resolved to be, though she lost trade by it. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Trimble had found the new boarder remarkably barren of confidences. But she did not think it necessary to report this to the others.

The others, therefore, formed themselves by mutual impulse into a general committee for the exploration of Third Floor Front. Through partly opened doors they observed him descend the stairs each morning at eight o'clock precisely—a tall, grim, rugged man, slightly gray at the temples, and fundamentally shabby. What his business was no one knew. It seemed very tiring, to say the least of it. He usually returned to the boarding-house quite worn out, his eternal suit of rusty black exuding an added air of somberness picked up somehow, you would have said, from the perpetual dusk of Mrs. Trimble's front hall. This rusty black suit was accorded almost as much attention as its mysterious possessor. It was, by Mrs. Trimble's sworn deposition, the only suit that Third Floor Front had to his name.

One suit to one's name is scarcely an extensive wardrobe. It suggests vaudeville possibilities. It is, in fact, intrinsically precarious—likely to lead one into surprising situations. Third Floor Front's one suit might have lasted him to the grave—an undertaker would have been instinctively pleased with it—except for the fact of a nail in the top of Third Floor Front's battered hair trunk. It was this nail, or at least the unguarded point of it, that completely altered the destiny of Mrs. Trimble's mysterious boarder. I defy any man to sit down upon the point of a nail, clothed in the only suit he possesses, and come off without altering his destiny. Let us proceed to our story.

At precisely 4.30 P.M. of a certain May afternoon, Miss Elizabeth Worthington Re-

FROM THE ROOM OVERHEAD HAD SOUNDED A MUFFLED CRY, AS OF A PERSON IN PAIN

vell, family seamstress, dropped her sewing with a sudden startled, "Oh!" From the room overhead had sounded a muffled cry, as of a person in pain. Then followed an excited series of thumps—up the room and down the room, four thumps and turn. Miss Elizabeth was Second Floor Front. Those thumps, as she well knew, could mean only that something of importance had happened to the mysterious boarder.

The thumps ceased abruptly. Miss Elizabeth, caught in the grip of a consuming curiosity, cast longing eyes at the little closed door of the dumb-waiter. Would she come to that, after all? Would she fling her gentlewoman's scruples to the wind and join the awful sisterhood of Those Who Snooped?

Rising swiftly, she took an uncertain step toward the dumb-waiter.

She was still standing undecidedly in the middle of the room when something occurred that settled definitely the question of the debated Snoop. That something was a slight noise in the dumb-waiter, a sort of scrape and a sort of tap and a sort of rustle combining the two. Her heart in her throat, Miss Elizabeth hurried to the dumb-waiter and opened the sliding door.

STARED AS THOUGH FASCINATED AT THE STUMP OF LEAD-PENCIL DANGLING ON THE BROWN STRING

A sheet of white paper and a stump of lead-pencil, suspended by a brown string, swung idly before her astonished eyes. She was about to slam the sliding door in a panic, lest it be some despicable buffoonery, when the idly swaying bit of paper half whirled about and disclosed her name written upon it in large, firm characters.

Attention, Miss E. Revell, Second Floor Front!

"Can it be for me?" whispered Miss Elizabeth, already reaching a trembling hand for the lazily turning lure. Obviously it could be for no one else. She tweaked the paper from the string, spread it smooth, and read as follows:

DEAR MADAM,—Would you help a gentleman in extreme distress? Pencil attached. R.S.V.P.
WILLIAM STRAIGHT, Third Floor Front.

Miss Elizabeth dropped her hands to her sides and stared as though fascinated at the stump of lead-pencil dangling on the brown string. Over and above the unconventionality of the message, that blunt question rose up and dared Miss Elizabeth to answer it by anything but "Yes" or "No." Consequently Miss Elizabeth seized the bit of pencil and wrote, for the glory and justification of her sex:

That depends.

The paper fluttered up the dumb-waiter shaft like a white bird, like a spotless dove. And after a slight wait it fluttered down again. Miss Elizabeth read:

Depends on what?

He had thrown the gantlet at her feet! He had challenged her to say precisely what circumstances would prevent her from helping a gentleman in extreme distress. With a very stern, albeit very flushed countenance, Miss Elizabeth penciled her reply:

SIR,—No gentleman of my acquaintance would presume to ask a favor of me without first stating the favor.
P.S.—I am not a hard-hearted person. Are you in pain?

Back came the response by way of the fluttering messenger:

I have sat on a nail.

"Goodness!" exclaimed Miss Elizabeth, in horror. . . . Resolutely she choked down any vulgar tendencies toward mirth, and with a purely humanitarian object wrote the following admirable instructions beneath the mysterious boarder's last statement:

Call a doctor at once.

The white paper once more performed its birdlike flight up the dumb-waiter shaft, and

in another moment was again dangling before Miss Elizabeth's eyes:

I don't need a doctor. I need a seamstress.

Vulgar tendencies toward mirth renewed their base attempts to win a smile from Miss Elizabeth's firmly set lips. Hurriedly she wrote:

I do not understand.

The mysterious boarder's reply was directly to the point:

Nails have no sense of proportion. It was my only suit. If I went out in it now I would be arrested. I cannot afford to be arrested, because I have only five dollars, and it costs more than that to be arrested. Ever since I came here a month ago I have been trying to get a job. Tonight a man said that if I would come to see him at eight o'clock he would give me a job. That is why I said gentleman in extreme distress.

P.S.—It is an embarrassing tear.

Now it so chanced that Miss Elizabeth's ancestors had been among those who first singled out the Plymouth Rock as an acceptable stepping-stone to fame. Far back in the Puritan past Miss Elizabeth's grandmothers had been called upon to mend the sartorial disasters of a very young and extremely masculine nation. Miss Elizabeth's next message to the mysterious boarder fell nothing short of the ancestral heroism:

Send down your trousers.

Let us draw a veil, gentle reader, over the ensuing journey of the mysterious boarder's damaged apparel down the dumb-waiter shaft.

The next scene discloses a crimson-cheeked Miss Elizabeth standing in the middle of her room, the awful black garments held at arm's-length before her. Miss Elizabeth wanted to laugh, but an almost similar desire for tears kept her lips in a straight Puritanical line. Hurrying to her chair by the window, she drew the impossible trousers across her knees, and with hands that shook began to repair the mischief done by an unfeeling nail, a careless man, and an inscrutable Providence.

With a few last rapid stabs of her needle she put the concluding stitches to her task and, rising, walked to the dumb-waiter, expecting to find the brown string dangling as she had left it.

But the brown string had entirely vanished. Instinctively Miss Elizabeth put her head into the dumb-waiter shaft—and promptly withdrew it. Below her she had discerned another head, that of Mrs. Trimble herself, with face turned roofward, and such an expression of joyous suspicion on her face as to drive Miss Elizabeth's heart into her frayed boots.

What had Mrs. Trimble seen?

The need of immediate action fell upon her. Gathering up her scattered wits, she began to study the problem in the cold light of reason. How could she reunite Third Floor Front and his strategically necessary trousers?

Then, out of the troubled spinning of her mind there came, as such matters always come, the clear thread of Miss Elizabeth's inspiration. . . .

A few moments later Mrs. Trimble, on guard at the dumb-waiter below, heard her name called in a clear, sweet soprano: "Mrs. Trim-ble!"

Immediately there occurred in the lower hall the usual bustle of the landlady getting under way, and then the broad figure of Mrs. Trimble appeared puffing up the stairs.

In the doorway of second floor front stood Miss Elizabeth Worthington Revell, gentlewoman, holding in her hands a package wrapped firmly in a newspaper.

"Dear Mrs. Trimble," said Miss Elizabeth, with a little smile, "I'm so sorry to bother you, but *would* you mind taking this package up to my friend Mr. Straight?"

"Your *what?*" gasped the panting landlady. One should never spring surprises upon stout persons at the top of a flight of stairs.

"Why, my friend," repeated Miss Elizabeth, gently.

"Do—do you know him?"

"I met him recently at—a tea." (It was common property throughout the boarding-house that Miss Elizabeth occasionally attended teas.

"You don't say!" exclaimed Mrs. Trimble, faintly. "I thought he was a woman-hater."

"He *was*," said Miss Elizabeth, casting down her eyes. Then, in a low voice, as one confiding tremendous data to the sister at one's bosom, she added: "He's very interesting—and unique. I believe he considers it bad form to own more than one suit of clothes. This afternoon he ripped his coat-sleeve—and I've mended it for him. *Would* you mind taking it up?"

As one who acts under a hypnotic spell Mrs. Trimble extended her arms for the package. But she would not be cheated of her precious suspicions. "I saw a string in the dumb-waiter shaft!" she cried, breathing hard.

Miss Elizabeth smiled even more sweetly than before. "I told you he was unique. Do you know, Mrs. Trimble, the dear man actually lowered his coat down the dumb-waiter shaft. He did it for a—a sort of joke, you know."

"Do you know him *that* well?" demanded Mrs. Trimble, slowly. It would be very difficult getting past Mrs. Trimble with any

"I HAVE NEVER TAKEN MUCH STOCK IN WOMEN," SAID THIRD FLOOR FRONT

behavior that smacked of unrefinement. Refined Mrs. Trimble would be, though the heavens fell!

Miss Elizabeth smiled for the third time. "I know him so well," she said, "that I am going to dinner with him to-night."

Some time after six o'clock of that same evening Mrs. Trimble's boarding-house thrust its several and respective heads out of half-opened doors and observed a miracle. Down the stairs marched a very tall, slightly gray man in a rusty black suit that seemed, somehow, to have been brushed clean of its fundamental shabbiness. To his arm clung a dainty lady in a neat silk frock (which the boarding-house promptly recognized as her best and only), a lady whose cheeks bloomed as the rose.

They reached the lower hall, the boarding-house by this time being quite frankly draped across the upper-hall banisters. The somber man strode forward ceremoniously and laid his hand on the knob of the door. With a little inclination of her head my lady passed out into the summer dusk. The knight of the black suit stepped after her.

"Of course I shall pay for my own," said Miss Elizabeth, primly. Her cheeks, that had been so warm with color, were now quite pale. She was not the lady for any great adventure such as this. Her heart seemed smothered. There was a lump in her throat. Never in her life before had she eaten dinner in a public restaurant alone with a man. It was only a Brooklyn *table d'hote*, to be sure, but it had gilt on the ceiling and an accent on the waiters.

William Straight leaned across the small table and said, very calmly, "You will do nothing of the kind."

"Oh!" said Miss Elizabeth. Never before had a man told her what she would or would not do.

"There is something I want to tell you," said Third Floor Front.

His voice, she determined further, was unmistakably a decided voice, a strong man's voice—firm, a trifle harsh, and yet not unkind; a voice, in fact, that one could depend upon, that one could—

"There is something I want to tell you."

"Oh!" said Miss Elizabeth again.

Third Floor Front caught her wavering glance and held it with his. "I have never taken much stock in women," said Third Floor Front, "To tell the truth, I have always considered them rather—unimportant.

"To-day," continued William Straight, "I sat down on a nail and knew myself for a fool.

"I was forced to ask a woman to help me. I perceived that she was the other half of the circle. And after she had helped me—helped me bravely—I was forced further to rely upon her cleverness, her wit, to save us both from the ravages of boarding-house gossip."

He drew a folded piece of paper from his pocket. Then, after a little whimsical glance at Miss Elizabeth, he read as follows:

"I will tell Mrs. Trimble that we are friends, and to prove it I will tell her that you are taking me out to dinner to-night. It is the only way. I will be ready at six."

Miss Elizabeth's cheeks had quite recovered from their paleness.

"Oh," she cried, "suppose you hadn't put your hand in your pocket!"

William Straight leaned toward her, the light of a great discovery in his eyes. "A woman as clever as that," said William Straight, slowly, "is the woman for me."

Miss Elizabeth put one hand to her breast. "Your job," she cried, uncertainly. "It's almost eight!"

William Straight did not take his eyes from her face. "I will stop at your door to-night," he said, "and tell you more about my job—and myself."

Too Alarming

WINNIFRED had been disobedient, and her mother led her into the chicken-house near by. Amid apprehensive cries from the child and alarmed cackles from the hens the punishment began. But soon Winnifred looked up appealingly from over her mother's knee, and whimpered:

"Mother, don't you think this frightens the chickens too much?"

Impressionistic

BENJIE was showing his mother how well he could draw a cow.

"This is her nose I've just finished," he said, drawing a curved line. "And her body you just make this way—and here's her tail." He held up the drawing, but as he looked at it an embarrassed smile came over his face. "Perhaps we'd better call it a pump," he finally suggested.

Casual

THE family gardener had been a great friend of the Wayne children. When he died his widow invited them to come to view his remains. The youngsters accepted with glee, taking with them little three-and-a-half-year-old Catherine. On their return home Mrs. Wayne was much disturbed to learn that little Catherine had been in the presence of death. Thinking that if the child had been frightened she would try to make death seem less horrible, she began to question her.

"What was he in, dear?" she asked.

"Oh, in a long box."

"Well, how did he look, Catherine?"

"Oh, he looked rather cute," was the nonchalant reply.

Her Father's Own Daughter

HAZEL was spending her fourth birthday in town, and as one attraction her auntie took her for a ride in her electric. After a long silence, the practical little country maid pointed to an especially well-kept but tiny lawn, and said, very earnestly:

"That's dood pasture."

THE PUP: *"Well, well! If they ain't going to dig right where I buried my bone last night!"*

A Century of Little Girls

ONE went basked in stiff brocade
And worked queer sums in "tare and trett,"
And Webster's Spelling Book was made,
Page after page, by heart to get;
And with her schoolmates on parade
Threw a rose at Lafayette.

One in pantalettes and shawl
Sedately walked, a proper lass!
She in the old Lyceum Hall
Heard Jenny Lind! and, class by class,
Her school went forth to view the pall,
The catafalque of Lincoln, pass.

One wore huge sleeves, and thought great cheer
To dance the two-step o'er and o'er.
She worked the Cuban flag and spear
Upon a sofa-pillow for
A youthful cousin volunteer
That summer of the Spanish War.

The last can ride and swim and wend
On camp-fire hikes; and yet would she
Tales of her forebears hear no end!
And oft she cries, "What fun 'twould be
If they could come alive, and spend
The afternoon, and stay to tea!"

SARAH N. CLEGHORN

The Sarcastic Caddie

THERE is a certain golfer in Boston who, like many others, loves the game better than he plays it. In his difficulties with course and ball and club he has often encountered the caddie's stinging scorn.

One afternoon, while struggling over the course, he made a particularly bad play and tore up a large piece of turf with his mashie. Lifting the sod in his hand, the player said to his caddie:

"What on earth am I to do with this?"

"If I was you," said the boy, "I'd take it home to practise on, sir."

Why He Is Remembered

"WHAT did George Washington do for his country?" asked the teacher.

"He gave it an extra holiday," promptly answered a boy at the foot of the class.

"You were worried yesterday about your husband's health. Have you had any further news?"

"Yes, thanks. I received a most reassuring check this morning."

Outdone

ELIZABETH and Sarah were two little girls who made acquaintance at school. One day they were playing together and began boasting of their possessions.

"We keep four servants," said Elizabeth, proudly, "and have got two automobiles, and a great big house. Now what have you got?"

Sarah hesitated for a moment, then, with equal pride, replied, "We've got a skunk under our barn."

Infra Dig

BILL had worked on the farm for ten years, and until his boss took to poultry-raising he was quite contented with his lot. But this poultry business finally got Bill peeved. He had to take the eggs as they were laid and write the date on them with an indelible pencil. And, worse than that, he had also to write on the eggs the breed of the hen that laid them. For Bill's boss was a scientific person. One day the routine proved a bit too much for Bill, so he marched up to the farmer and said, "I'm 'bout fed up, an' I'm goin' to leave."

The farmer gasped for breath; he could not associate Bill working for anybody else, he had been with him so long.

"Surely, Bill, you're not goin' to leave me after all these years," he blurted out.

"Yes, but I am," put in Bill. "I've done every kind of rotten job on this here farm, but I'd rather starve than go on being secretary to your old hens any longer."

What He Would Do

TWO tramps were sitting in the shade of a tree in Evanston, Illinois, and one was reading to the other from a tattered newspaper the charitable work planned by a certain Chicago Crœsus.

The listener sighed and remarked, with a break in his voice, "I wish that I had money enough to make every poor child in Chicago happy."

"What would you do?" asked the other knight of the road.

"Why," explained the first hobo, "I'd invest in real estate and live on my income."

Appearances are Deceitful

LITTLE Mary was only allowed to wear her low-neck and sleeveless dresses on very warm days. One morning she stood gazing at a photograph of a woman in a decidedly *décolleté* costume. "My!" she exclaimed, "It must 'a' been a *awful* hot day when that was took!"

Didn't Apply

A MAN was on trial before a Wisconsin judge for horse-stealing. When it came time for the lawyers on both sides to tell the judge what instructions they wanted him to give the jury in addition to the points covered in his own charge, the attorney for the defense said:

"I respectfully ask Your Honor to charge the jury that it is a fundamental principle of law in this country that it is better for ninety-nine guilty men to escape than for one innocent man to be found guilty."

"Yes, that is true," said the judge, reflectively, "and I so instruct the jury; but I will add that it is the opinion of the court that the ninety-nine guilty men have already escaped."

His Qualifications

A MUSICAL director in Pittsburg was organizing a philharmonic orchestra. An Italian acquaintance strongly recommended to him an old man who played upon a very antiquated and wheezy clarinet.

At the first rehearsal, however, it was evident to the director that the new candidate would not do. "He can't play the clarinet at all," he explained to the Italian who had recommended him.

"What!" gasped the sponsor. "That man no can playa da clarinet?"

"Certainly not."

The Italian rolled his eyes, and seemed beside himself. "That man no can playa da clarinet?" he repeated, beating his breast in indignation. "Why, that man he fighta with Garibaldi!"

"Madam, if ye'll buy one fer the baby, ye'll find it'll be greatly appreciated by Him or Her, as the case may be"

Domestic Amenities

IN Chicago they tell this story of a warring couple, the husband being suspected, rightly or wrongly, of having married for money.

One afternoon the husband drove home in a new motor-car of most expensive make. He drove gaily around to the side, and brought his wife out to view his new purchase. Now, wife had that morning had a fearful row with husband, and she had not yet recovered her temper. She gave one sneering look at the new car and then said:

"It's very nice, indeed; but if it hadn't been for my money it wouldn't be here."

"Well, Clara," said husband, "if it hadn't been for your money you wouldn't be here yourself."

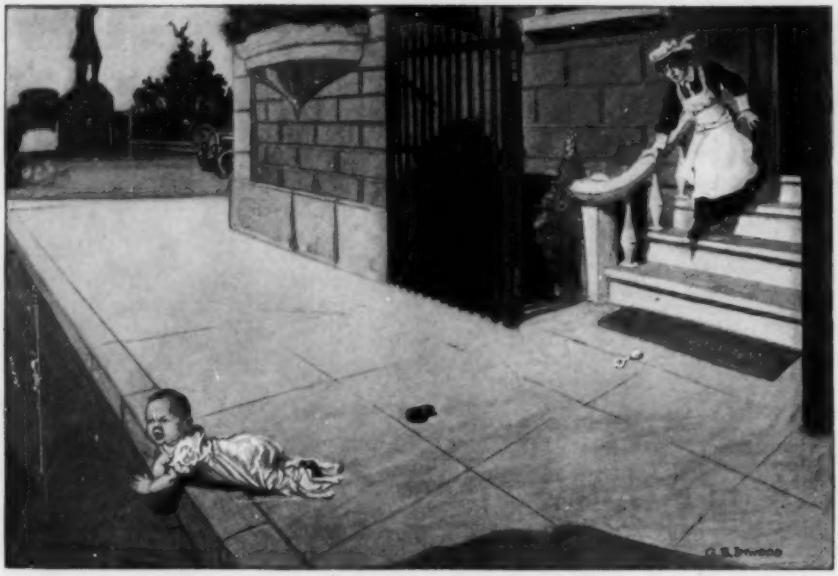
Sounded Like It

"GERTRUDE," asked the teacher, "what were the causes of the Revolutionary War?"

"It had something to do with automobiles, but I did not understand just what," replied Gertrude.

"Oh no!" said the teacher; "that was before the day of automobiles."

"Well, it said it was on account of unjust taxis," said Gertrude, firmly.



Seeing New York

The Imitator Imitated

BY HENRY DODD

THERE'S a fellow with a Skirt whom he designates as Myrt,
And for her he earns a living with his jolly, genial verse;
Then you mustn't think me silly if I, too, attempt it, Milly,
For there's virtue in my jingles, if I only make them terse.

To begin, my charming Girlie, though your tresses aren't curly,
Though your eyes are not cerulean (as a fact, they're greenish-gray),
Though your hands are none too small, though you're rather plump than tall,
None the less you are my Darling (as you may have heard me say)!

You're as rosy as the roses, and your nose is as the noses
Of the Muses, or a Goddess's, whose name I have forgot;
Though there may be other women, they are quite out of the swimmin';
You could give the field a handicap, and win from all the lot!

You could be a good deal bigger, Dear, and still retain a Figure, Dear,
To make the Milo Venus wring, in jealousy, her hands;
When in anger, you're more fright'ning than the thunder or the lightning;
When you're calm, your voice is sweeter than a dozen Sousa's Bands!

When I have you near me, Honey, all the world is bright and sunny,
And I never heed the aspect of the threat'ning clouds above;
Let me always be the fella to protect, with his umbrella,
You, from dew and rain and other forms of moisture, Milly Love.

You, my Dear, are the causation of my quickened respiration,
You're my little Peachy-Weachy, and my Tootsie-Wootsie, too;
And I view with adoration, reverence, and veneration,
No one else upon this planet but, except, and saving you.

This, then, is my first pot-boiler in laudation of my Broiler,
And I only hope the Public find the meter to their taste;
If they show appreciation of my efforts at laudation,
They shall have a dozen others furnished with unseemly haste.

Present Conditions in American Business and Finance

THE highly creditable record of American finance through a trying year of war, with its abnormal and uncertain conditions, has been marred by a plunge of gambling in munition stocks. The speculative movement ran past the danger signals of common sense, over the advice and warning of many market leaders, bankers and officials of the companies whose issues were the basis of the gamble, and on to dangerous altitudes where collapse and fall may bring down others than the gamblers and the light-headed caught up in the madness. No rumor was too fantastic to start furious bidding up of stocks believed to be connected with fabulous war orders. In one case a single week witnessed an amount of trading equivalent to twice the entire common stock of an industrial company whose shares until quite recently had not been dealt in on the New York Stock Exchange for years.

THE deplorable and scandalous performance has brought inevitable attack upon the New York Stock Exchange coupled with demands for remedial regulation that would prevent recurrence of such speculation. It is exceedingly desirable that there should be no rocking of the financial boat at any time, surely not in hazardous days like these, and yet it is exceedingly difficult to suggest to the Governors of the Exchange a practical line of conduct that will prevent such operations. The minimum price of the palsied times when the Stock Exchange reopened suggests to many persons the possibility, to this end, of fixing and enforcing a reasonable maximum price, but for a variety of reasons, this plan has not found favor. Another and possibly more practical suggestion is that larger margins be required against stocks whose course follows the sky-rocket. The case for the Stock Exchange has best been stated by one of its Governors in an interview with The Annalist. He said:

It is commonly alleged that speculators have lost their heads. If that is true, it is of great importance that critics of the stock market should not lose theirs.

Who is to decide when a given security or group of securities is selling too high or too low? Who can tell with certainty when a disparity exists between prices and values? Who can prevent a man from buying securities or anything else with his own money? Who can prevent another man from lending him a part of the purchase price? What human agency can bring about a perfect conjunction between economics and ethics?

The easy way and the popular way to answer these questions is to say that the Stock Exchange can do all these things and that it should do them or suffer the consequences. But when, where, and how? Is it seriously contended that the Stock Exchange can deny to any two men their constitutional right to enter into a contract or to interfere with that right in any way? Is it logical to say that if the Stock Exchange cannot do this, officers of the Government can do it?

There are those who say that when a security has risen to a surprisingly high figure and when transactions indicate a scarcity in the floating supply, it should be stricken from the list. Lackawanna and Jersey Central are securities of this class; at one time or another they have been affected by great speculation for the rise and for the fall. Are they to be stricken from the list?

In all markets at all times securities have sold too high and too low. This will continue as long as human nature remains what it is. Does any one want these securities stricken from the list on that account? Has the Stock Exchange the right to deprive purchasers of a free market for the securities they have bought because of their belief in the permanency of that free market?

America today is the only open market in the world for iron, steel, coal, food products, and securities. Buying converges here for that reason. At times it may go too far and too fast, in which case those who participate will suffer the consequences. But would they suffer less if the Stock Exchange were controlled by political office holders? Would they enjoy greater safety in their dealings if the market were transferred to the street, or to the lobbies of hotels, as was done in the Civil War days?

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How the French Invest

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The Stock Exchange buys nothing and sells nothing. It is simply a meeting-place for its members, who are the agents of others. It seeks to maintain at all times a standard of business dealing far higher than that which is currently used in the general world of business. The fact that it has grown to its present importance indicates its usefulness in augmenting the wealth and promoting the development of the country. This it will continue to do, but no Stock Exchange in the world has ever yet been able to determine who should speculate and who should not, nor has any human agency ever been able to determine when prices were too high or too low.

IF there is a crash in the house of cards, undoubtedly many of the victims will join in the demand for the incorporation and state control of the Stock Exchange. But incorporation will not save men from the consequences of their own folly. We can revise our laws, but we do not seem able to revise human nature.

FOR the rest, the general situation remains as satisfactory as could be expected. We got our billion-dollar trade balance for the fiscal year, and while the attendant conditions and circumstances are far from satisfactory, there is large ground for congratulation and assurance. There has been decrease in many lines of old-established export, but the enormous demand for foodstuffs, occasioned by the war, and for war material, wiped out that deficiency and carries the grand aggregate of exports as well as the excess of exports over imports, to a new record. Our domestic business condition, outside the agricultural districts which sell cereals and horses in such huge volume, and the industrial centers, quickened by war orders, where wage and material disbursements are enormous, continues spotty. Steel earnings are growing and certain railway reports are encouraging, but if general recovery is in progress, it is slow and indistinct in its progress and manifestation. Clearly it is one of the slowest recoveries that the country has made after the several depressions and panics that its industrial and economic history records. The cherished belief in the popular mind is that peace in Europe would remove the last barrier to a long move forward and upward, and yet it is not difficult to imagine condi-

tions that would retard for a considerable period beyond peace day the restoration of good times throughout the United States. The extent of the purchasing power of Europe during the years of recuperation that lie before her, represents but one of the factors to be considered.

THE comparatively small Balkan wars and this greater conflict in Europe have very clearly revealed to us, on several occasions, the extent of our inter-relation with and interdependence upon the other great commercial nations of the world. We cannot escape many of the economic consequences of the war, and we can do no more at this time than guess what these consequences and their extent will be.

IN that connection the cost of the war must be impressive to all who examine the available figures. National City Bank of New York has issued an instructive résumé of the War bill. Part of this statement follows:

Excluding Italy, the war loans have aggregated approximately $15,500,000,000, and this about represents the Governmental expenditures for the year. The total indebtedness of these countries at the outbreak of the war, including the debts of the several States of the German Empire, was approximately $23,000,000,000.

The cash expenditures of Great Britain are larger than those of any other country, as service in the army and navy is voluntary and the pay and allowances are much higher than in the continental countries. In March the extraordinary expenditures of Great Britain were stated to be about $10,000,000 per day, but the Chancellor of the Exchequer recently stated that they had reached $15,000,000 and were still rising.

The expenditures of the German Government are probably next to those of Great Britain. The Government has realized $3,490,000,000 by means of two loans, which it is understood will carry the war into the coming fall, but as its expenditures have been growing, it is probable that they are now as much as $10,000,000 per day. Altogether, the estimate of $50,000,000 per day for the outlays of all the Governments is seen not to be improbable.

EQUALLY instructive is a comparative statement of the condition of the great national banks of Europe before the war and since, also prepared by National City Bank of New York. It follows:

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BANK OF ENGLAND

	Aug. 1, 1914.	Feb. 1, 1915.	July 1, 1915.
Gold holdings	$190,000,000	$335,000,000	$260,000,000
(Exc. bills)..		112,500,000	142,500,000
Loans	290,000,000	645,000,000	940,000,000
Deposits	335,000,000	810,000,000	1,035,000,000
Circulation..	145,000,000	170,000,000	175,000,000
Exchequer bills		175,000,000	240,000,000

BANK OF FRANCE.

	Aug. 1, 1914.	Feb. 1, 1915.	July 1, 1915.
Gold holdings	$825,000,000	$845,000,000	$785,000,000
Loans	640,000,000	190,000,000	625,000,000
Deposits	260,000,000	475,000,000	485,000,000
Circulation..	1,335,000,000	2,090,000,000	2,440,000,000

BANK OF GERMANY

	Aug. 1, 1914.	Feb. 1, 1915.	July 1, 1915.
Gold holdings	$420,000,000	$540,000,000	$590,000,000
Loans	200,000,000	950,000,000	1,050,000,000
Deposits	235,000,000	360,000,000	400,000,000
Circulation..	470,000,000	1,160,000,000	1,300,000,000

BANK OF RUSSIA

	Aug. 1 1914.	Feb. 1, 1915.	July 1, 1915.
Gold holdings	$800,000,000	$775,000,000	$785,000,000
Loans	600,000,000	540,000,000	1,350,000,000
Deposits	420,000,000	405,000,000	750,000,000
Circulation..	730,000,000	1,500,000,000	1,750,000,000

BANK OF THE NETHERLANDS.

	Aug. 1, 1914.	Feb. 1, 1915.	July 1, 1915.
Gold holdings.	$45,000,000	$98,000,000	$144,000,000
Loans and dis.	60,000,000	115,000,000	80,000,000
Deposits	1,975,000	11,500,000	22,000,000
Circulation..	125,000,000	205,000,000	200,000,000

THESE figures, taken in connection with our domestic condition, our unsettled altercation with Germany, and an uncertain economic future of unknown and indefinite factors, must tend to confirm our financial leaders in that policy of conservatism and caution which has marked their conduct and operations since the war began. The general investing public will be wise to follow this general lead. There is a wide range of satisfactory investment open to conservative buyers. The stock and bond lists contain the names of many standard securities of established worth, now ranging well below their value in normal times, while some of the foreign securities now available in this market, obligations of countries whose financial record is such as to leave no doubt as to their repayment, are obtainable on a basis of very attractive return.

ONE of the most interesting offerings in the history of New York was the issue of $45,000,000 convertible Canadian notes, placed last month by J. P. Morgan & Co., acting in conjunction with Brown Bros. and the Bank of Montreal, together with the National City and First National Banks of New York. The loan represented a domestic need of the big Dominion to the north, and under ordinary circumstances would have gone to London. It was probably the first time the Dominion has ever borrowed in this country—certainly the first time a transaction of any magnitude has been carried through. Its sale here is another indication of our financial capacity, and another step toward that time when New York will challenge London as the financial capital of the world. The terms of the loan were attractive and it was subscribed as quickly as the covering list could be written down. The provisions of the issue were such as to emphasize the unusually attractive investments of a conservative character which are available to-day. Only as late as March of this year the Dominion of Canada sold £5,000,000 of ten-year 4½% bonds in London at 99½. Yet here is an issue of one and two-year notes of the Dominion, paying 5%, repayable in a few months, if money looks more attractive than securities when the date of repayment rolls around, and yet giving the holder a call on a twenty-year 5% bond of the Dominion at par. This is a higher rate than that borne by any of the Dominion's long-term obligations outstanding and indicates the changed conditions that the world war has brought about.

KING COTTON is again in trouble, and as his domain is one of the great quarters of our country and his value a large share of the country's wealth, particularly as to our foreign trade, his difficulties are important. He feels that Great Britain with its embargo against the Teutonic Allies is largely and wrongfully to blame. He thinks that Great Britain's policy keeps his price down close to what it costs to produce him. He wants his Government to demand better treatment for him, and he hints that if he does not get his way the farmer of Minnesota and the artisan of Connecticut should be stopped from selling their wheat and cartridges to the British army. Just how satisfactory and consoling that would be to the said farmer and said artisan does not appear. But meantime other things are being done for His Majesty. The State Department is to make representations, there are signs of a more liberal policy from Great Britain, and the Federal Reserve System is prepared to render the cotton-planters all the aid that is possible in a liberal law and an overflowing exchequer.

Harper's Bookshelf

RETURNING in his recently published novel, *The Rainbow Trail*, to the scene of his earlier fictions, *Riders of the Purple Sage* and *The Heritage of the Desert*, Zane Grey has succeeded perhaps more fully than ever before in conveying, through the medium of a thrilling story, the strange and overmastering spell of the cañon country. Probably no locality exists that is more favorable to the spirit of true romance—the kind that is breathed in with the air and absorbed with the sunlight—than is this desert region of northern Arizona and southern Utah. To this locality the author has been drawn back by an irresistible attraction. "I see the veils, like purple smoke, in the cañons," he writes, "and I feel the silence. And it seems that again I must try to pierce both and to get at the strange, wild life of the last American wilderness—wild still, almost, as it ever was."

ZANE GREY
Author of *The Rainbow Trail*

In point of fact the reader will be struck by two distinguishing qualities in this latest story of Mr. Grey's, *The Rainbow Trail*—its freshness of atmosphere, and the entire sincerity of its romantic feeling. The environment in which the story has its setting is, for the most part, one of wide spaces and virgin scenes. It is an environment that lends itself to a tale of keen and tender feeling as easily as to one of adventure and violence. Here a story of strong, healthy emotion and of spiritual exaltation seems called for, but it does not seem that the spirit of the "red-blood" school is inevitably demanded. The airy and colorful scenes of Mr. Grey's story are, in fact, full of that fascination which the stainlessness of nature may exercise upon the mind, and in many unpretentious descriptive passages of *The Rainbow Trail* there is much of that glamour which is felt in those passages of the Leatherstocking tales in which the magic of deep woods and pellucid lake is strongest and truest. Then, too, there is nothing factitious or conventional in the author's emotional attitude toward the natural surroundings that give their tone to his story. Here is no striving for the "elemental," the "primitive." Every descriptive line bespeaks the force of a strong personal impression. The most matter-of-fact reader, one feels, would be similarly affected if transported to the actual scene. It is upon record that plain, unimaginative, American business men have become hysterically emotional upon first view of the Grand Cañon—just as British army officers, presumably not hypersentimental, have been observed to shed tears over the playing of Liszt.

From the moment when Shefford, the hero of *The Rainbow Trail*, makes his way over wild, bare flats and rocky desert benches to Red Lake, the reader enters with him an unknown country—a veritable material fairyland of painted desert, billowing rock, and mysterious cañon. There is the satisfying sense of solid and tangible reality in the lure of this region which surpasses in wonder the conceptions of an Arabian Nights' tale. Shefford has come hither upon a quixotic mission—a mission, however, which, despite its quixotism, means liberation for his soul and healing for his hurt personality. A

young minister driven to despair by the narrow prejudices of his congregation, he has become a wanderer, without practical purpose or sustaining faith. He has heard from a friend a strange story of a man and woman and a young girl forced by Mormon pursuers to take refuge in a mysterious valley, the sole entrance to which was sealed by the fall of a great stone. Those who have read *Riders of the Purple Sage* will remember the conclusion of that tale—a conclusion worthy of Rider Haggard—how the Mormon woman, Jane Withersteen, the gunman Lassiter, and the girl, Fay Larkin, were shut up in Surprise Valley. *The Rainbow Trail*, though a story of entirely independent interest, is so far a sequel to *Riders of the Purple Sage* that it takes the conclusion of the latter tale as its starting-point. The story of Fay Larkin has gained a strong hold upon Shefford's imagination, and in the defeat of his more practical aspirations, and in the absence of any other directing motive, he has resolved to discover her fate, and, if possible, to rescue her.

Employed by a trader at a remote outpost, Shefford is privileged to carry goods to a Mormon village—a village supposed, with good reason, to be the dwelling-place of the Mormons' "sealed wives." He gains the confidence of the Mormons and becomes good friends, especially with one of them, the genial young giant, Joe Lake. He learns to know the shy Mormon women; good women they are, too—simple, childlike, pathetically glad of society and of news from the outside world. Incidentally, Shefford begins to sense the spirit of the younger generation of Mormons, a spirit of subdued revolt. Slowly he begins to suspect the truth regarding Fay Larkin and her fate.

The story of Shefford's quixotic quest includes the strange and immensely dramatic scenes of the futile investigation regarding "sealed wives," conducted by a Federal judge at Stonebridge; it includes a wild ride to Surprise Valley, and a journey, guided by Shefford's Indian "brother," Nas Ta Bega, down a lost cañon, past the rainbow bridge, once worshiped by the Indians as a god, to the Colorado; it tells of Joe Lake's thrilling voyage in a flat-boat down the treacherous San Juan to the mouth of the lost cañon, and of the breath-taking escape of the whole party, hurled on their rough craft through the swirling rapids of the Colorado—all related with that realism of detail and zest in danger which characterize Mr. Grey's tale of adventure. No story that this author has written is more wholesomely captivating, or opens up wider vistas to the imagination.

A story racy of American life, full of the keen interest of real, unstandardized adventures, and of personal ups and downs, is Sinclair Lewis's new story of things as they are, and as one writer with more than a flash of originality sees them—*The Trail of the Hawk*. There is quite as much satirical keenness and pungent humor in this tale as there was in Mr. Lewis's novel of last year, *Our Mr. Wrenn*. There is much of the same homely directness and occasional refreshing oddity of style; there is altogether the same insight into average men and women, and the same *flair* for differences of character. The new story, however, is decidedly less whimsical in conception than *Our Mr. Wrenn*. It is, the author tells us, "a serious study of a typical young American"; and this, if the word "typical" gives room for a very marked and engaging individuality, it undoubtedly is. The young American of the story is one of the "New Yankees," as Mr. Lewis calls them, the Scandinavians of Minnesota and the adjacent states, who in thrift, independence, and shrewdness reproduce the original Yankee traits. With affection, and humor, and uncommonly clear vision the author tells of Carl Ericson's early years in "Joralemon," his boyish adventures, his first party, his first love-affair. The village agnostic, "Bone" Stillman, who read Bob Ingersoll and Karl Marx, early put it into the boy's head that it was his privilege to see the world and to know men and things; but Carl, though undoubtedly plebeian, was not insensible to the appeal of propriety and refinement as understood in Joralemon, and, being in love with Gertie Cowles, he could hardly do other than go to Plato College as Gertie's brother Ray had done. Plato College was as "undistinguished, as provincially dull, and pathetically human as a spinster missionary." Carl's experiences there are described with humorous realism; yet the story holds something of the sentiment of student days, too, for this also is a part of youth. That is Mr. Lewis's way: he shirks neither the fact nor the glamour.

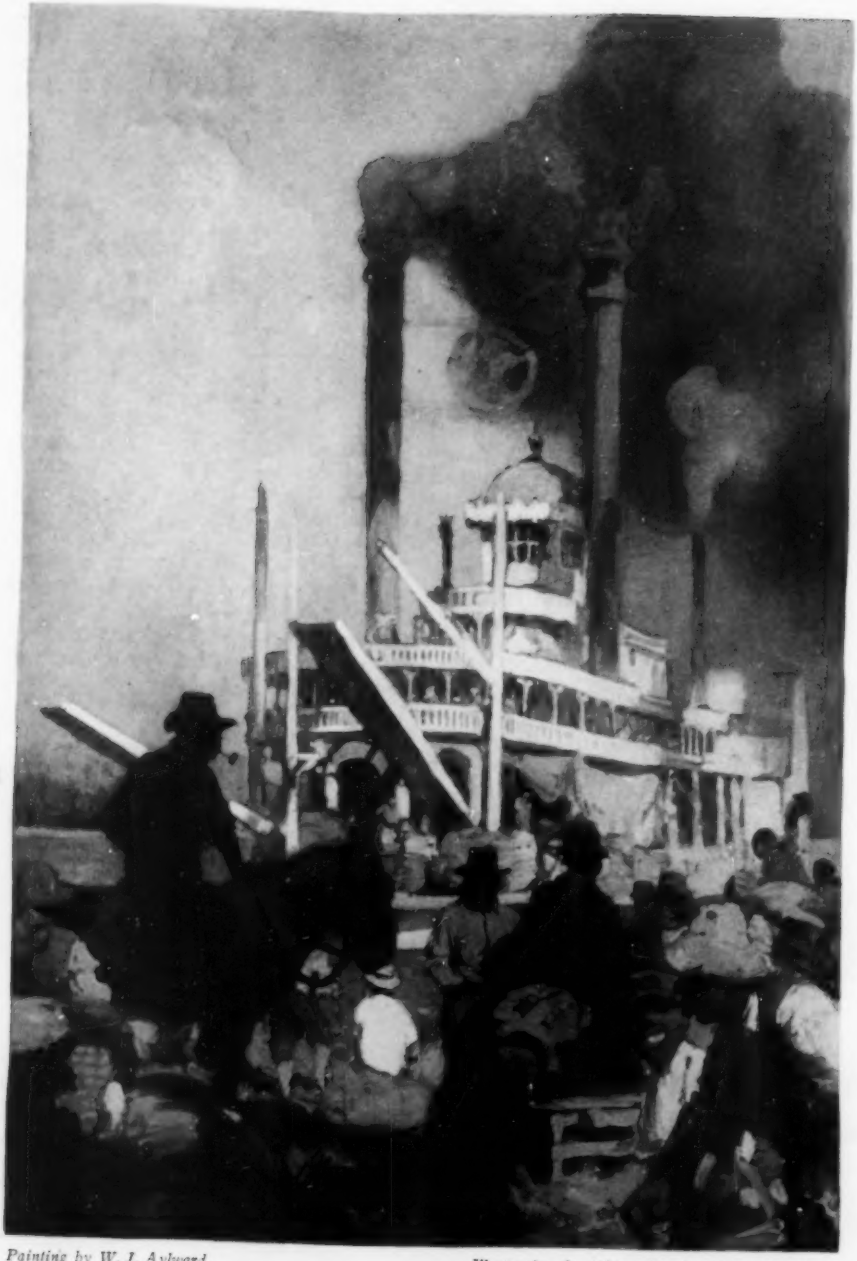
His story, indeed, is, throughout, of the school of the newer romance—the romance which loves actuality, abhors conventionality, but feels the lure of the unknown amid the matter-of-factness of things. Carl's championing of a professor who actually dares to speak out real convictions led to his leaving college. Starting out to shift for himself, he made straight for Chicago and the great world. His career was neither a series of brilliant successes nor a succession of dismal failures; it was made up of varied and interesting experiences—interesting both because of their variety and also because they show the process by which a very much alive young man eventually "found himself." Carl was a packer in a Chicago department store, a chauffeur, an actor in a "tent show," tender of the motor-boat fleet at an Ontario hotel; for a time, his fortunes at their lowest, he was porter in a Bowery saloon. He missed the chance of being the hero of a half-dozen stories of inevitable failure because he wouldn't stay in a rut, and because he wouldn't stay down; he continues to be the hero of a tale of refreshing genuineness and convincing hopefulness. Shaking off the saloon atmosphere, young Ericson went to Panama, and subsequently, as assistant to a superintendent of mines, to Chihuahua. At the age of twenty-three-and-a-half he arrived in San Francisco, where he got a job as helper in a repair shop for motor-cycles. It was shortly after this that he learned to fly. The story of "Hawk" Ericson (as he came to be called), the professional aviator, is told in a way that shows real knowledge of flying and of the spirit of the sport. It has thrills enough, and it brings one far nearer the real aviator's mood and life than does the average popular tale of airships and airmen. From flying, Hawk Ericson turned prosaically to the automobile business. Meanwhile Gertie Cowles and her mother had taken a flat in New York, and Ericson, whose business was also in New York, resumed the old acquaintance. There is humor, and a good deal of sympathy, too, in the story of how Gertie half-consciously strove to bring him back to "the state of mind called Joralemon." He took kindly to the process, indeed, though he had somewhat grown away from the old wholesome, democratic, stuffy village life and viewpoint. There were evenings of homely comfort, and also evenings of, to the reader, intensely amusing boredom. Carl was human enough to want to marry Gertie; but one day he caught sight of a girl in a street-car— The remainder of the novel is a story of love based upon pure companionship—a companionship in which love never blinds the eyes of humor, and the spirit of play never becomes a pose. Zestful, amusing, and real, *The Trail of the Hawk* is one of the best American life-stories yet written.

In *The Inner Law*, Will N. Harben touches upon a personal problem of the gravest sort with the utter sincerity, the moral clearness and cleanness, and the homely humanity which distinguish this author in all his work. The story, strong in its realistic life-drama, is a study in the laws of happiness. Carter Crofton, the hero, a young Southerner, gifted with a poetic temperament and flattered by general admiration and esteem, has inherited with his father's wealth a moral taint. There is in his blood, though he scarcely knows it, a devouring passion. In sharp contrast with the more or less cynical men of the world with whom he associates, he suffers acutely from his first misstep—a sudden *amour* with an innocent girl of the so-called "poor white" class. Following bad advice in opposition to the pleadings of his uncle—a man whose inner life has been desolated by a like tragedy—Crofton tries to forget his sin by leading, in Europe, the life of a cultivated gentleman of leisure and literary *flaneur*. But it is all in vain; he succumbs to a kind of moral dry-rot. Returning to his old home in Atlanta, he finds that his former sweetheart has risen above her misfortune; she has achieved happiness, but she will have none of him. Poignantly real are the passages which tell of how Crofton found a certain curious surcease of pain from his acquaintance with a youth whom he met at a summer camp on the Palisades of the Hudson, and of how his affection for this young athlete, poet, and philosopher broke up the hard crust of his nature. Parental love and the influence of a new-born unselfishness bring the story to a triumphant conclusion. As straightforward and unsparing as it is sympathetic in spirit, the story, though it is doubtless pure fiction, reads like a genuine revelation of a man's inner life—a convincing rediscovery of the path of happiness.

Those who seek to promote peace in the world say, very sensibly, that the right way to begin is to gain control through education over the warlike instincts and to divert them into other channels. And there is a growing feeling of protest against the inculcation of the idea that war is glorious, through the teaching of history, through the books that are given to the young to read, and even through the frequent use of the military figure in songs of devotion. In the recently published volume called *Heroes of Peace*, F. J. Gould, who will be remembered as the author of that immensely good book, *The Child's Plutarch*, has collected a number of stirring tales illustrative of heroism without bloodshed—stories of varied content, striking in their incidents, really informing, and above all broadening to the mind. These tales, told in simple, concrete, and very vivid language, are well adapted to give youthful readers an understanding of what is meant by the brotherhood of man; to give substance to this too often empty phrase, and to invest it with some of the glamour that has been monopolized by military renown. The author tells the little-known story of how the Red Cross was founded by J. Henri Dunant; he exalts the heroism of fishermen, and others who labor at dangerous vocations, above the heroism of military conquerors; he shows how the fight has been carried on against those poisons and diseases, called occupational, which are the great foes of the workers who produce the necessaries of life. He tells the thrilling tale of how once, in 1851, California gold-seekers settled by arbitration a bitter feud over the discovery of a rich claim—a feud that would have meant murder had not an innate sense of justice been appealed to and proved its power over rough and violent men. The stories, which are drawn from every part of the world, all have real significance and historical interest. The dangers of the old-time Wisconsin lumbermen; the rejuvenation of the silk industry in Kashmir by Thomas Wardle, and the brave fight made there against the cholera and other enemies; the laying of the Atlantic cable; the making of the Columbia Peace Plow—these, with other themes as rich in inspiration, are warmly dwelt upon. The author now and then takes occasion, without adopting a too admonitory tone or a manner in the least sensational, to make his readers feel how ghastly the horrors of war really are. Mr. Gould, as his previous books have shown, is too good a story-teller to sacrifice interest to the purpose of teaching or preaching. He accomplishes his object in the story-teller's way, and his book, *Heroes of Peace*, will strongly appeal to the idealistic instincts that are natural to all children.

Victors of Peace, by F. J. Gould, a companion volume to Mr. Gould's *Heroes of Peace*, makes the same appeal to the imagination and to the emotions as does the former book. In subject-matter it is perhaps a trifle more advanced, dealing with the big conquests of man over nature. The reclamation by irrigation of otherwise valueless lands in Utah, in Colorado, in California; the persistent combat carried on by the French against the shifting and submerging sand in the region along the Bay of Biscay; the fight of the English against the floods in the Fen Country—are some of the achievements of civilization which the author describes with glowing enthusiasm. Individual instances of coolness and nerve, in which one man safeguarded the lives of many, are related—such as the exploit of the Mississippi pilot, Captain Bixby, retold from one of Mark Twain's books. The building of light-houses, dikes, under-water tunnels, are expatiated upon with feeling and with a sufficient degree of detail to arouse practical interest. A realization of the credit due to the tenacity of leaders and to the self-sacrifice of workmen is strongly impressed. Among the victors of peace accorded places of honor in the book are Mrs. Chisholm, the friend of the emigrants; Harriet Tubman, the colored woman, called the Moses of her people; Tolstoi, Luther Burbank, and many others remembered for varied achievements in the great cause of humanity. The author seeks not only to put zeal for peace in the place of zeal for war, but also to make his readers feel the solidarity of the race; and hence he chooses conquerors from many different nations and walks of life. His stories thrillingly emphasize the idea of industrial and humanitarian conquest.

ELLIOTT BLAKE.



Painting by W. J. Aylward Illustration for "Steamboating Through Dixie"

TO THE LOCAL POPULATION THE ARRIVAL OF A STEAMBOAT IS ALWAYS AN EVENT